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THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS

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REFERENCE BOOK

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REF
782.7
P864m
1917

Fraser-Simson, Harold

[The maid of the mountains. Piano-vocal]

The maid of the mountains; a musical play in three acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale; lyrics by Harry Graham. Additional lyrics by F. Clifford Harris and Valentine. Music by Harold Fraser-Simson; additional numbers by Jas. W. Tate. London, Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew [c1917]

I. Title.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS,

A Musical Play in Three Acts.

BOOK BY
FREDERICK LONSDALE.

LYRICS BY
HARRY GRAHAM.

ADDITIONAL LYRICS BY
F. CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE.

MUSIC BY
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY
JAS. W. TATE.

Harold Fraser Simson

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Fraser-Simson, Harold,
1878-1944.
The maid of the
mountains : a musical
c1917.

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DALY'S THEATRE, LONDON.

THE WHOLE UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
ROBERT EVETT.

THE GEORGE EDWARDES PRODUCTION

The Maid of the Mountains

Dramatis Personæ.

Tonio	LAURI DE FRECE
General Malona...	MARK LESTER
Baldasarre	BERTRAM WALLIS
Beppo	THORPE BATES
Carlo	POP CORY
Andrea	NOEL COLNE
Pietro	FRED VIGAY
Lieutenant Rugini	CYPRIAN HYDE
Crumpet	LEONARD RUSSELL
Mayor of Santo	EDWARD ARUNDELL
Vittoria	MABEL SEALBY
Angela	FAITH BEVAN
Gianetta	IVY DUKE
Maria	MARJORIE HUME
Marietta	MABEL MUNRO
Beppiria	JEAN STIRLING
Pepita	AILEEN STRUGNELL
Teresa, The Maid of the Mountains ... AND	JOSÉ COLLINS

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—In the Mountains.

ACT II.—Courtyard of the Governor's Palace.

ACT III.—On an Island.

Production by OSCAR ASCHE.

Musical Director ... ... MERLIN MORGAN.

Stage Manager ... ... WALTER DOLPHIN.

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Portrait of Miss José Collins, on the cover, is after a photograph by Guttenberg, Manchester.

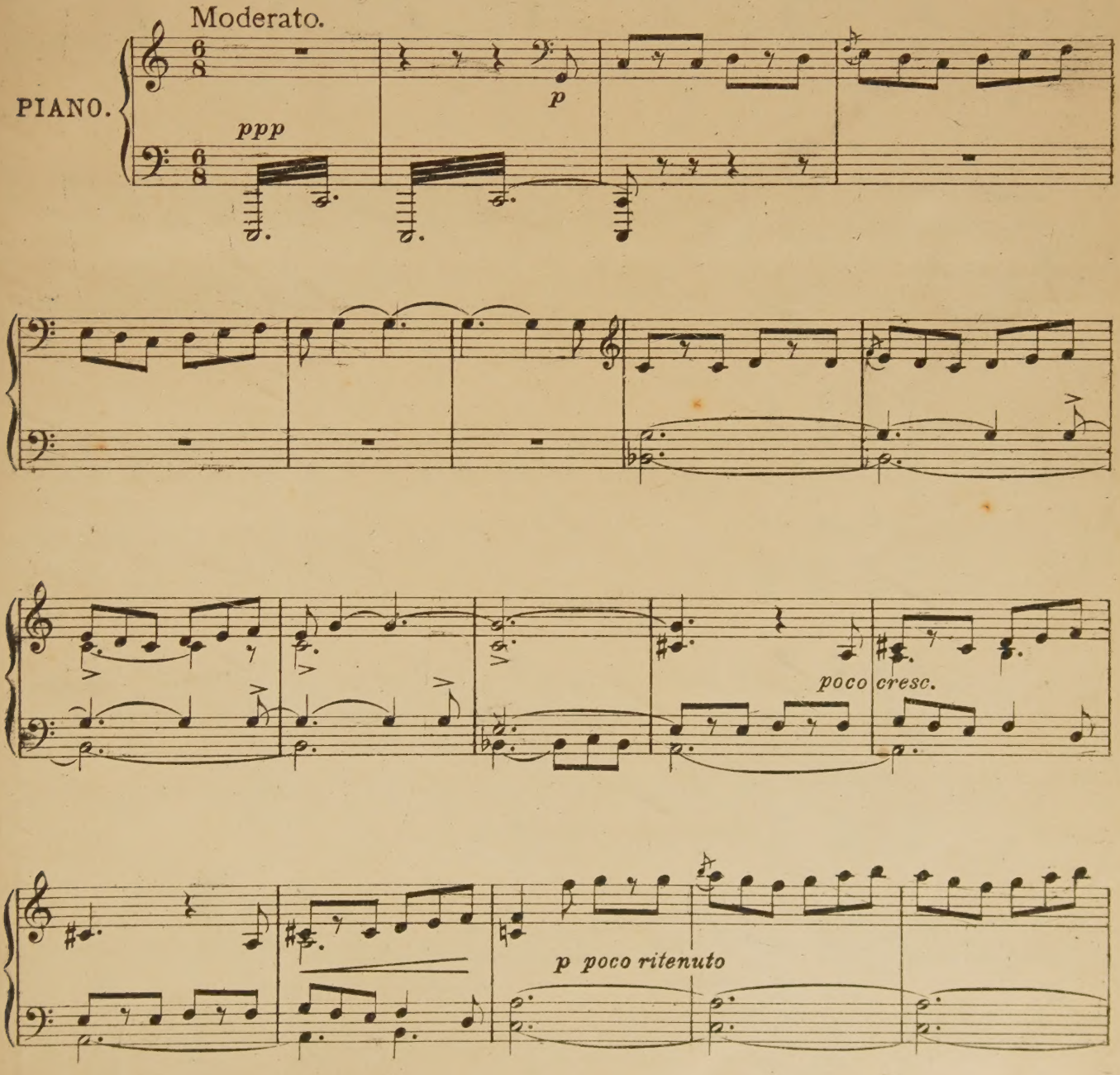
THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Act I.

No 1:- INTRODUCTION.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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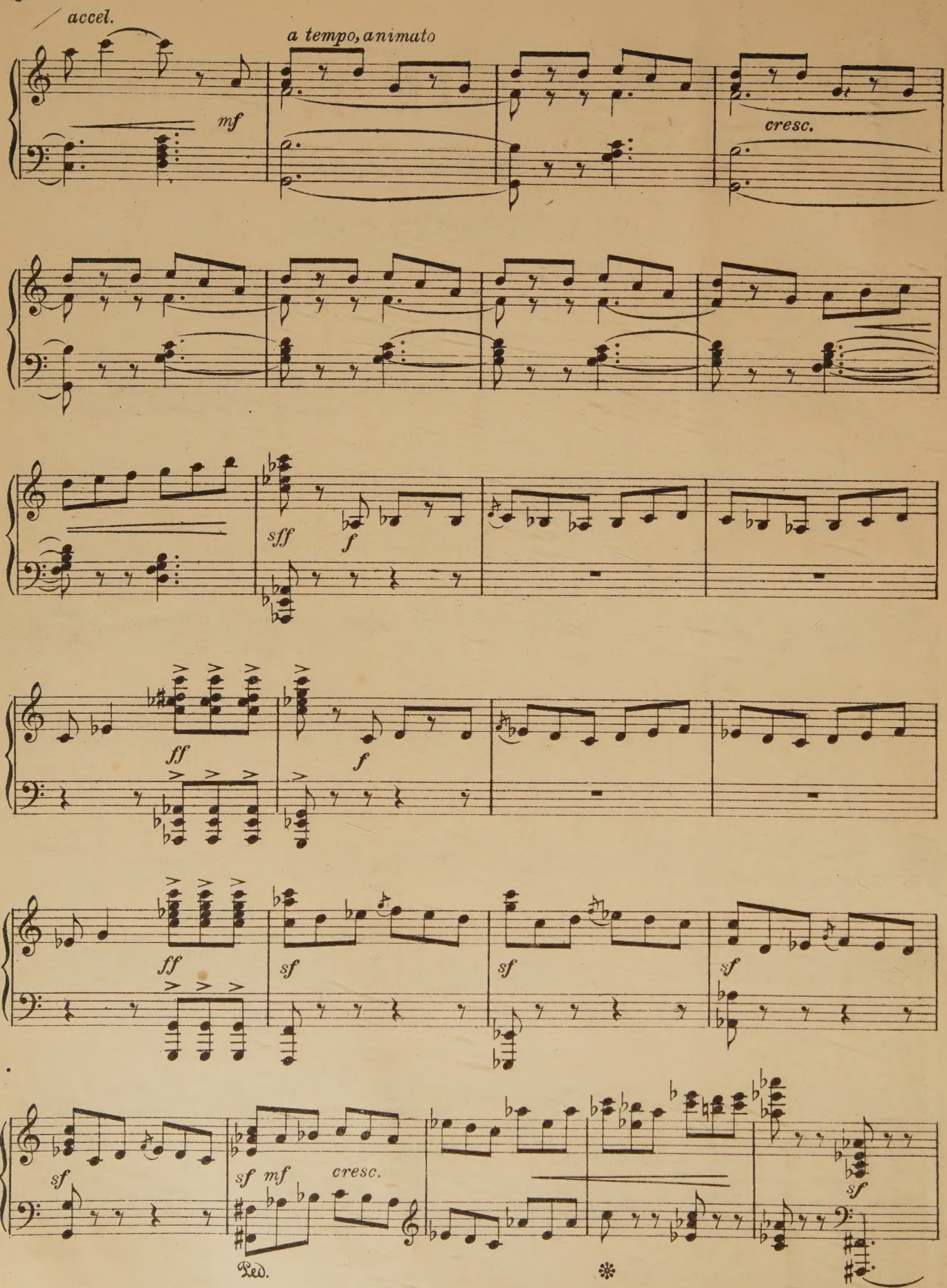
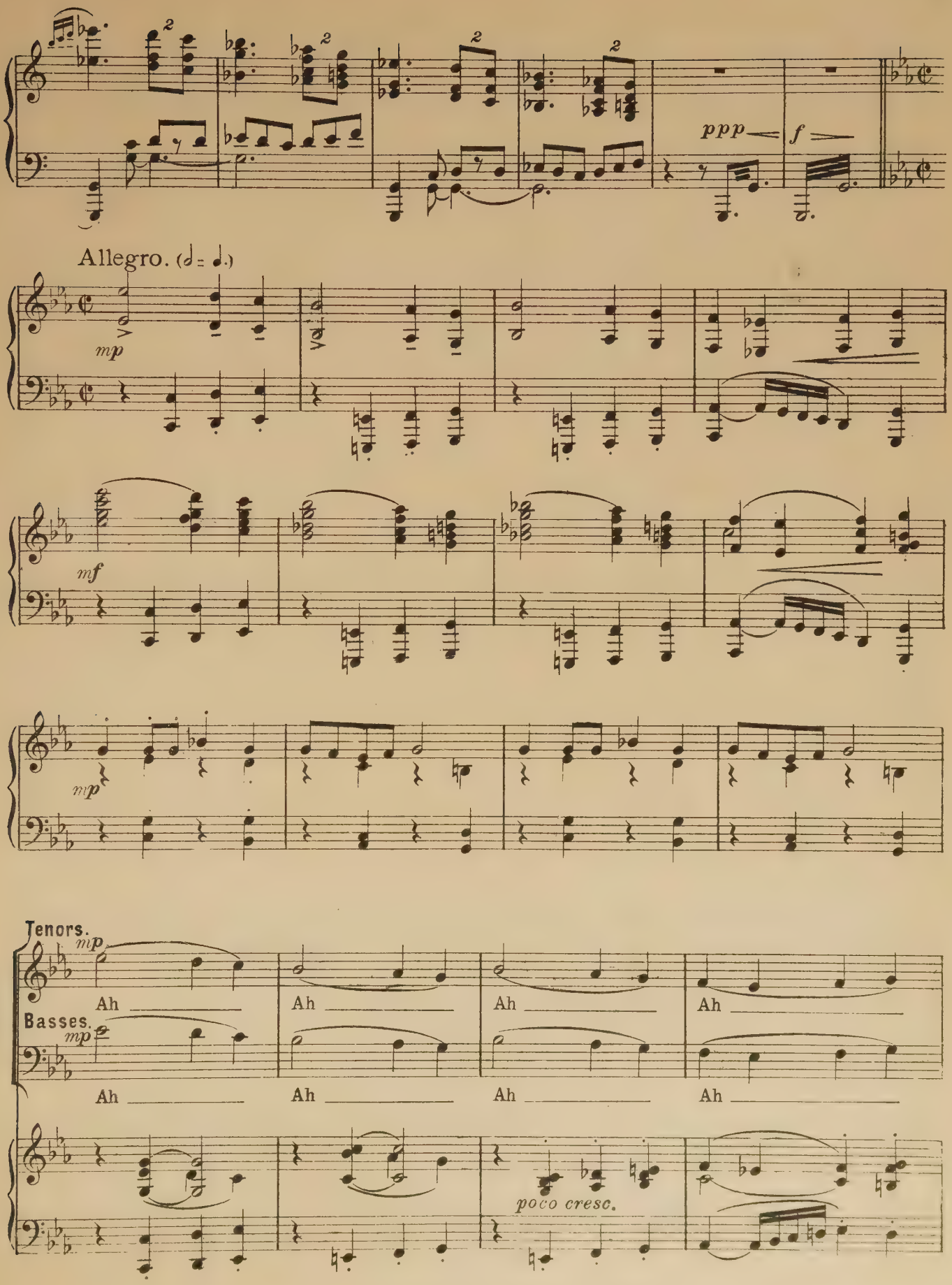
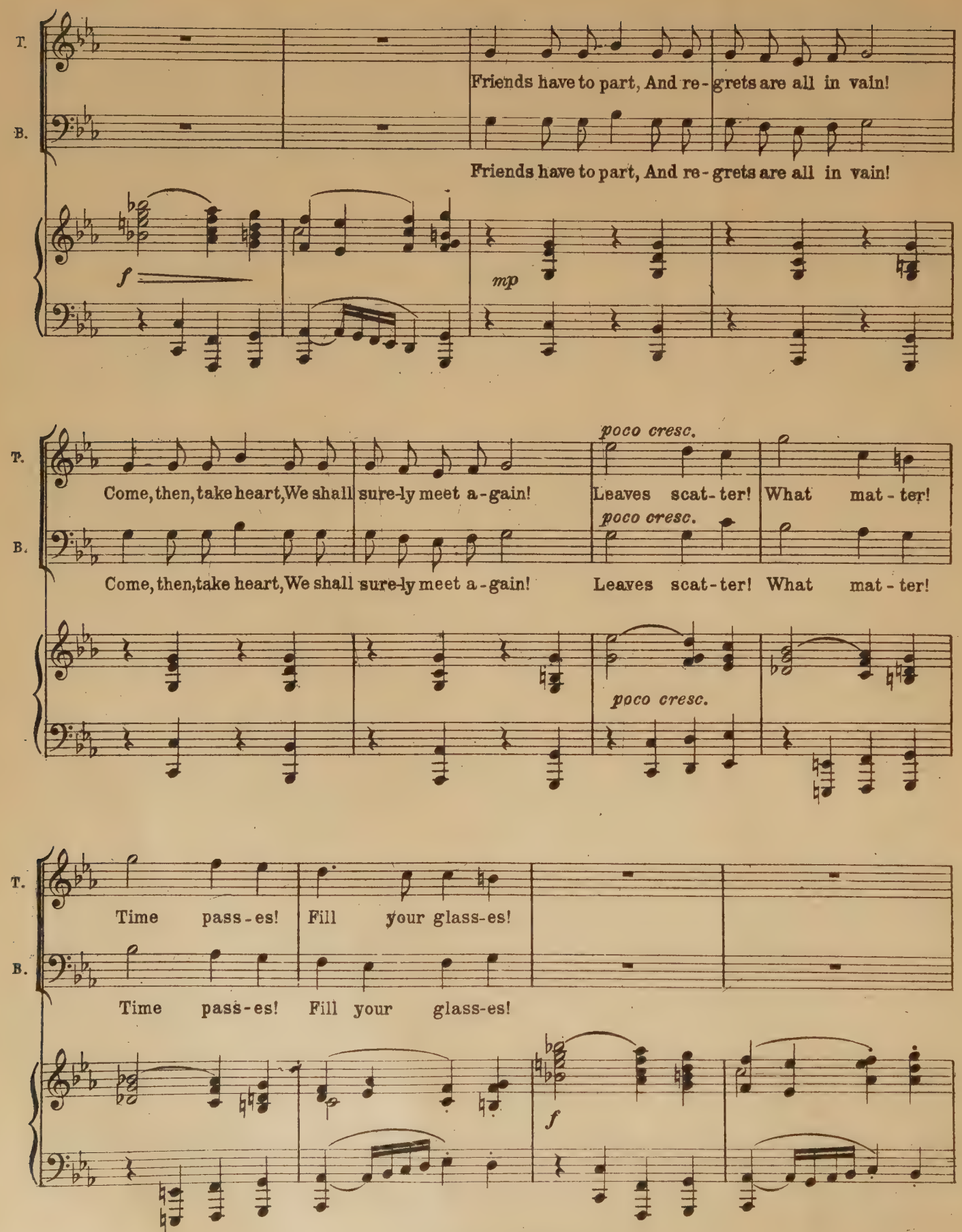
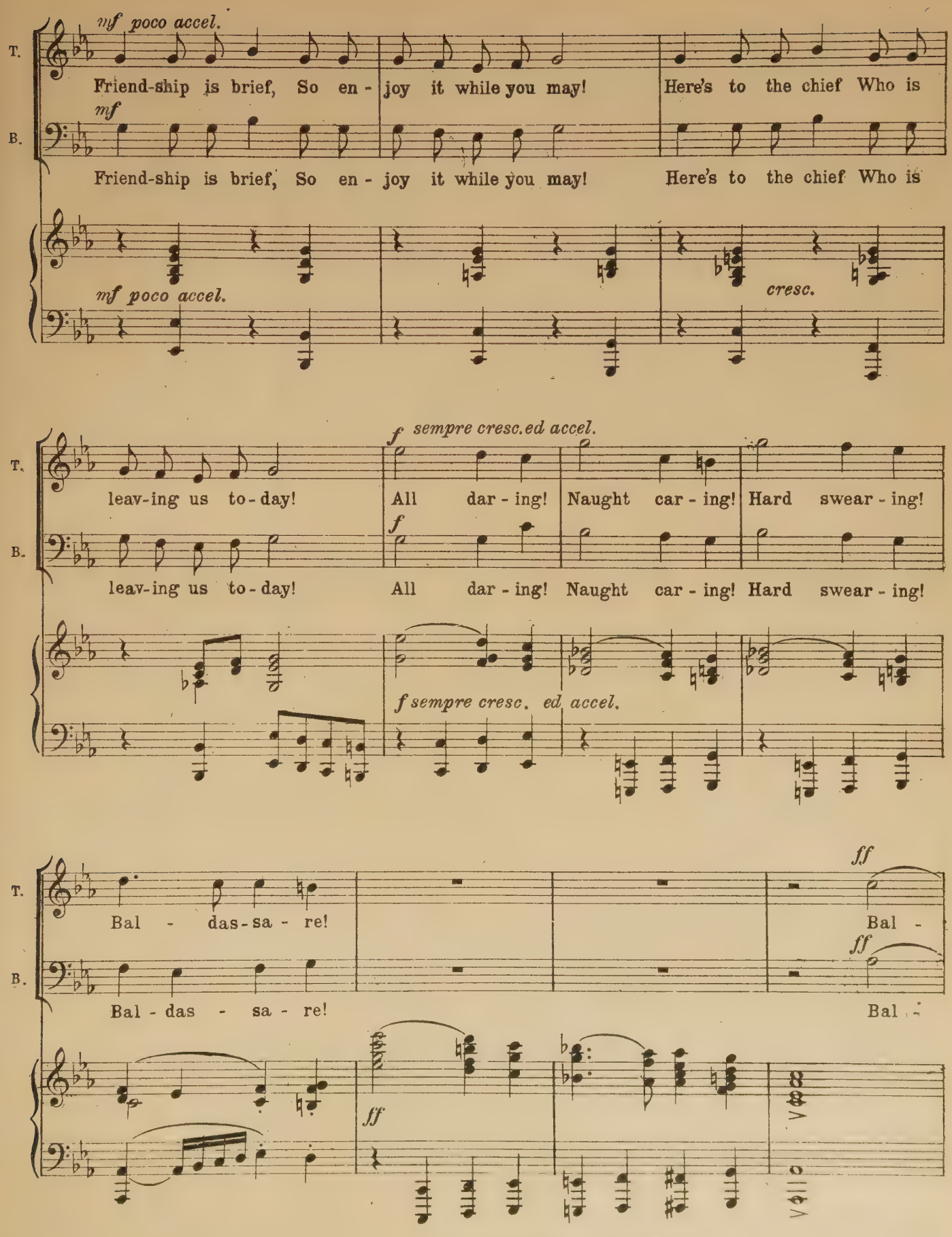
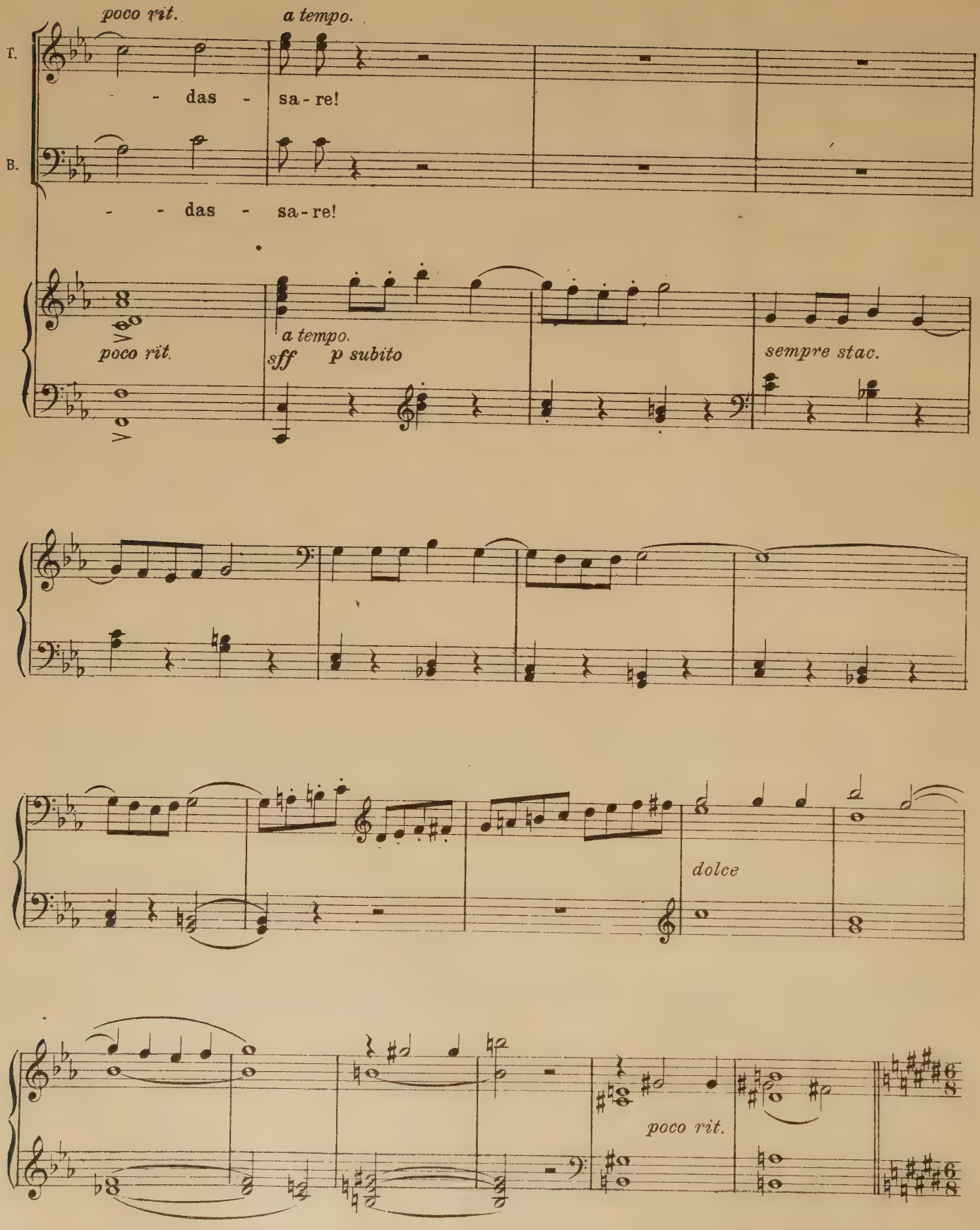

accel.
a tempo, animato
mf
cresc.
sff
f
ff
f
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf mf
cresc.
sf
Ped.
*


ppp
f
Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
mp
mf
mp
CHORUS.
Tenors.
mp
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
Basses.
mp
Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
poco cresc.


T.
B.
Friends have to part, And re-grets are all in vain!
Friends have to part, And re-grets are all in vain!
f
mp
poco cresc.
Come, then, take heart, We shall sure-ly meet a-gain!
Leaves scat-ter! What mat-ter!
Come, then, take heart, We shall sure-ly meet a-gain!
Leaves scat-ter! What mat-ter!
poco cresc.
Time pass-es! Fill your glass-es!
Time pass-es! Fill your glass-es!
f


mf poco accel.
T.
Friend-ship is brief, So en - joy it while you may! Here's to the chief Who is
mf
B.
Friend-ship is brief, So en - joy it while you may! Here's to the chief Who is
mf poco accel.
cresc.
f sempre cresc.ed accel.
T.
leav-ing us to-day! All dar - ing! Naught car - ing! Hard swear - ing!
f
B.
leav-ing us to-day! All dar - ing! Naught car - ing! Hard swear - ing!
f sempre cresc. ed accel.
ff
T.
Bal - das-sa - re! Bal -
ff
B.
Bal - das - sa - re! Bal -
ff

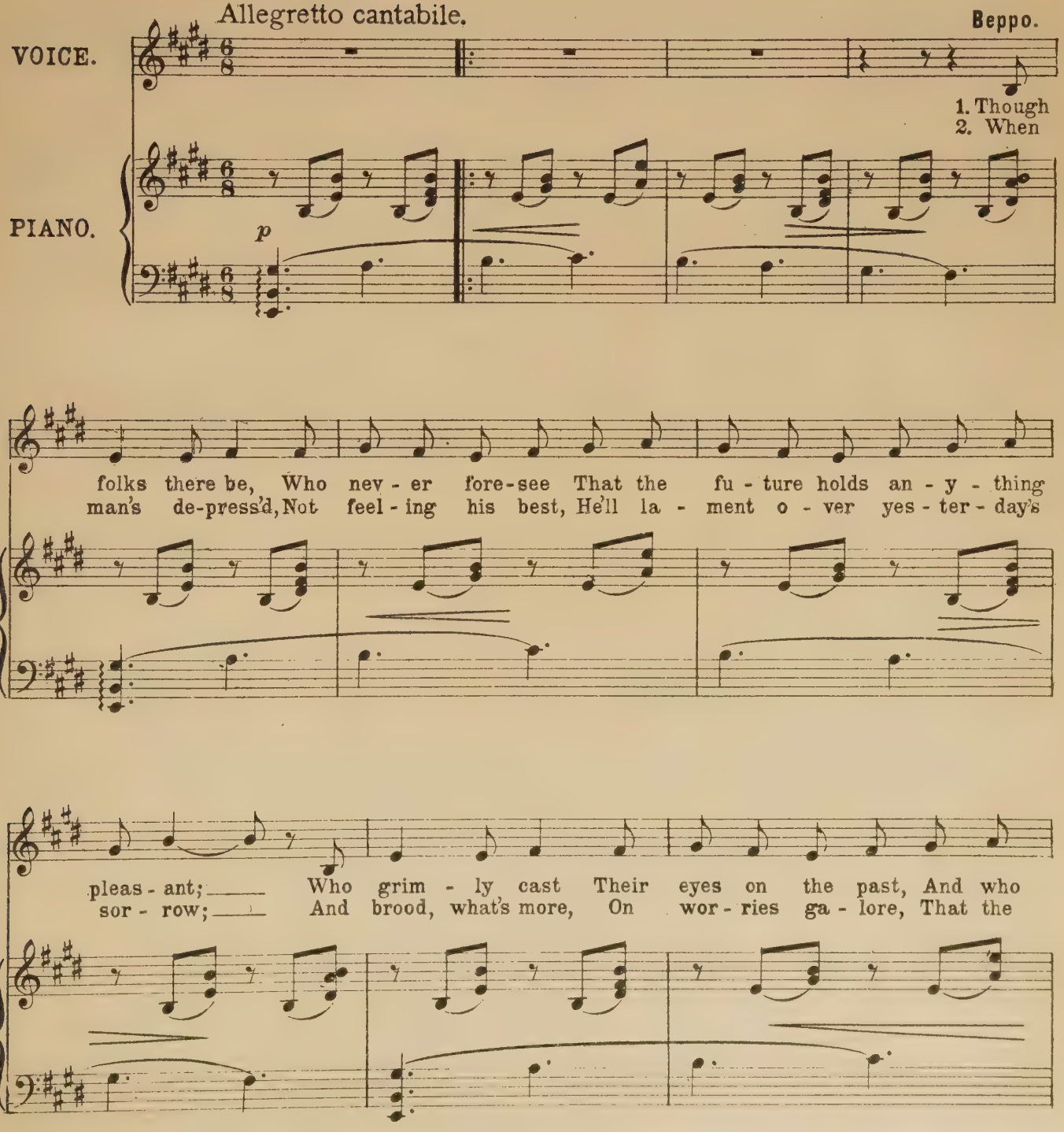

poco rit.
a tempo.
T.
- das -
sa-re!
B.
- - das - sa-re!
poco rit.
a tempo.
sff
p subito
sempre stac.
dolce
poco rit.

No. 2. SONG:– LIVE FOR TO-DAY.

(BEPPO and CHORUS of MEN.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.


Allegretto cantabile.
Beppo.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. Though
2. When
Bep.
folks there be, Who nev - er fore-see That the fu - ture holds an - y - thing
man's de-press'd, Not feel - ing his best, He'll la - ment o - ver yes - ter - day's
Bep.
pleas - ant; Who grim - ly cast Their eyes on the past, And who
sor - row; And brood, what's more, On wor - ries ga - lore, That the

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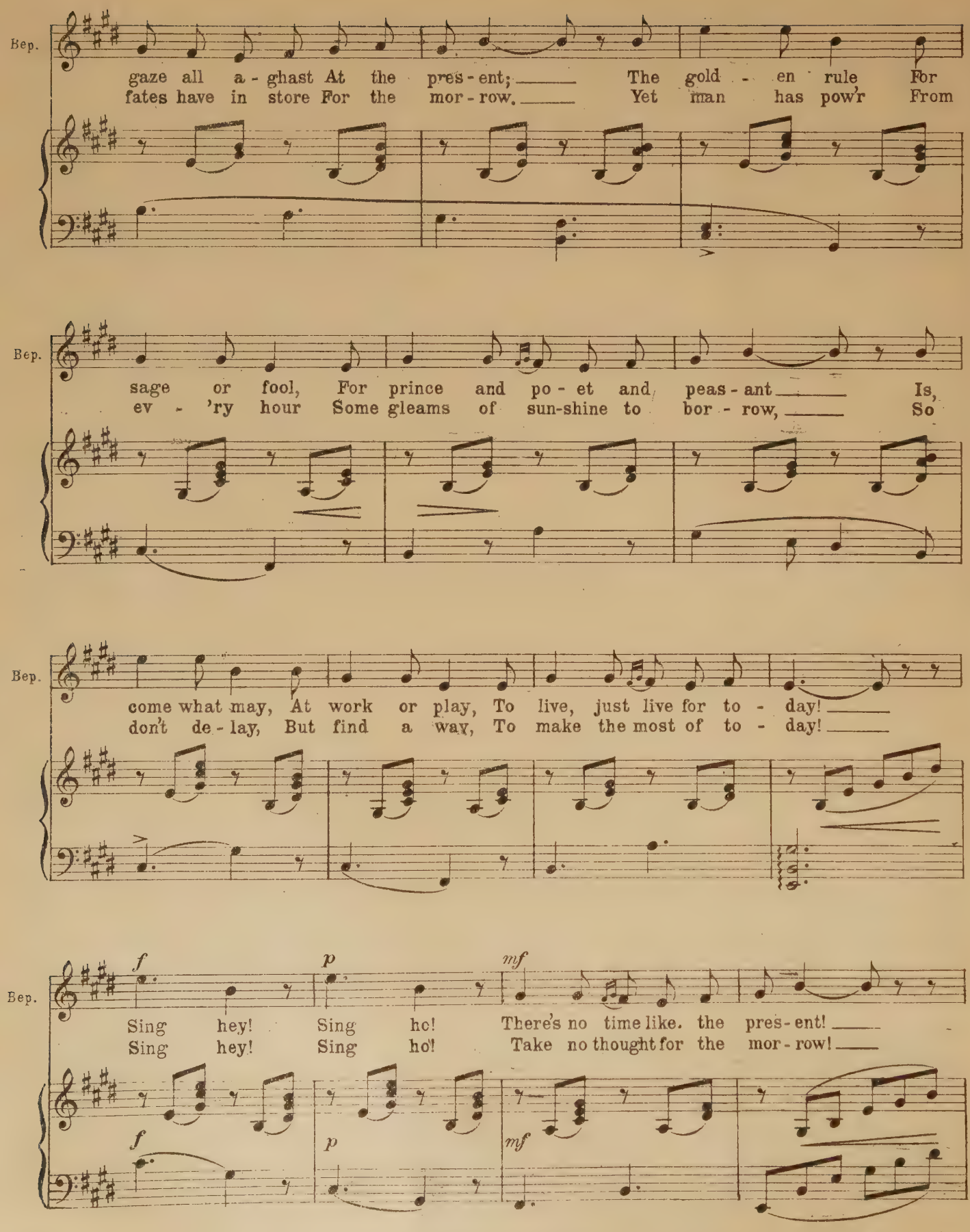
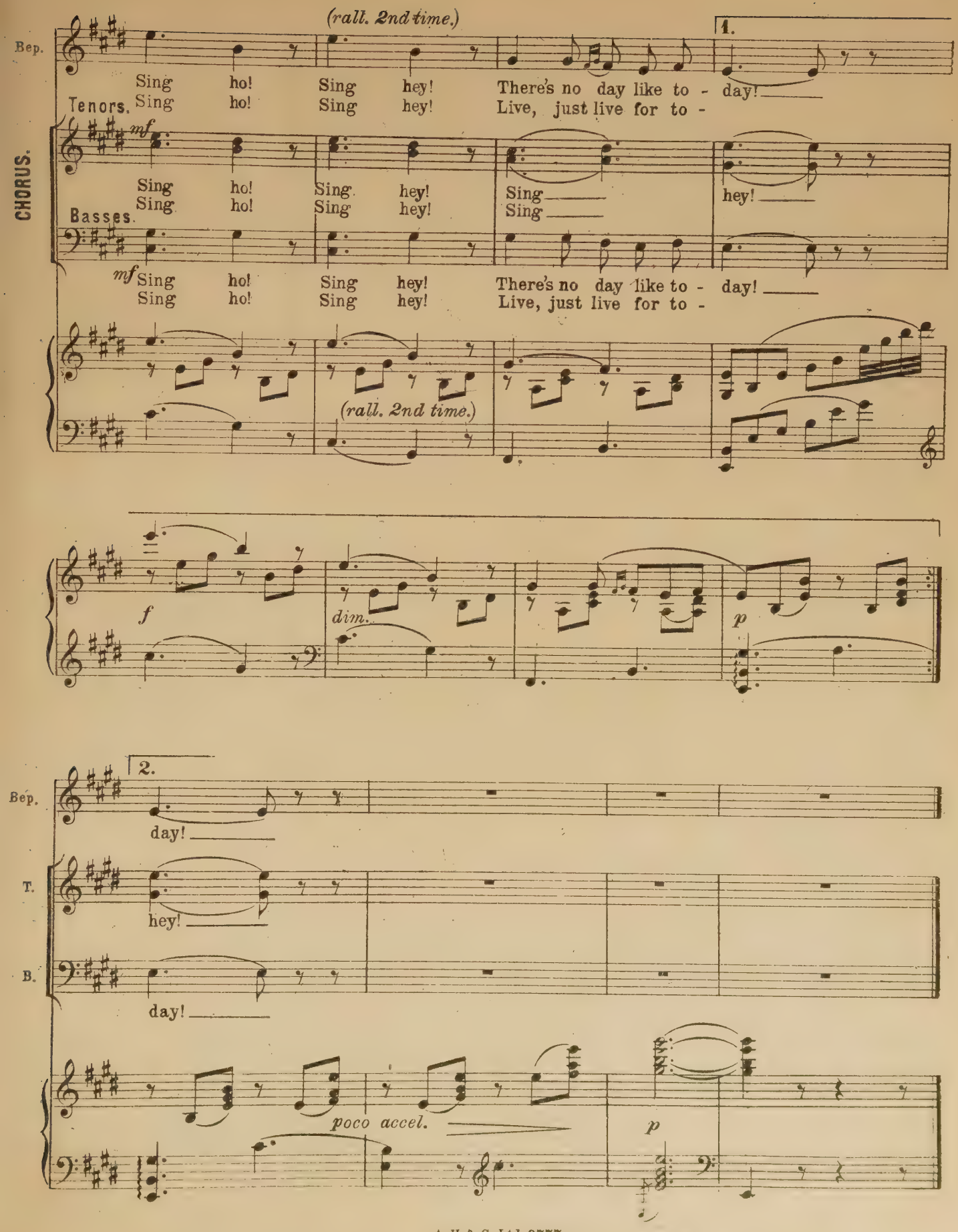

Bep.
gaze all a - ghast At the pres - ent; The gold - en rule For
fates have in store For the mor - row. Yet man has pow'r From
Bep.
sage or fool, For prince and po - et and peas - ant Is,
ev - 'ry hour Some gleams of sun-shine to bor - row, So
Bep.
come what may, At work or play, To live, just live for to - day!
don't de - lay, But find a way, To make the most of to - day!
Bep.
f p mf
Sing hey! Sing ho! There's no time like the pres - ent!
Sing hey! Sing ho! Take no thought for the mor - row!
f p mf

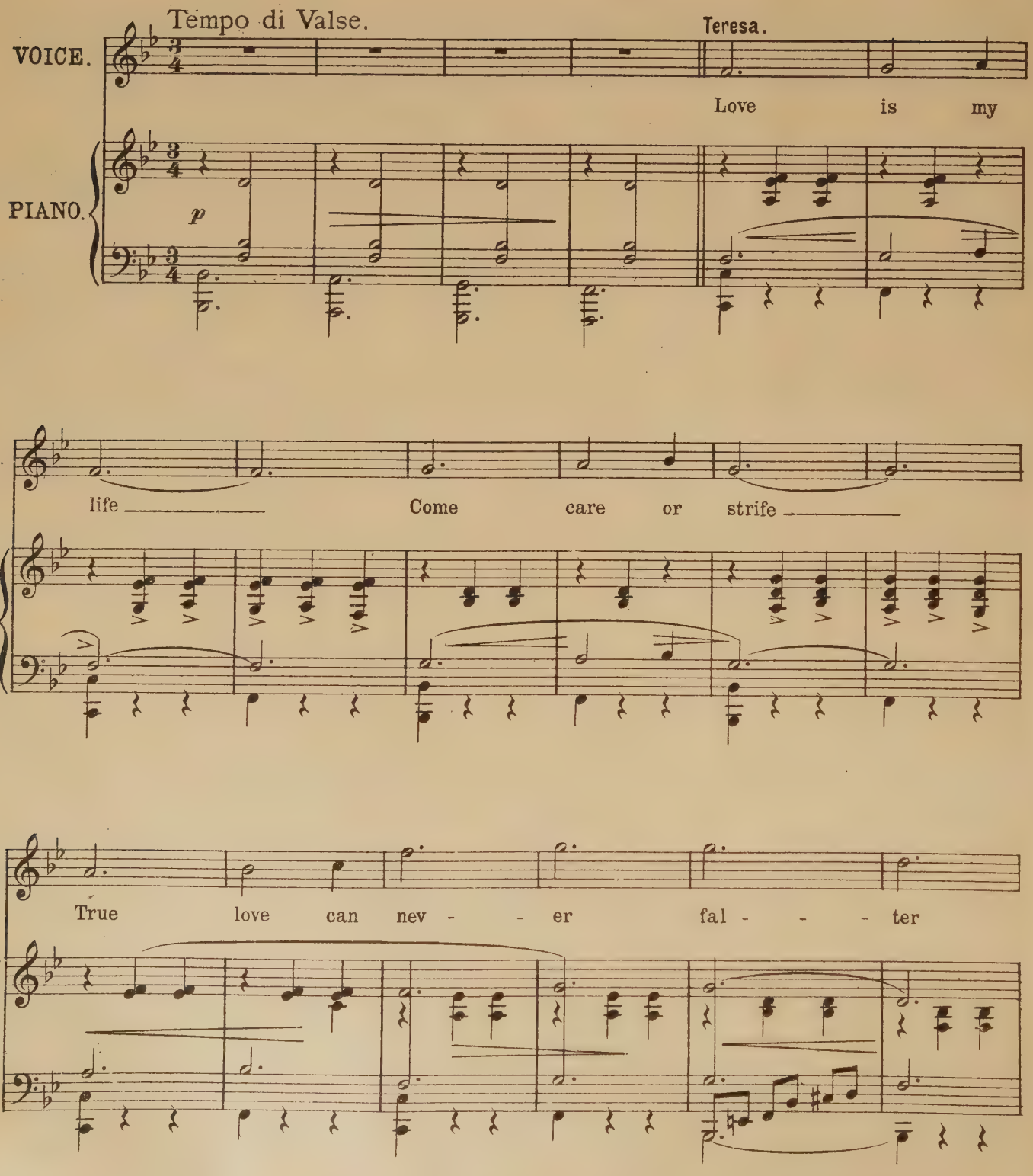

(rall. 2nd time.)
1.
Bep.
Sing ho! Sing hey! There's no day like to - day!
Tenors. Sing ho! Sing hey! Live, just live for to -
CHORUS.
mf
Sing ho! Sing hey! Sing hey!
Sing ho! Sing hey! Sing hey!
Basses.
mf Sing ho! Sing hey! There's no day like to - day!
Sing ho! Sing hey! Live, just live for to -
(rall. 2nd time.)
f
dim.
p
2.
Bep.
day!
T.
hey!
B.
day!
poco accel.
p

Nº 3:- MY LIFE IS LOVE.

TERESA BEPPO and BANDITS.

Written by
CLIFFORD HARRIS & VALENTINE.

Composed by
JAS. W. TATE.



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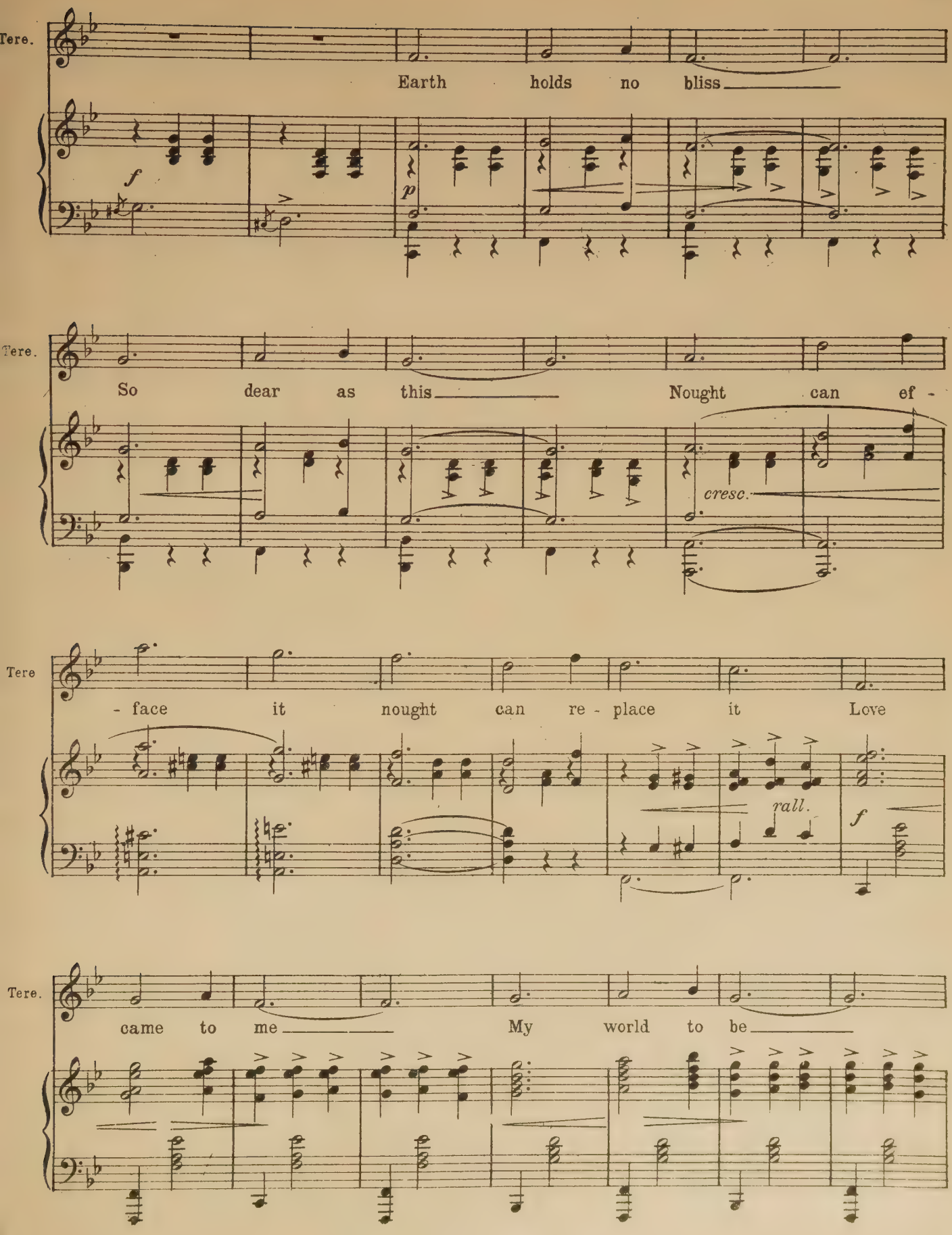
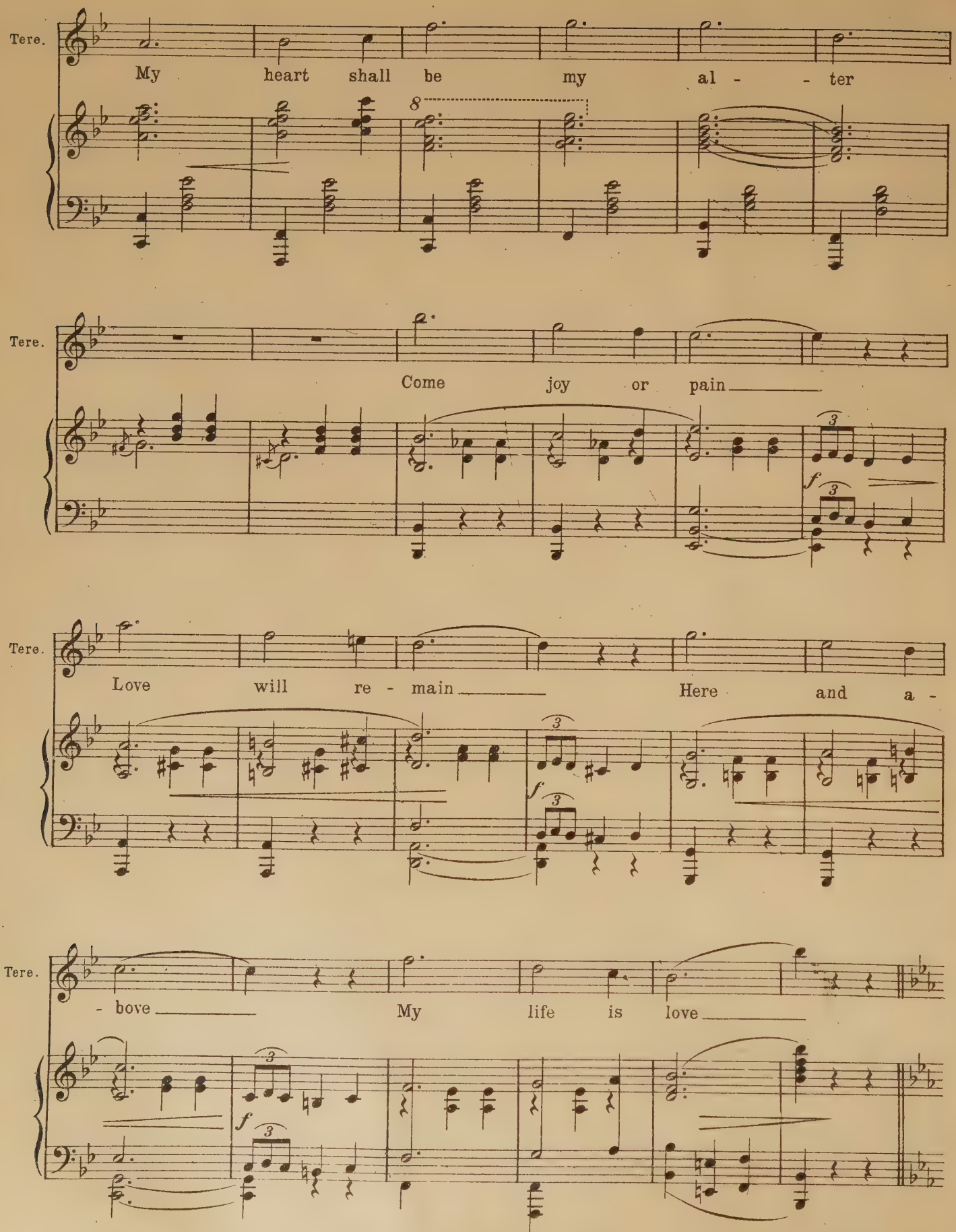
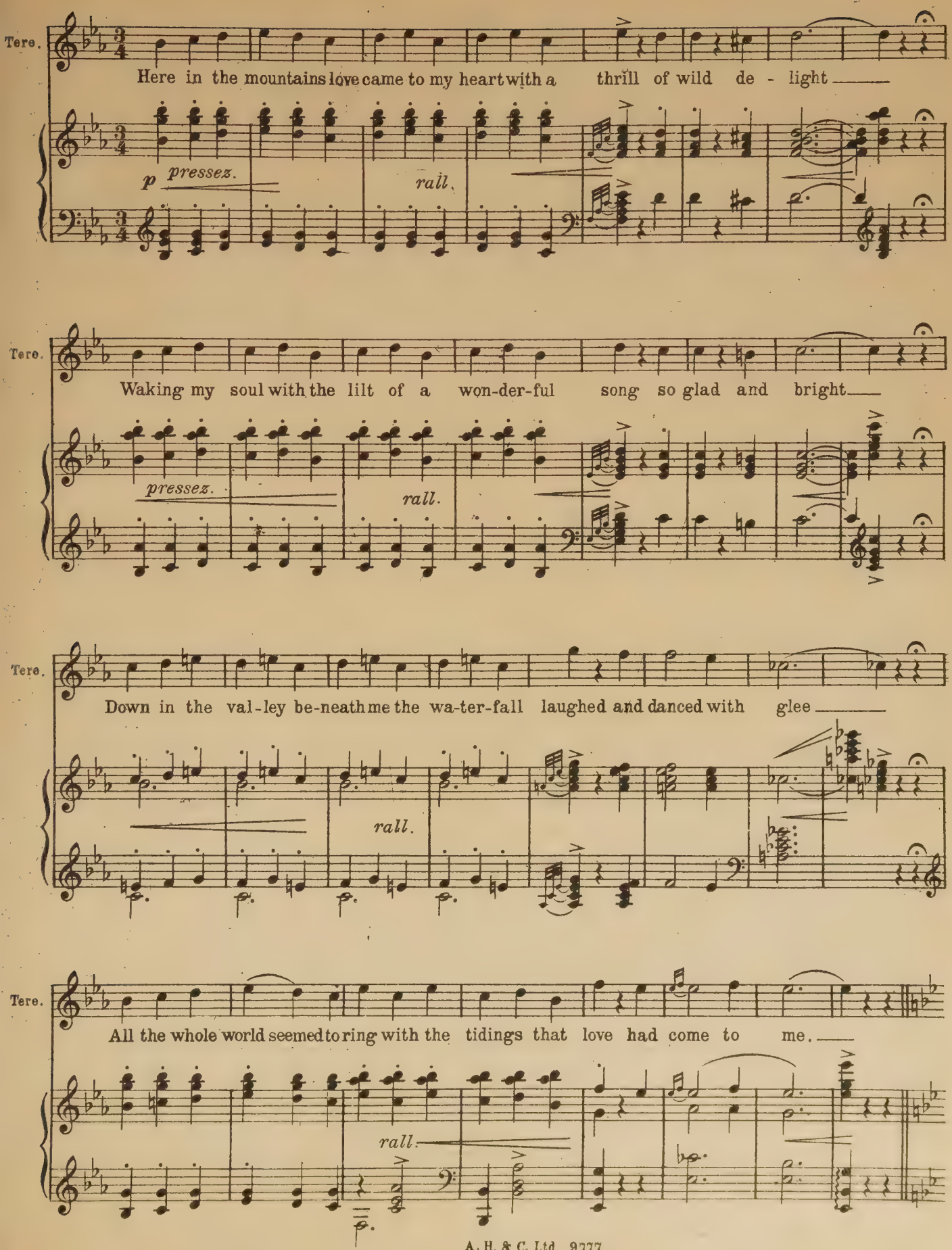
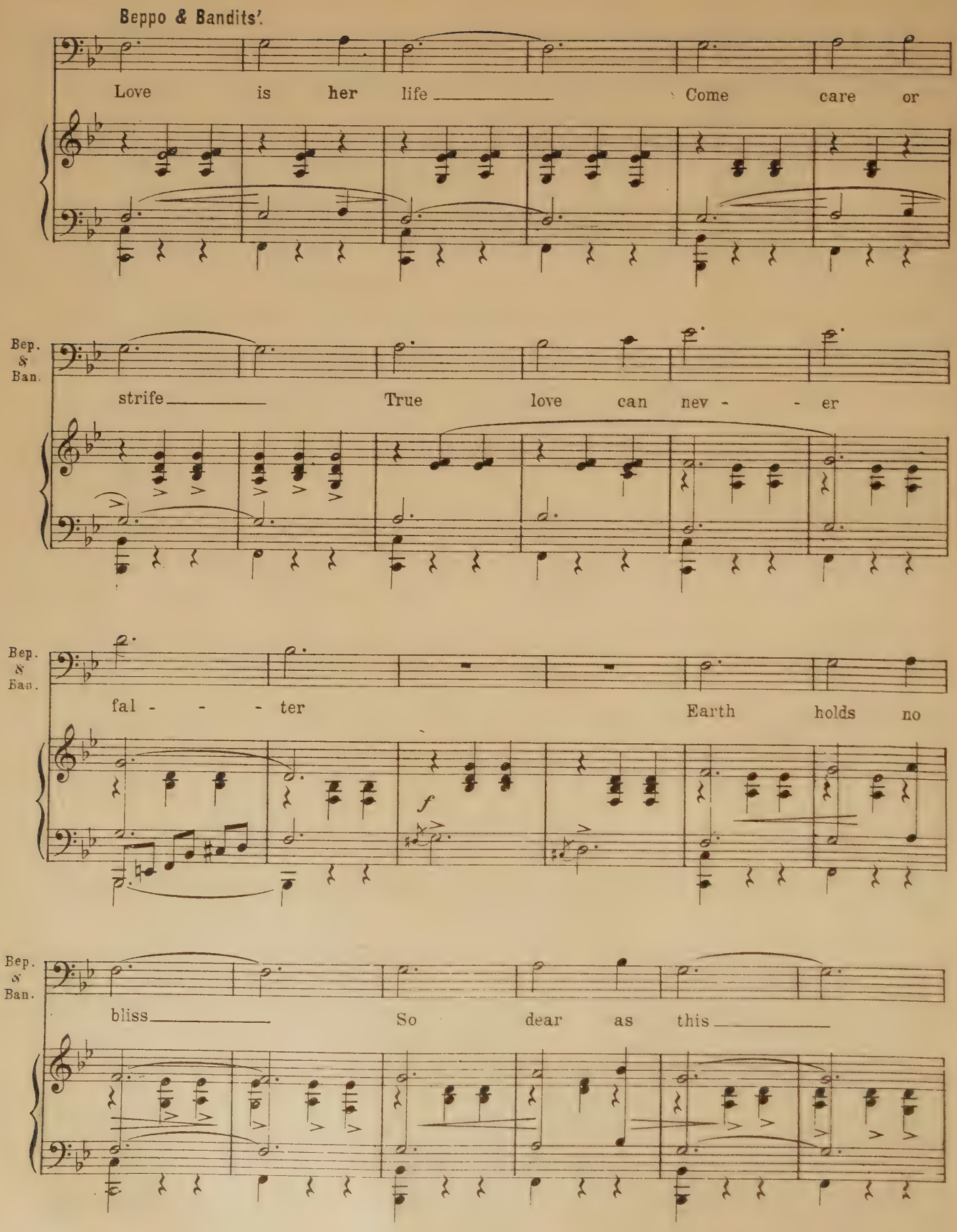
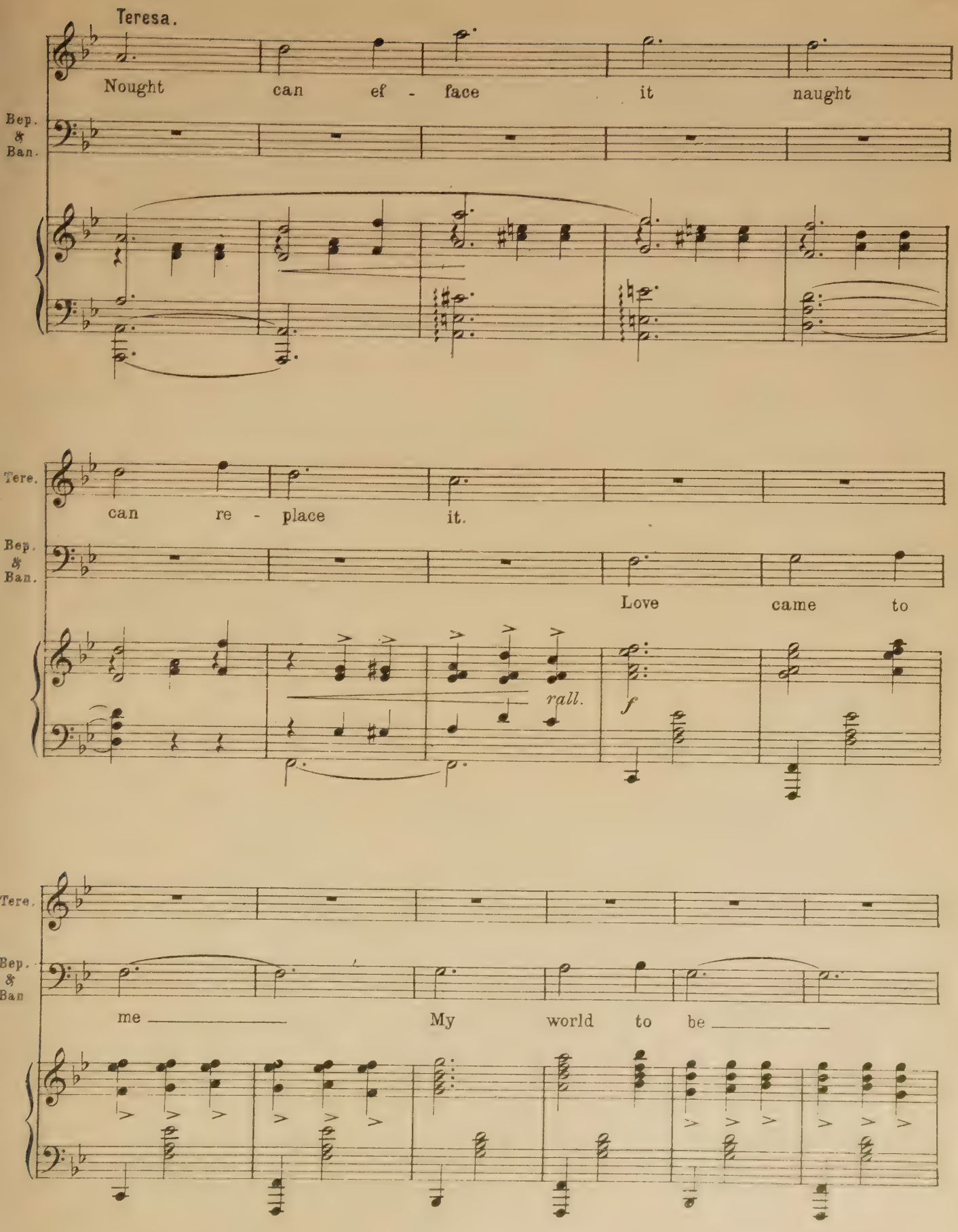
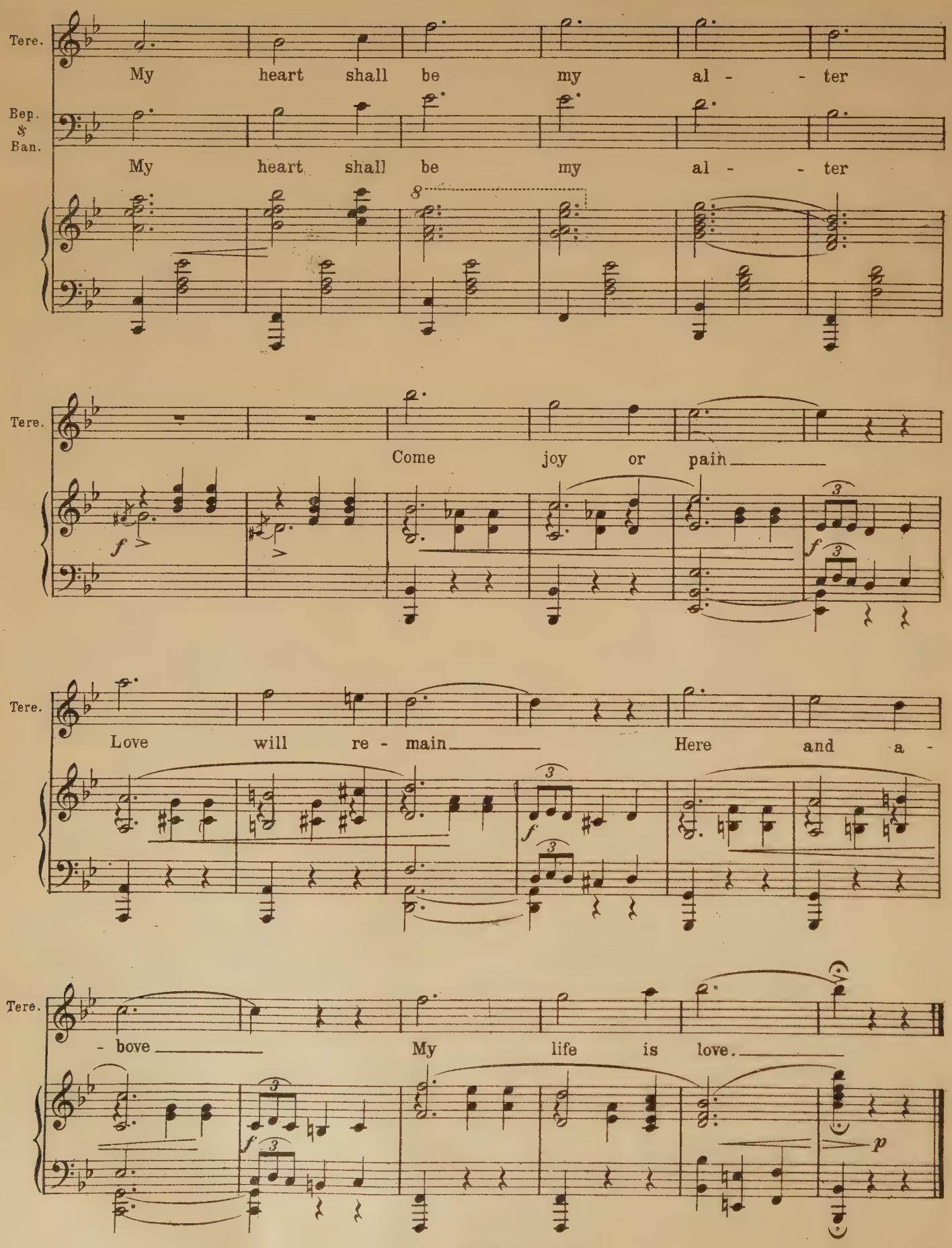

Tere.
Earth holds no bliss
f
p
Tere.
So dear as this
Nought can ef -
cresc.
Tere
- face it nought can re - place it Love
rall.
f
Tere.
came to me
My world to be


Tere.
My heart shall be my al - - ter
Tere.
Come joy or pain
Tere.
Love will re - main Here and a -
Tere.
- bove My life is love


Tere.
Here in the mountains love came to my heart with a thrill of wild de - light
p pressez.
rall.
Tere.
Waking my soul with the lilt of a won-der-ful song so glad and bright
pressez.
rall.
Tere.
Down in the val-ley be-neath me the wa-ter-fall laughed and danced with glee
rall.
Tere.
All the whole world seemed to ring with the tidings that love had come to me.
rall.

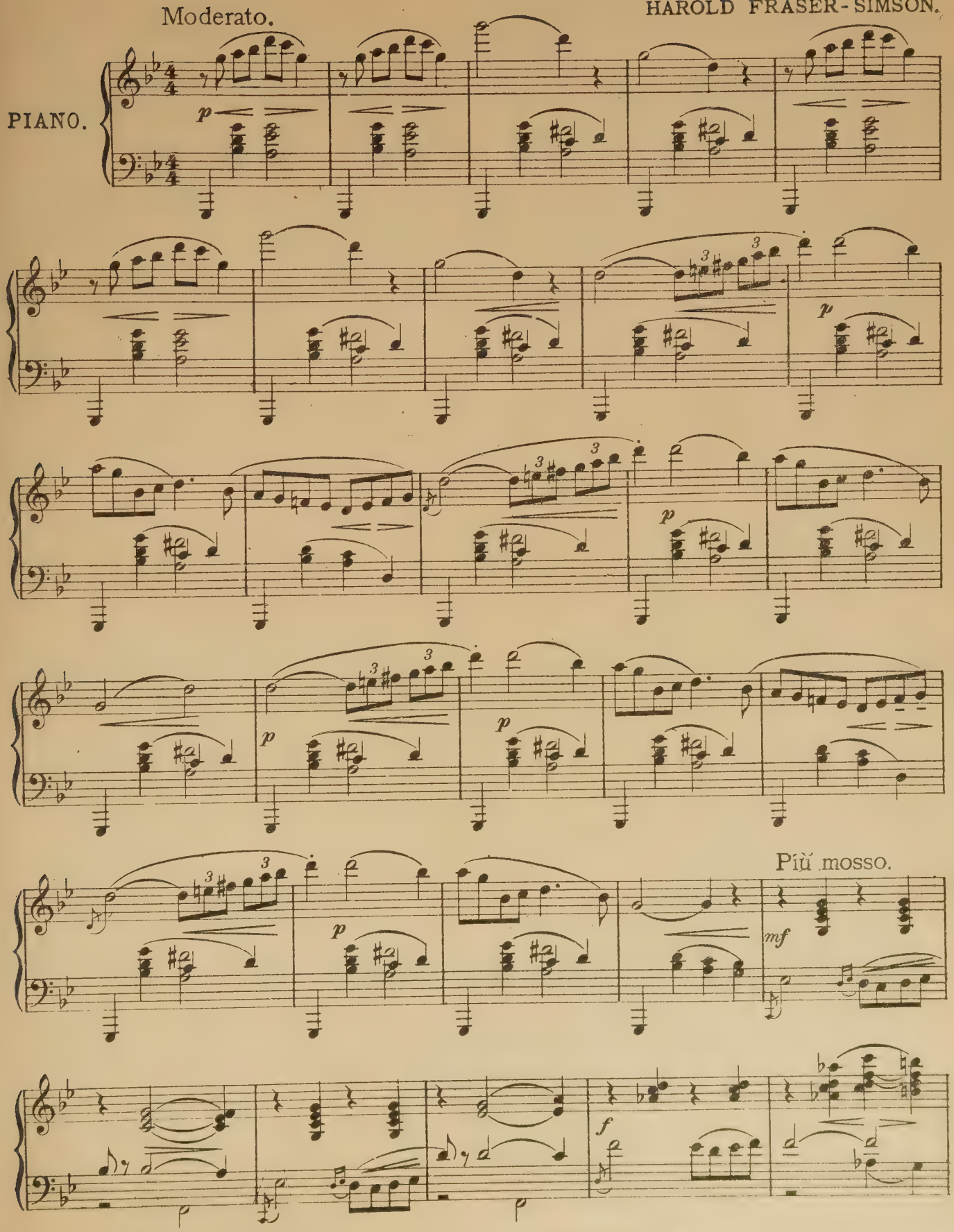

Beppo & Bandits'.
Love is her life Come care or
Bep. & Ban.
strife True love can nev - - er
Bep. & Ban.
fal - - - ter Earth holds no
f
Bep. & Ban.
bliss So dear as this


Teresa.
Nought can ef - face it naught
Bep. & Ban.
Tere.
can re - place it.
Bep. & Ban.
Love came to
rall.
f
Tere.
Bep. & Ban
me
My world to be


Tere.
My heart shall be my al - - ter
Bep. & Ban.
My heart shall be my al - - ter
8
Tere.
Come joy or pain
f
f
Tere.
Love will re - main Here and a -
f
Tere.
- bove My life is love.
f
p

No. 4. NOCTURNE.

HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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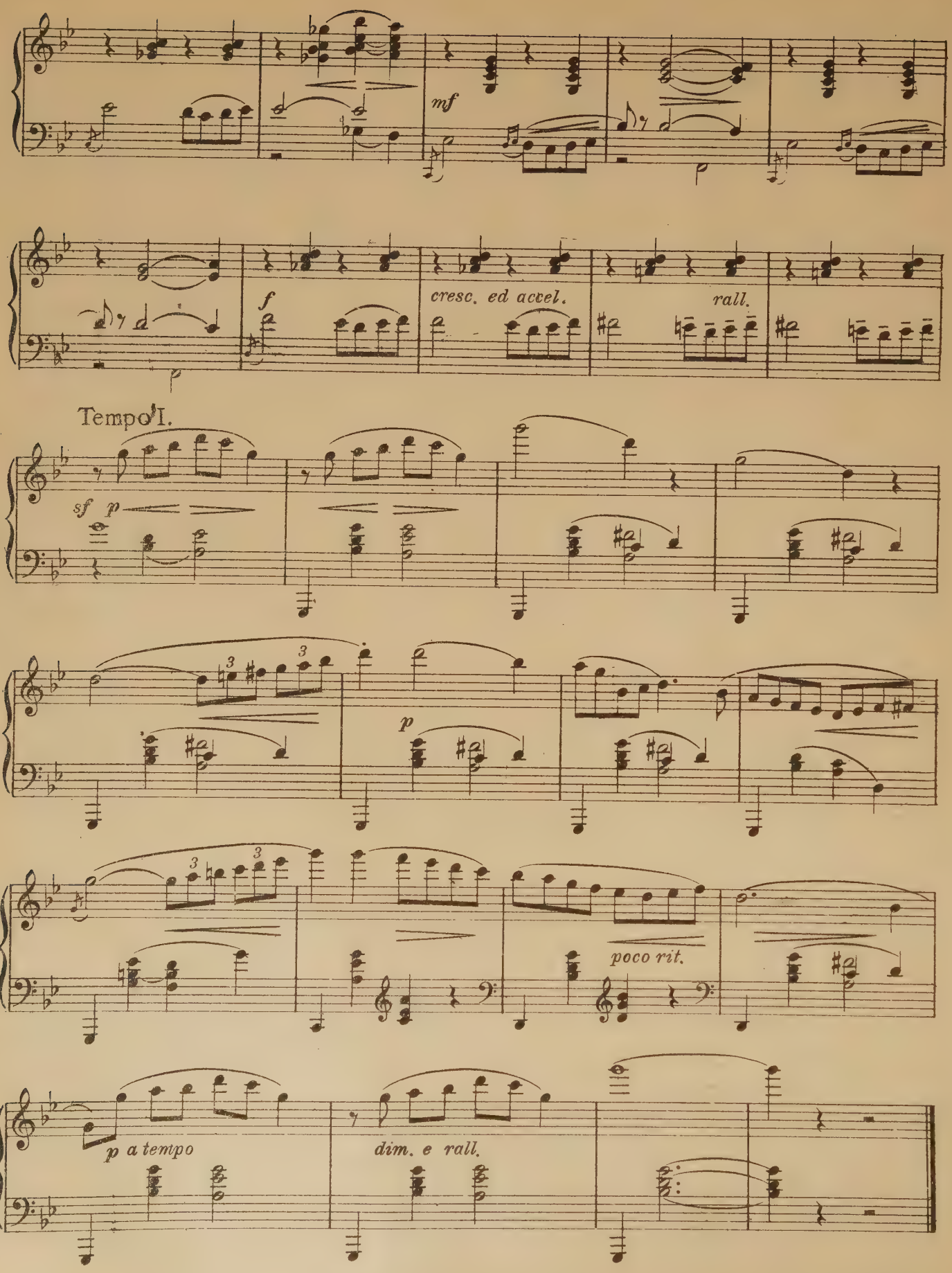
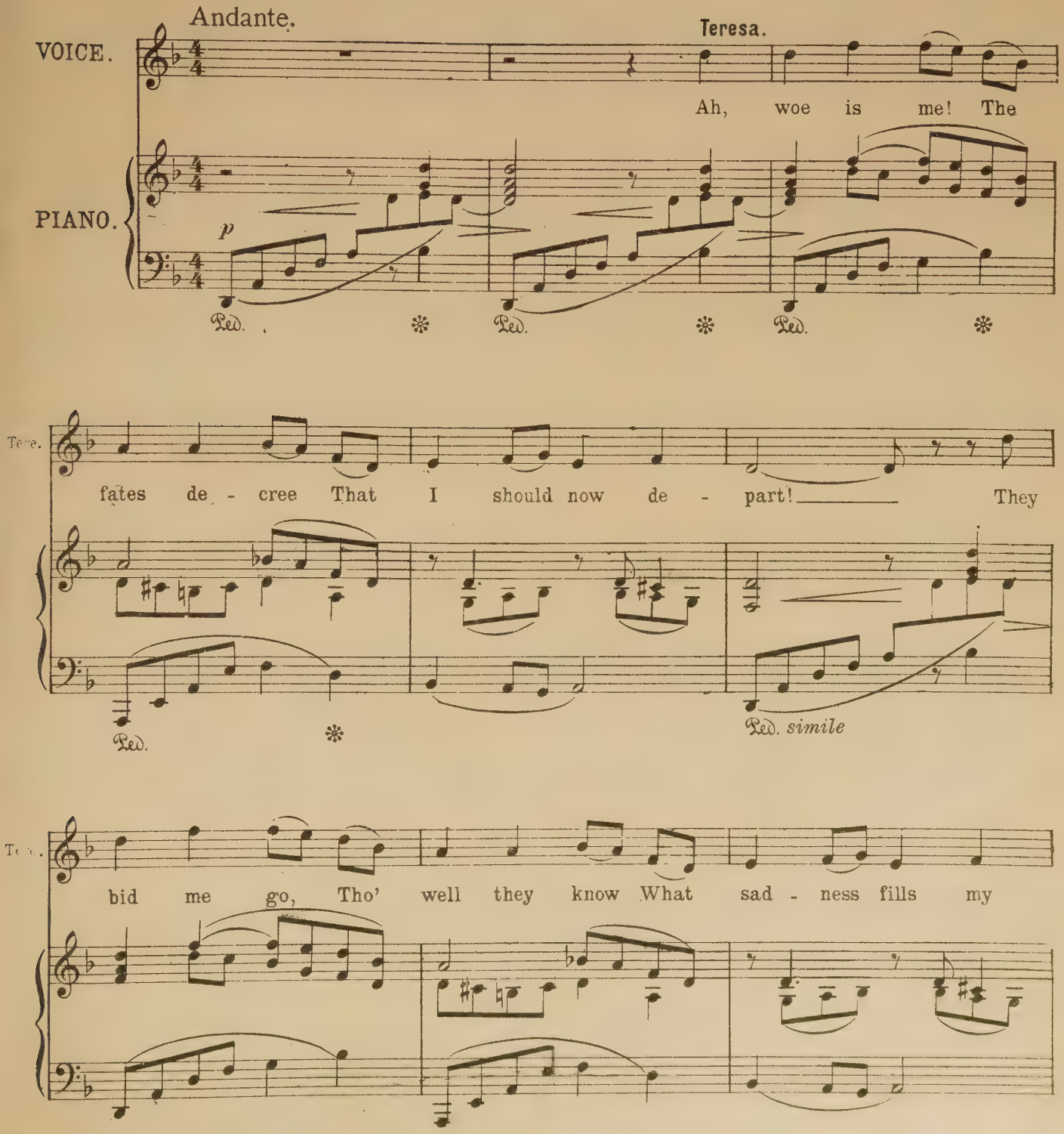

mf
f
cresc. ed accel.
rall.
Tempo I.
sf p
p
poco rit.
p a tempo
dim. e rall.

No. 5. SONG:- FAREWELL.

(TERESA.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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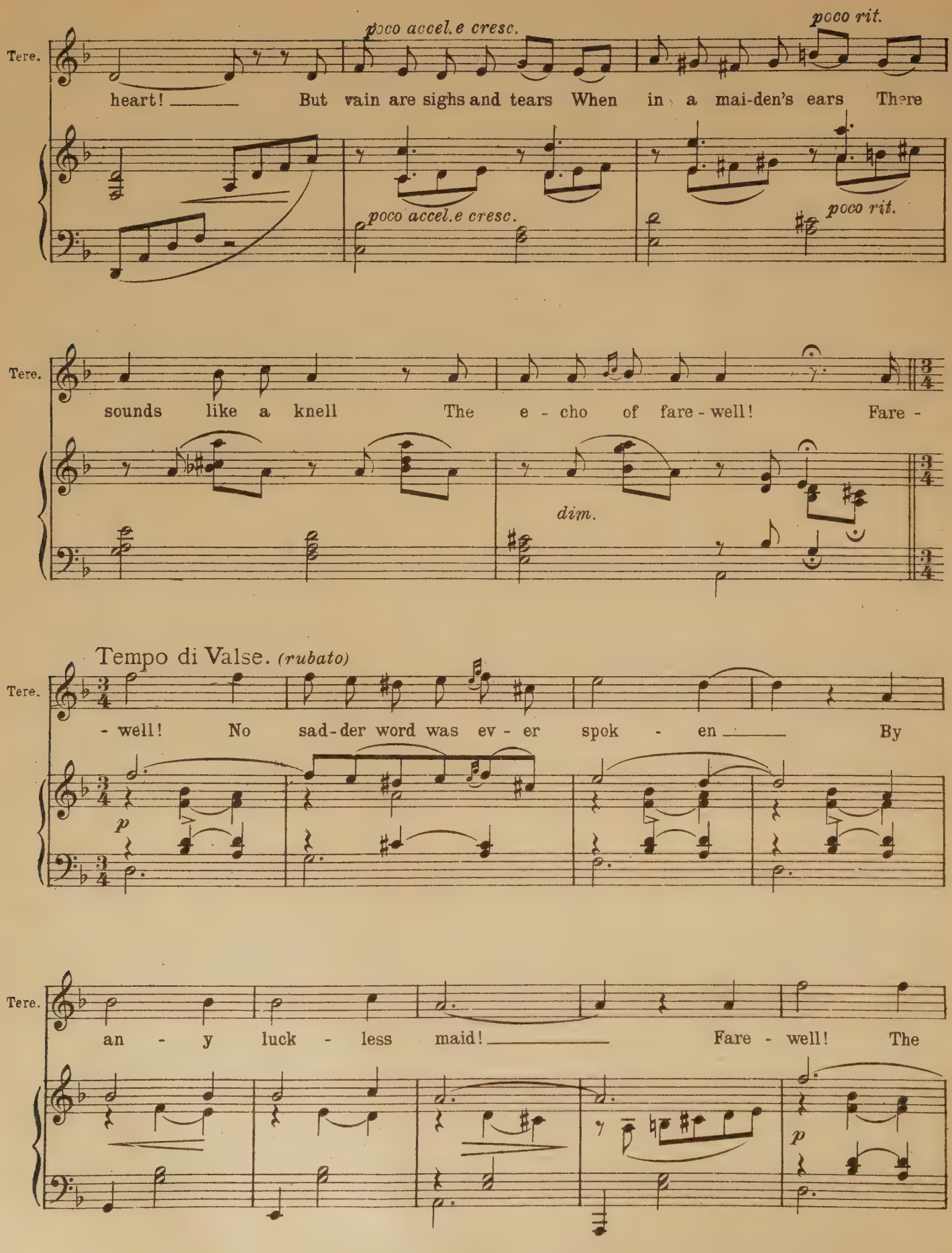
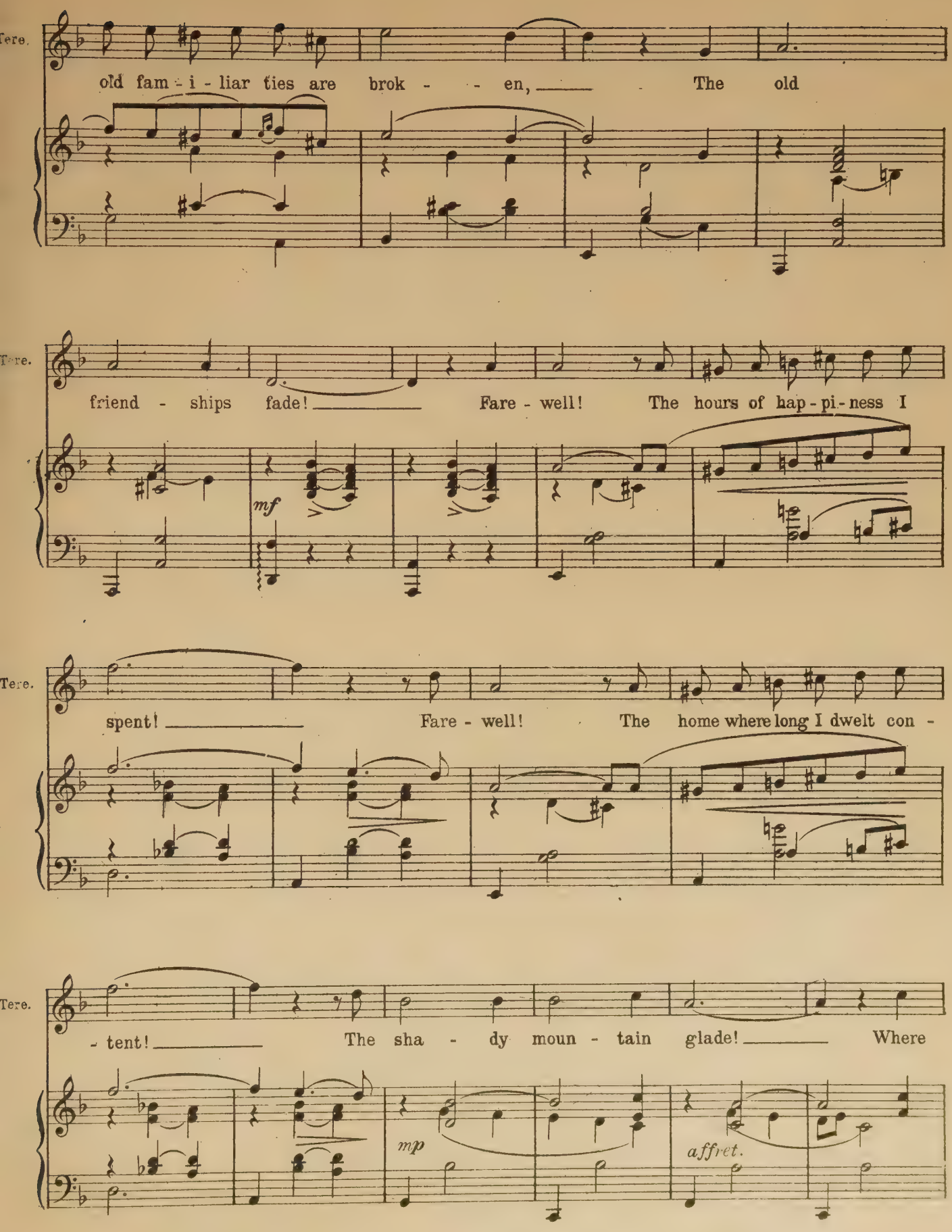
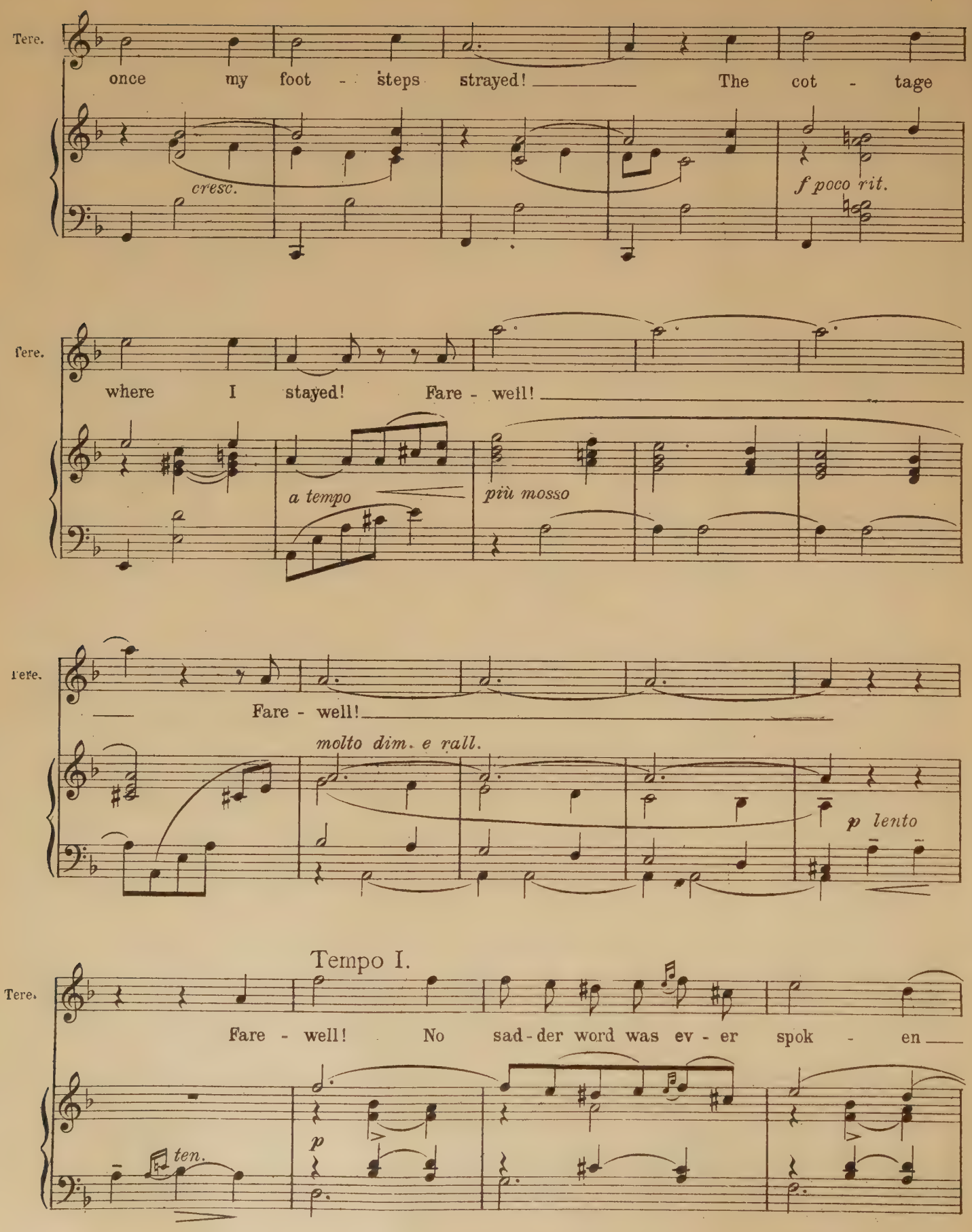
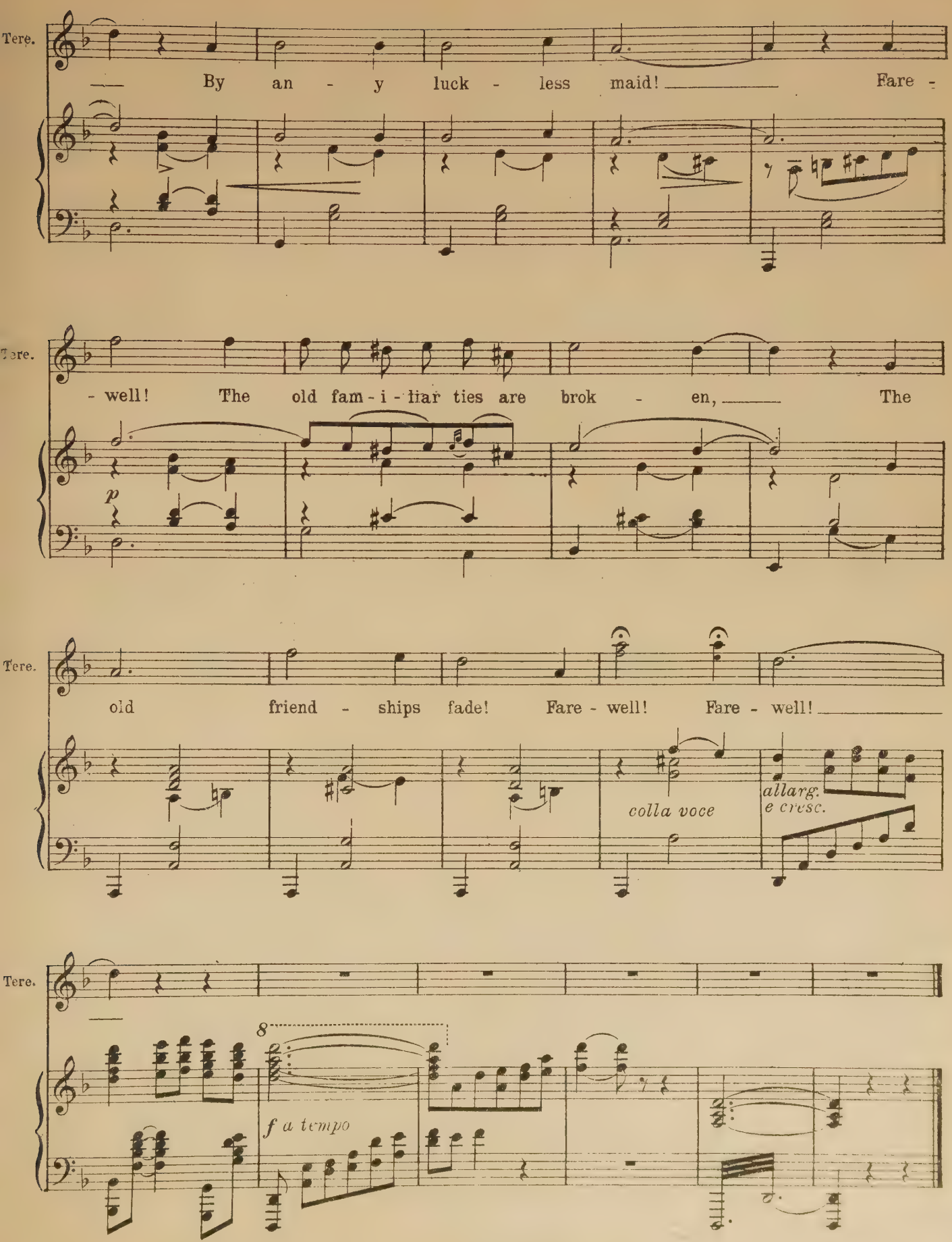

Tere.
poco accel. e cresc.
poco rit.
heart! But vain are sighs and tears When in a mai-den's ears There
poco accel. e cresc.
poco rit.
Tere.
sounds like a knell The e - cho of fare - well! Fare -
dim.
Tempo di Valse. (rubato)
Tere.
- well! No sad - der word was ev - er spok - en By
p
Tere.
an - y luck - less maid! Fare - well! The
p


Tere.
old fam - i - liar ties are brok - - en, The old
Tere.
friend - ships fade! Fare - well! The hours of hap - pi - ness I
mf
Tere.
spent! Fare - well! The home where long I dwelt con -
Tere.
- tent! The sha - dy moun - tain glade! Where
mp
affret.

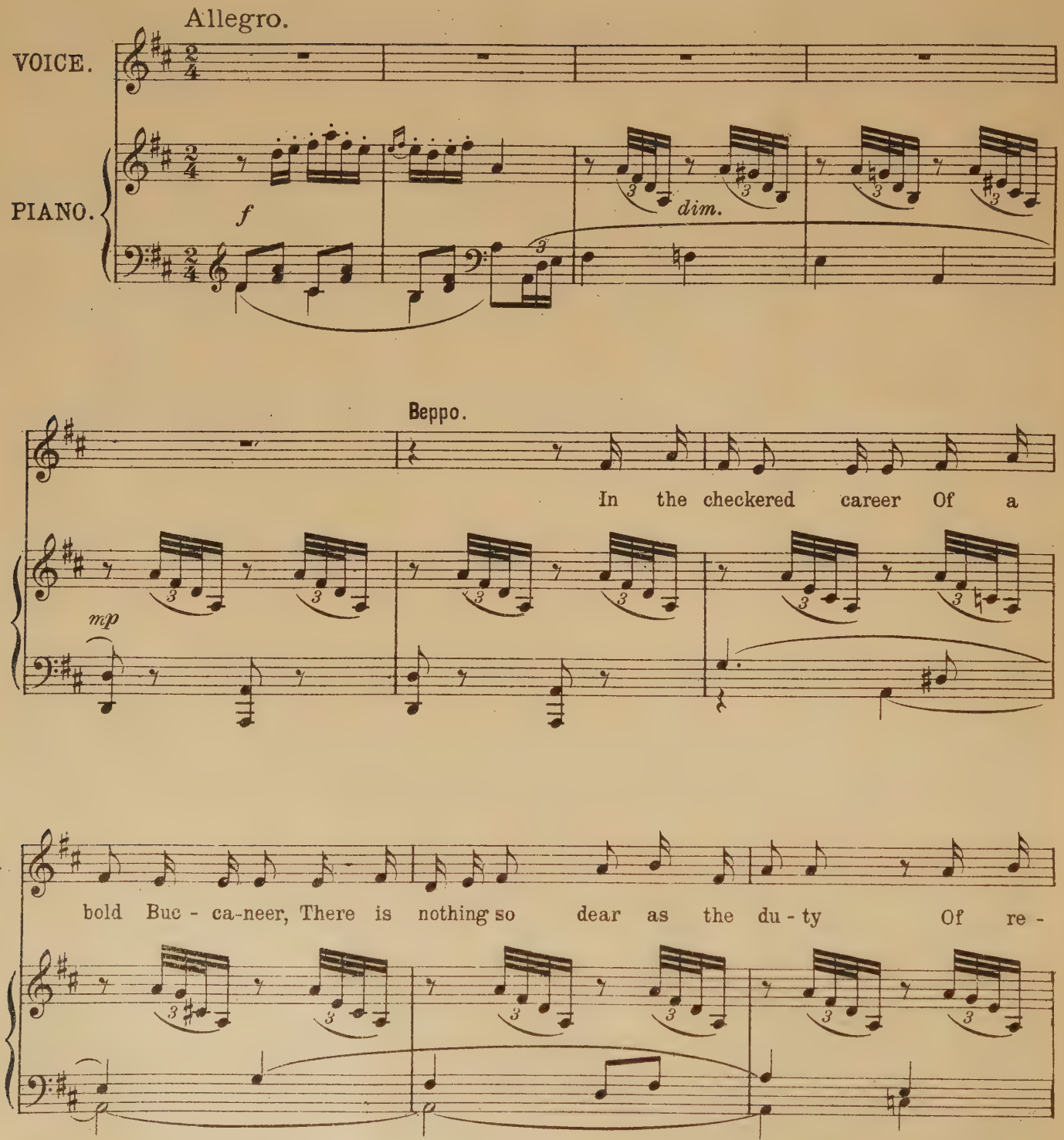

Tere.
once my foot - steps strayed! The cot - tage
cresc.
f poco rit.
Tere.
where I stayed! Fare - well!
a tempo
più mosso
Tere.
Fare - well!
molto dim. e rall.
p lento
Tempo I.
Tere.
Fare - well! No sad - der word was ev - er spok - en
ten.
p


Tere.
By any luck - less maid! Fare -
Tere.
- well! The old fam - i - liar ties are brok - en, The
p
Tere.
old friend - ships fade! Fare - well! Fare - well!
colla voce
allarg.
e cresc.
Tere.
8
f a tempo

No 6. SOLI & CHORUS:- DIVIDING THE SPOIL.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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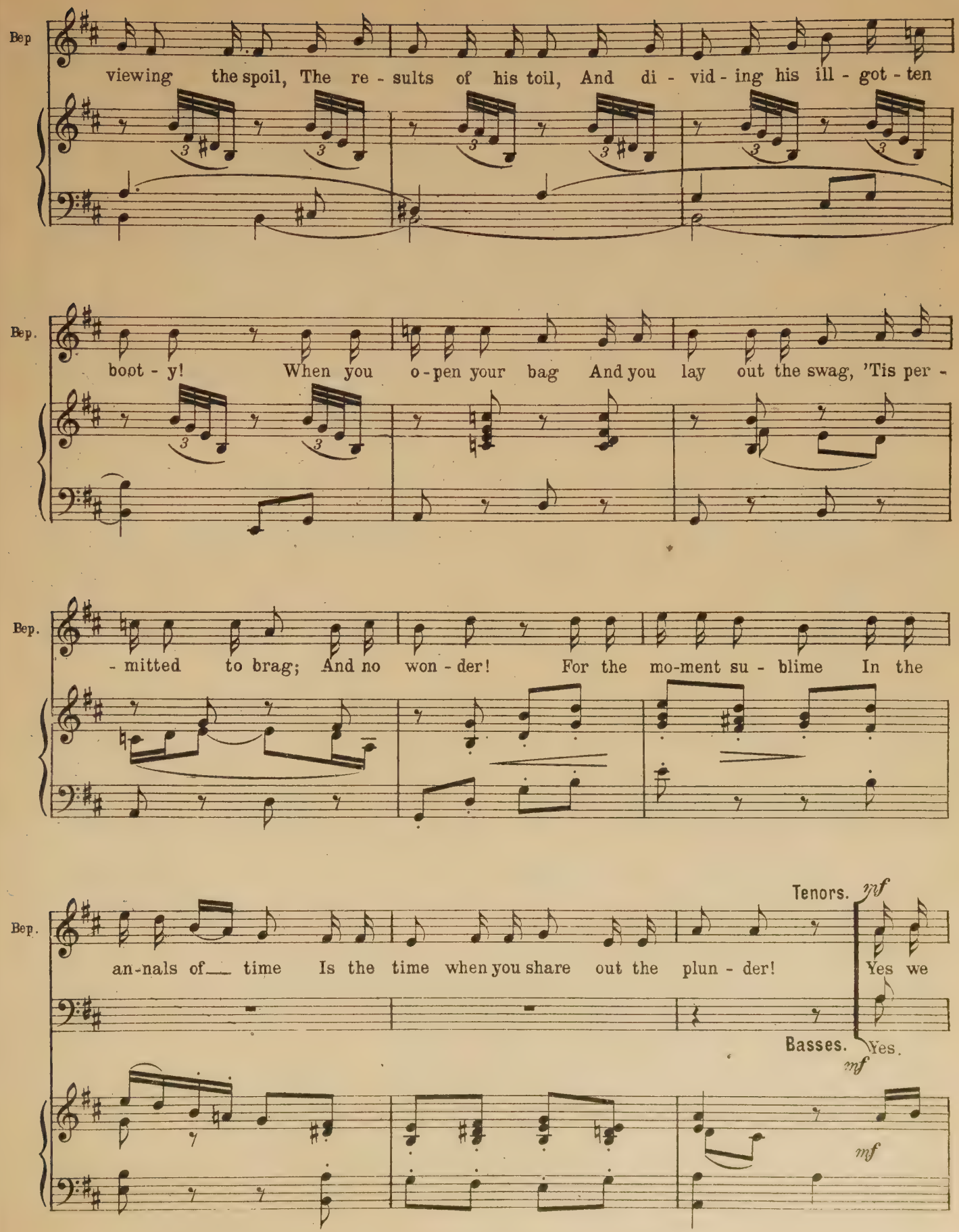
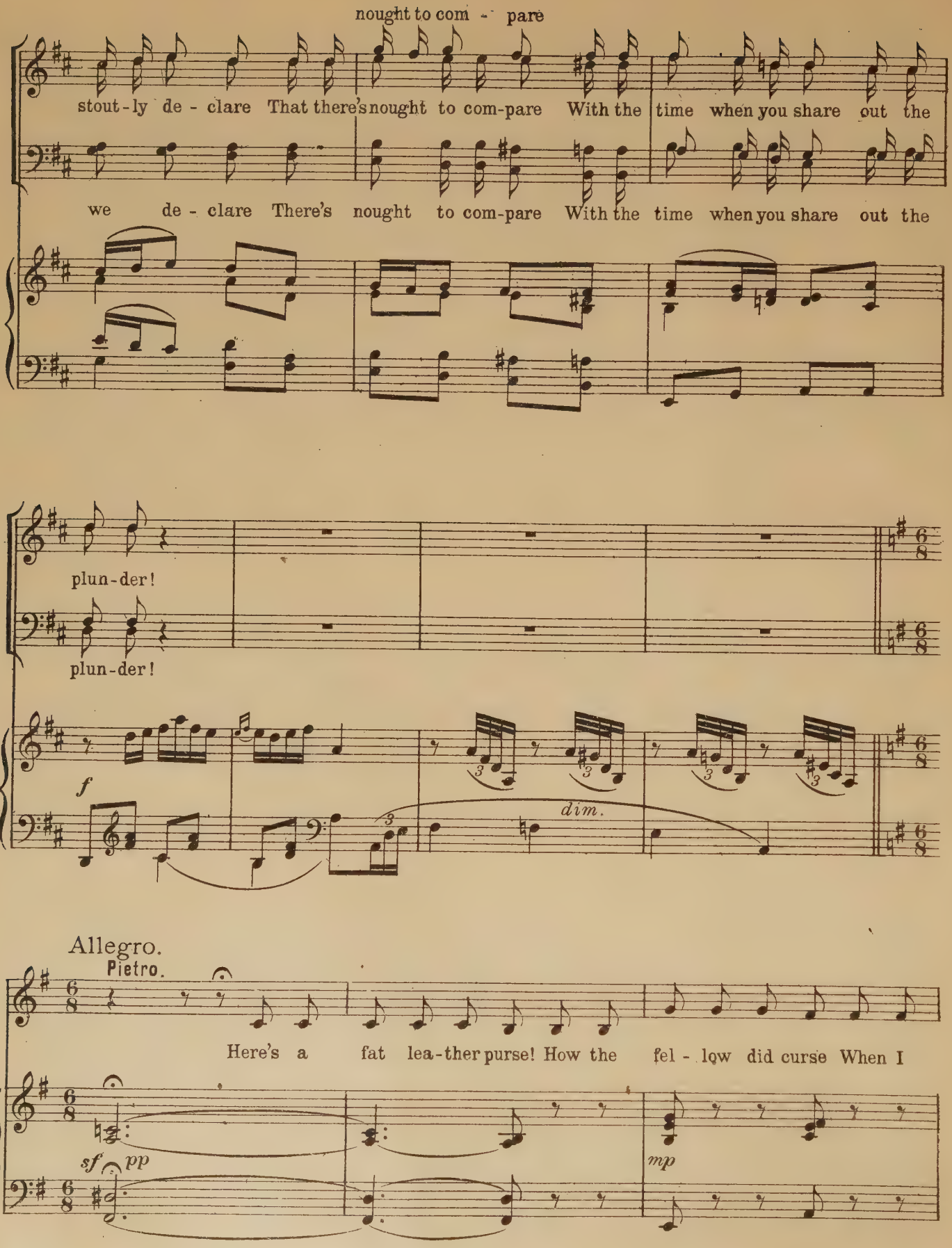
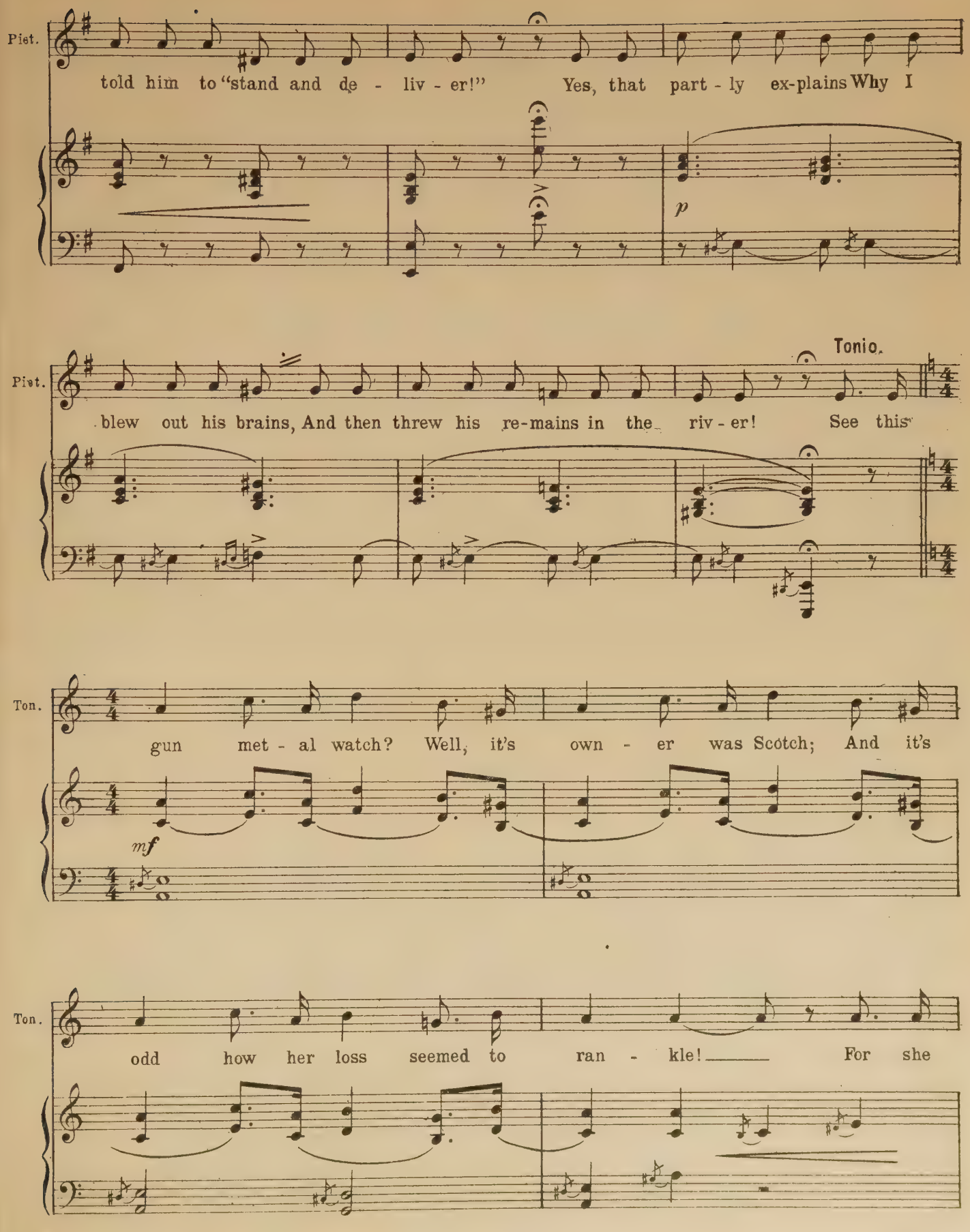
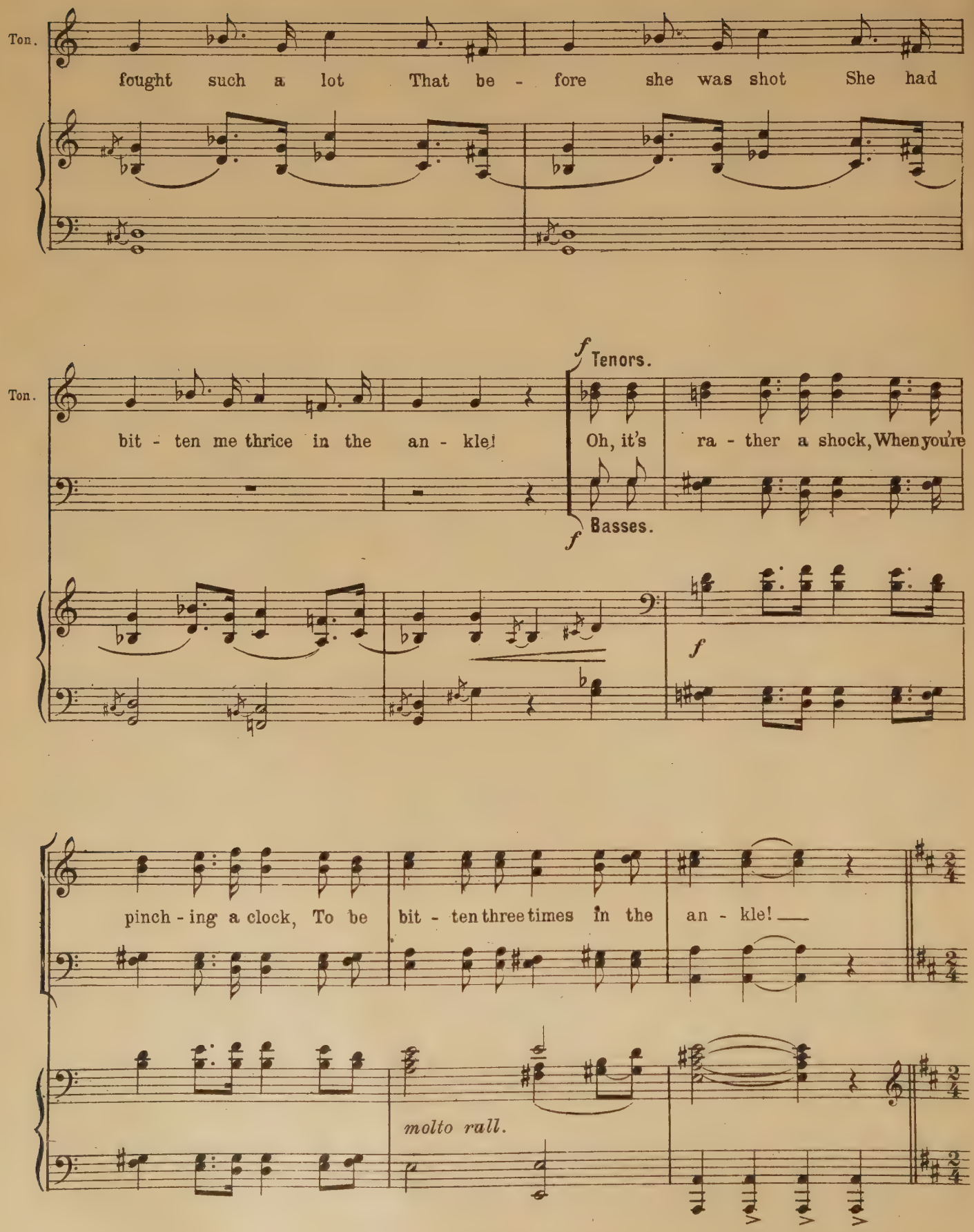
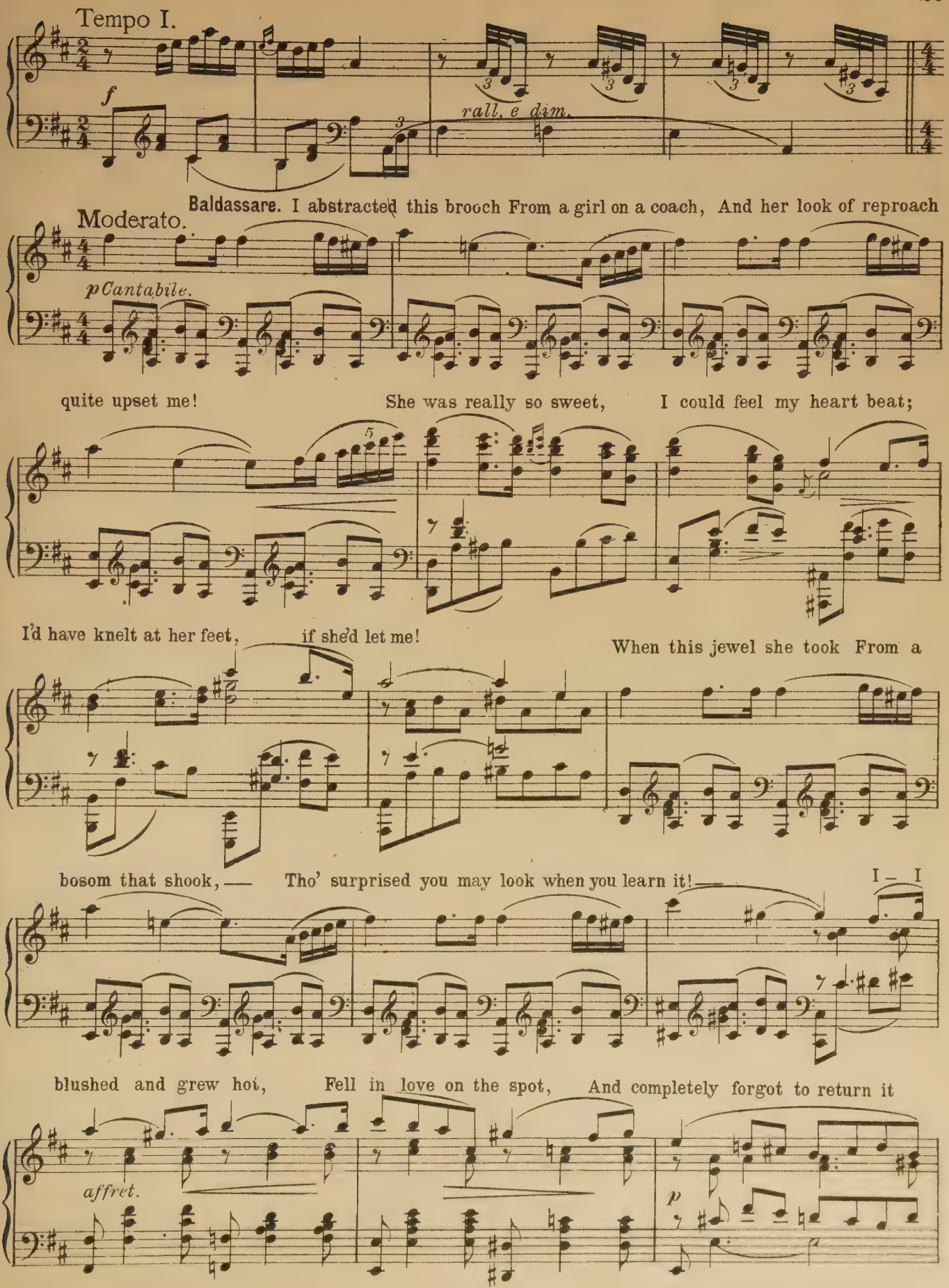
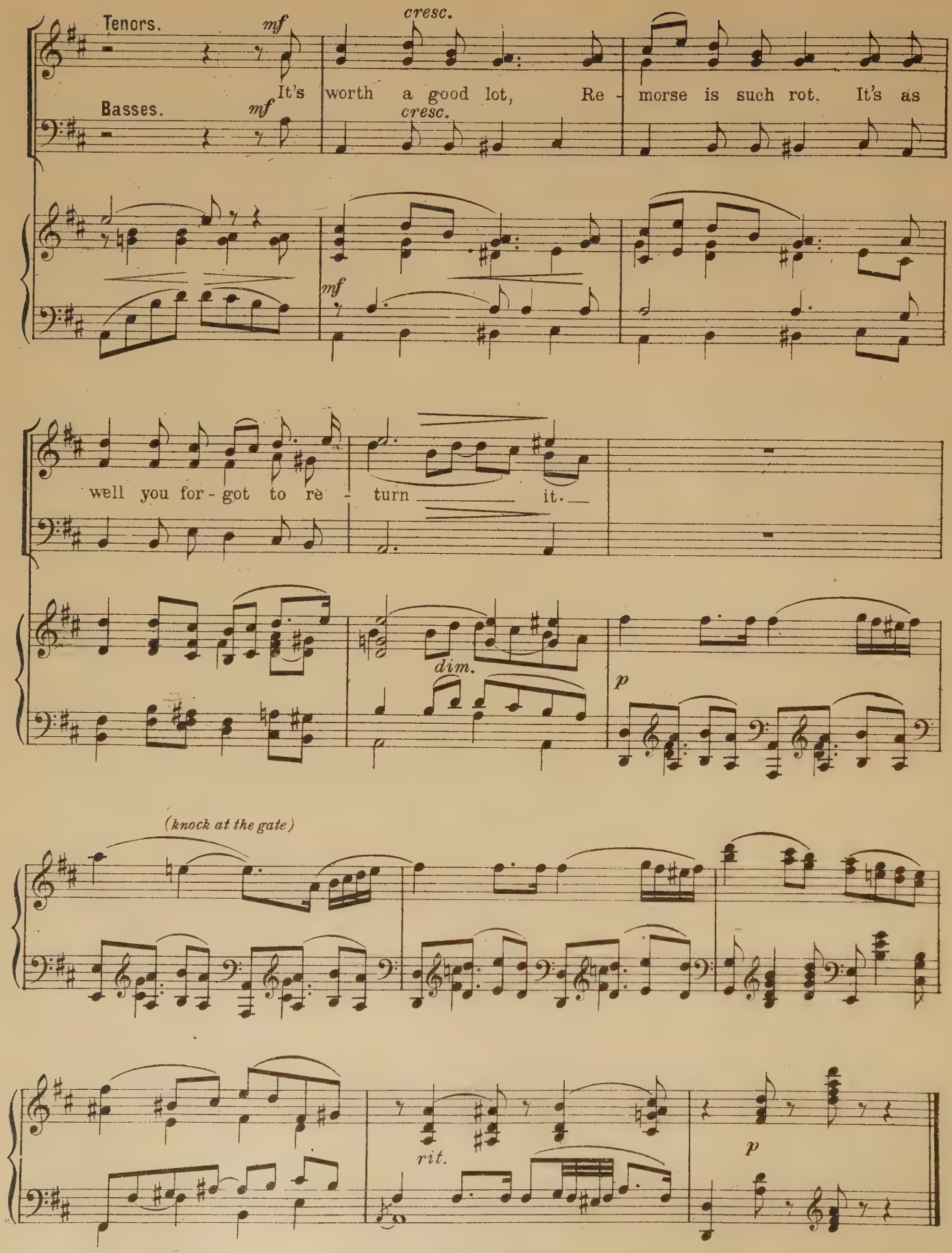

Bep
viewing the spoil, The re - sults of his toil, And di - vid - ing his ill - got - ten
Bep.
boot - y! When you o - pen your bag And you lay out the swag, 'Tis per -
Bep.
- mitted to brag; And no won - der! For the mo-ment su - blime In the
Bep.
an-nals of time Is the time when you share out the plun - der!
Tenors.
mf
Yes we
Basses.
Yes.
mf
mf


nought to com - pare
stout-ly de - clare That there's nought to com-pare With the time when you share out the
we de - clare There's nought to com-pare With the time when you share out the
plun-der!
plun-der!
f
dim.
Allegro.
Pietro.
Here's a fat lea-ther purse! How the fel - low did curse When I
sf
pp
mp

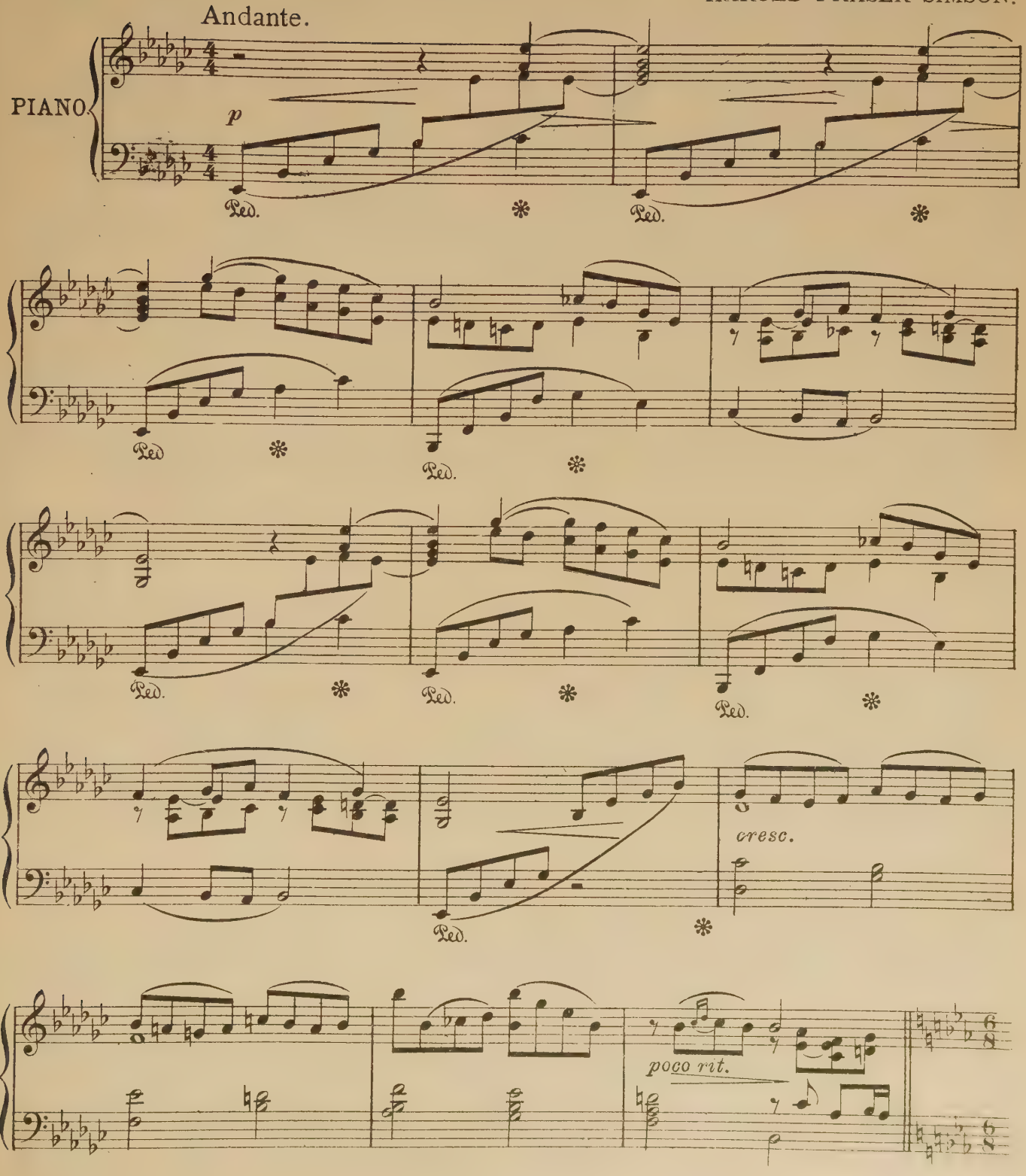

Piet.
told him to "stand and de - liv - er!" Yes, that part - ly ex-plains Why I
p
Piet.
Tonio.
blew out his brains, And then threw his re-mains in the riv - er! See this
Ton.
gun met - al watch? Well, it's own - er was Scotch; And it's
mf
Ton.
odd how her loss seemed to ran - kle! For she


Ton.
fought such a lot That be - fore she was shot She had
Ton.
bit - ten me thrice in the an - kle!
f
Tenors.
Oh, it's ra - ther a shock, When you're
f
Basses.
f
pinch - ing a clock, To be bit - ten three times in the an - kle!
molto rall.

Tempo I.
f
rall. e dim.
Baldassare. I abstracted this brooch From a girl on a coach, And her look of reproach
Moderato.
pCantabile.
quite upset me!
She was really so sweet,
I could feel my heart beat;
I'd have knelt at her feet,
if she'd let me!
When this jewel she took From a
bosom that shook, —
Tho' surprised you may look when you learn it! —
I – I
blushed and grew hot,
Fell in love on the spot,
And completely forgot to return it
affret.
p


Tenors.
mf
cresc.
It's worth a good lot, Re - morse is such rot. It's as
Basses.
mf
cresc.
mf
well you for - got to re - turn it.
dim.
p
(knock at the gate)
rit.
p

No7. FINALE ACT I.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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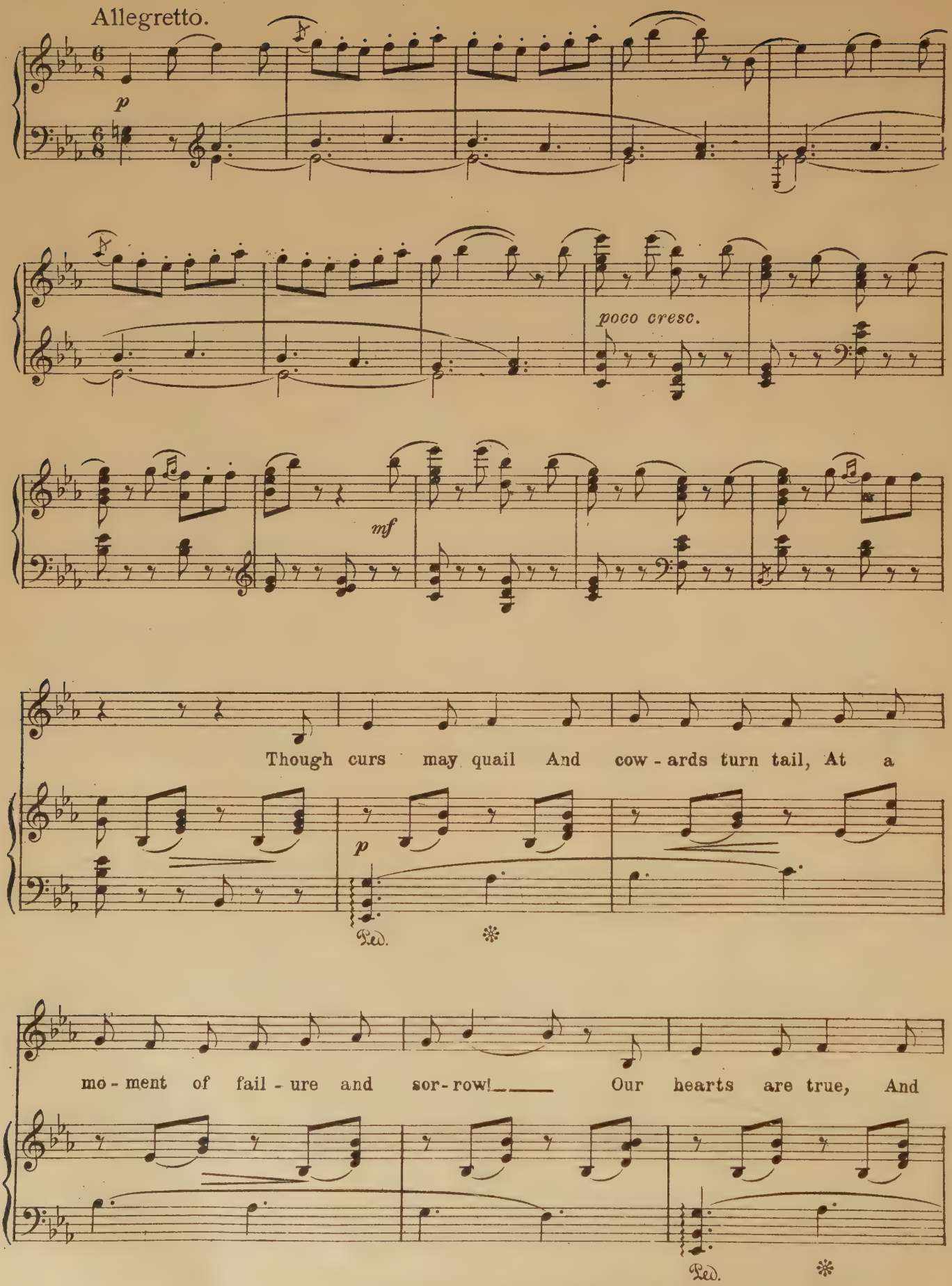
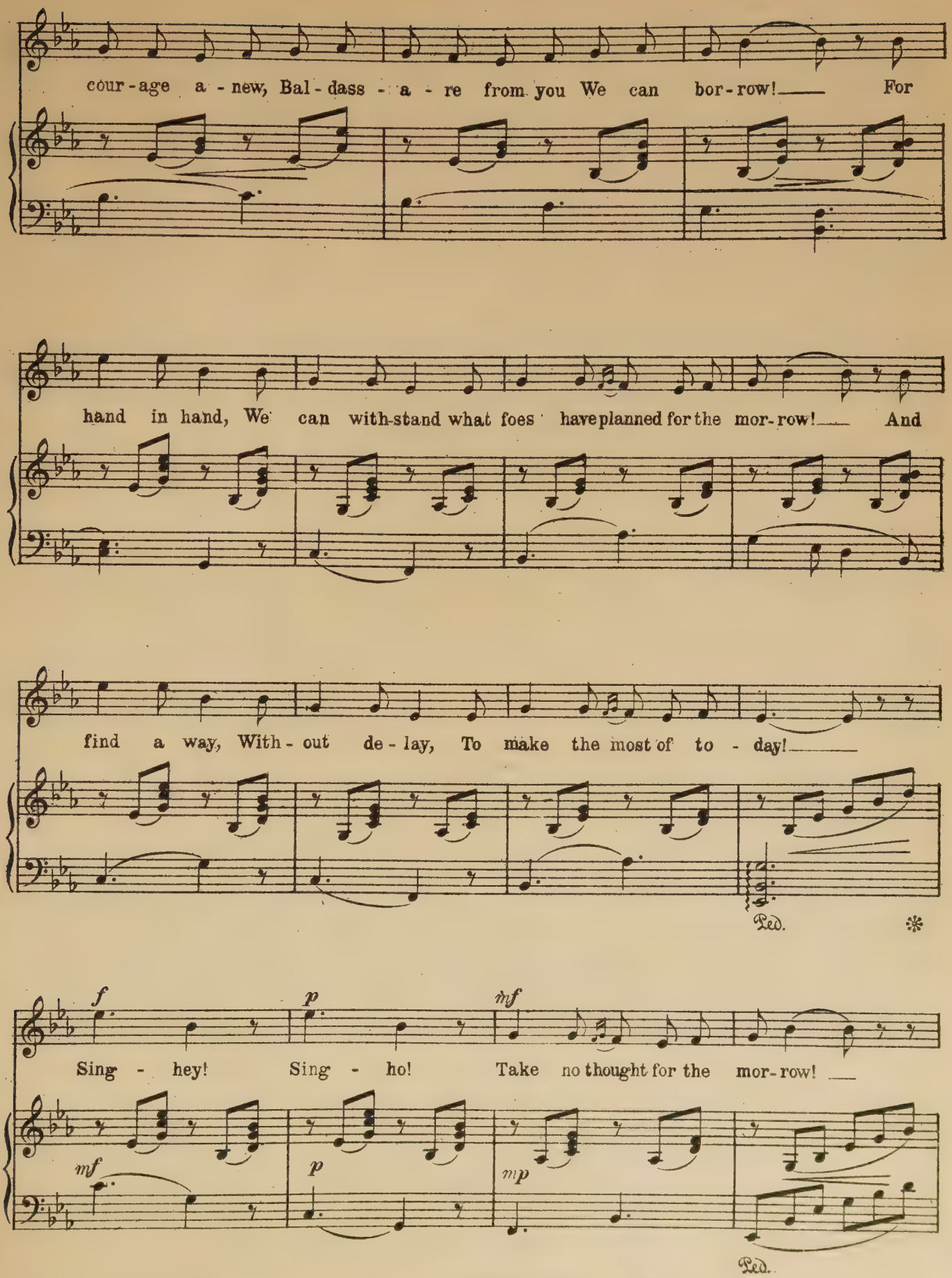
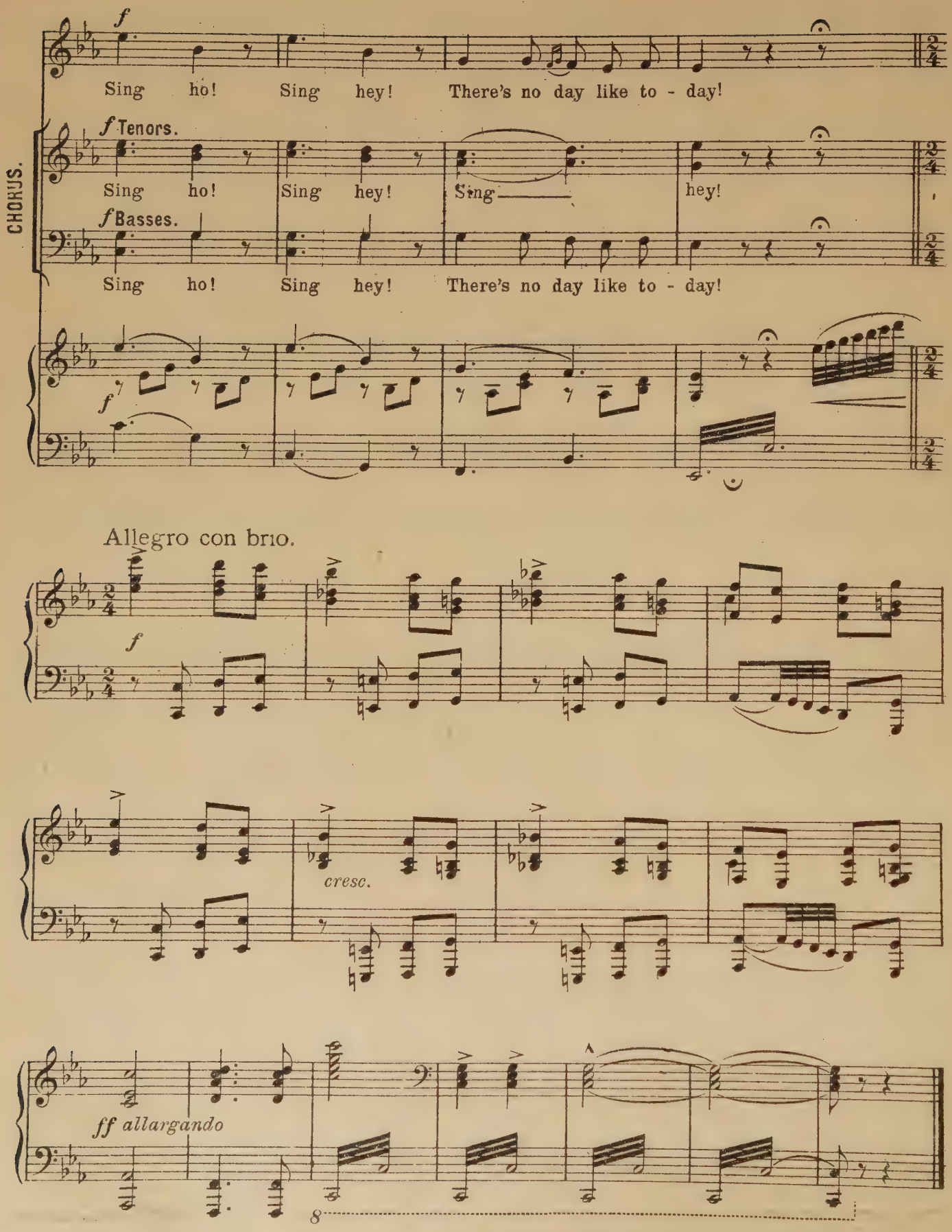

Allegretto.
p
poco cresc.
mf
Though curs may quail And cow - ards turn tail, At a
p
Ped.
mo - ment of fail - ure and sor - row! Our hearts are true, And
Ped.


cour - age a - new, Bal - dass - a - re from you We can bor - row! For
hand in hand, We can with-stand what foes have planned for the mor - row! And
find a way, With - out de - lay, To make the most of to - day!
Ped.
f
Sing - hey!
p
Sing - ho!
mf
Take no thought for the mor - row!
mf
p
mp
Ped.

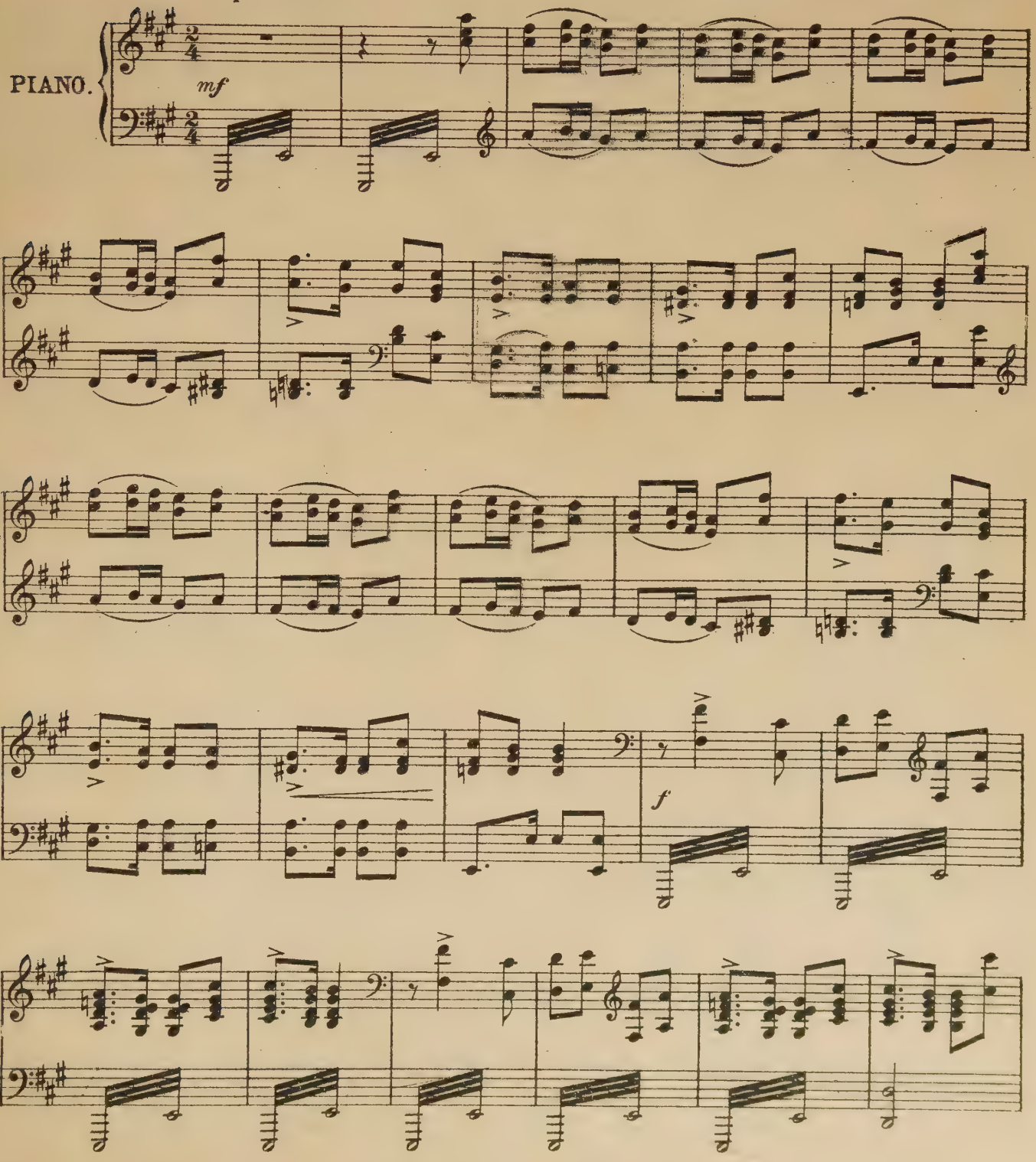

CHORUS.
f
Sing ho! Sing hey! There's no day like to - day!
f Tenors.
Sing ho! Sing hey! Sing hey!
f Basses.
Sing ho! Sing hey! There's no day like to - day!
f
Allegro con brio.
f
cresc.
ff allargando
8

Act II.

No 8. INTRODUCTION & OPENING CHORUS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Tempo di Marcia.



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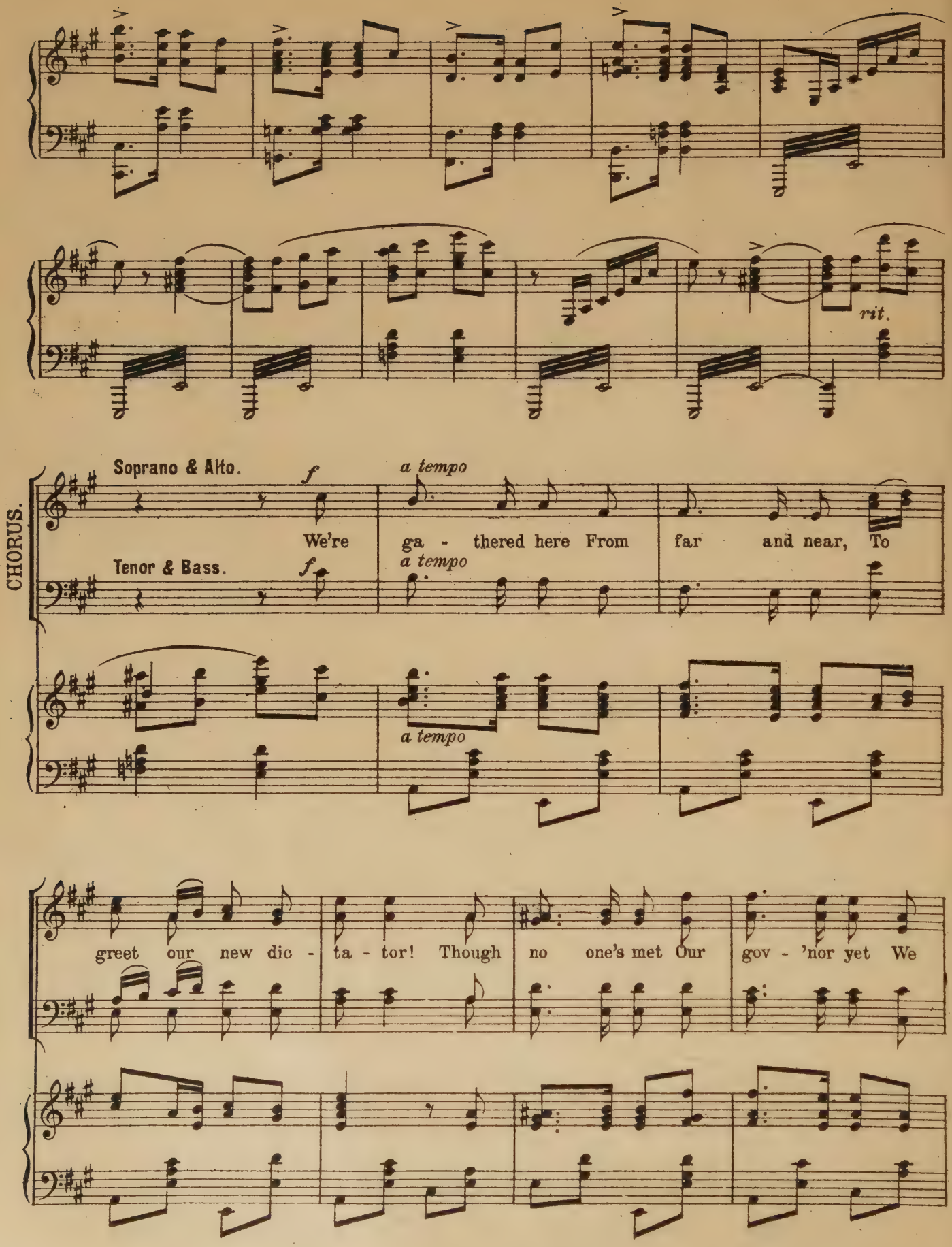
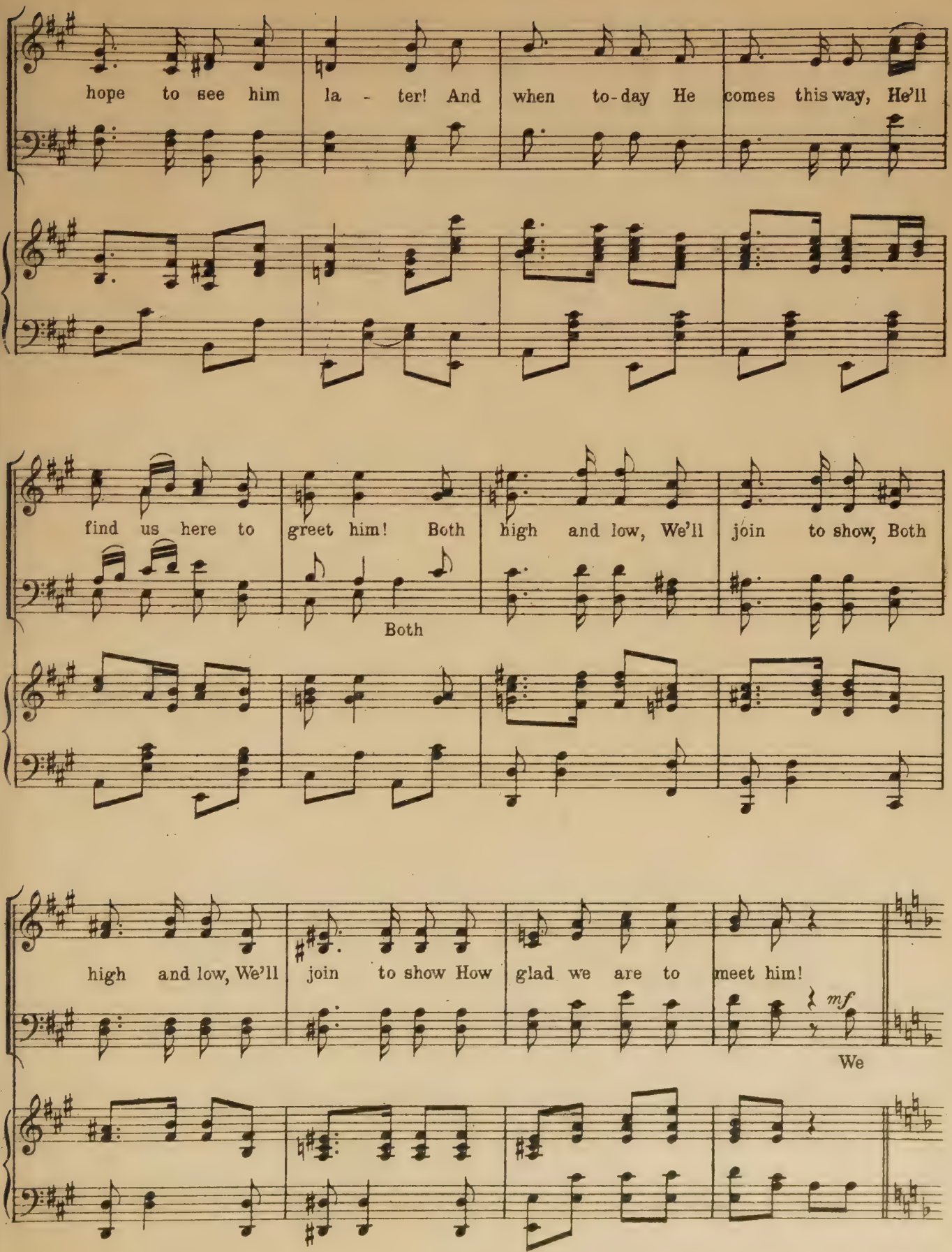
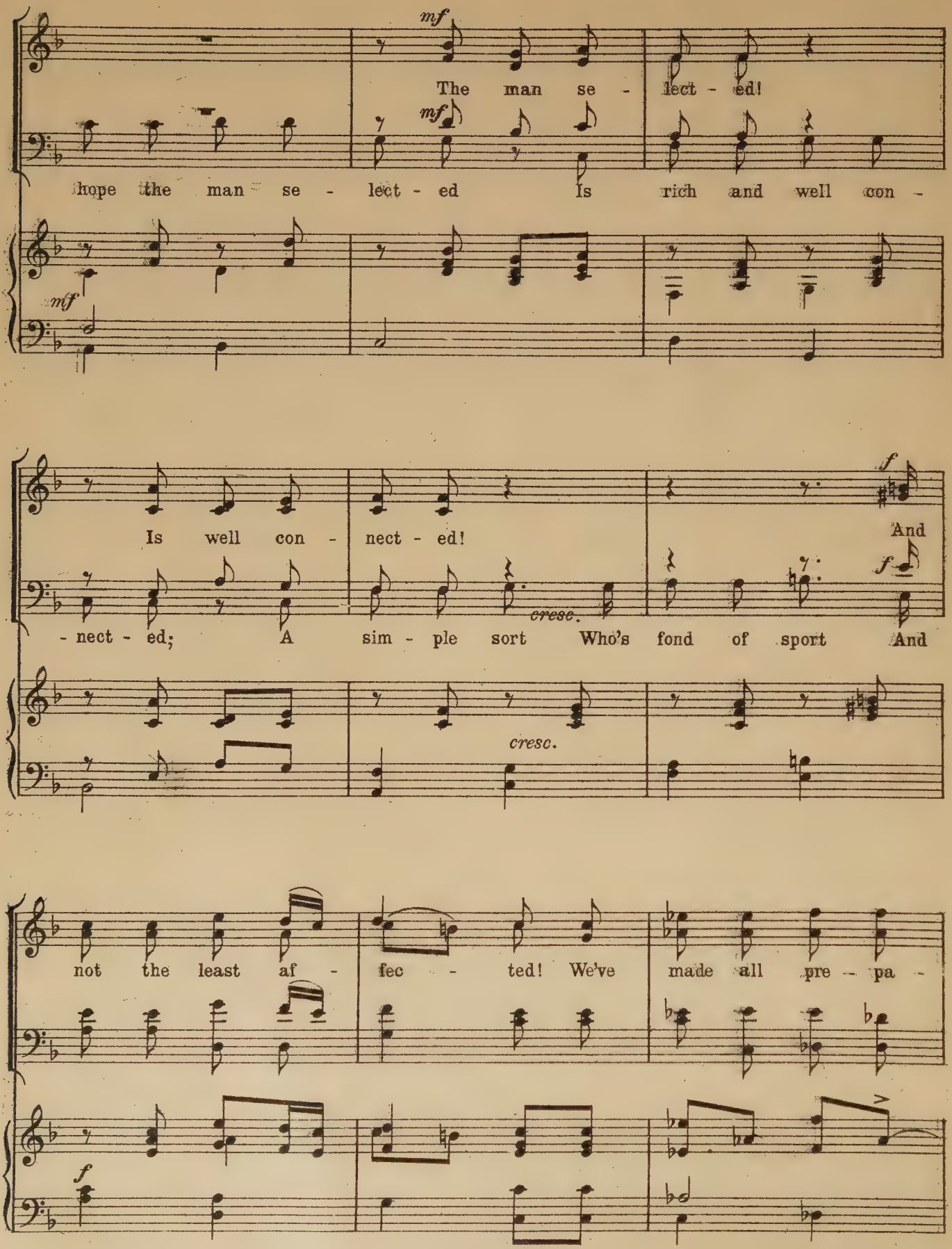
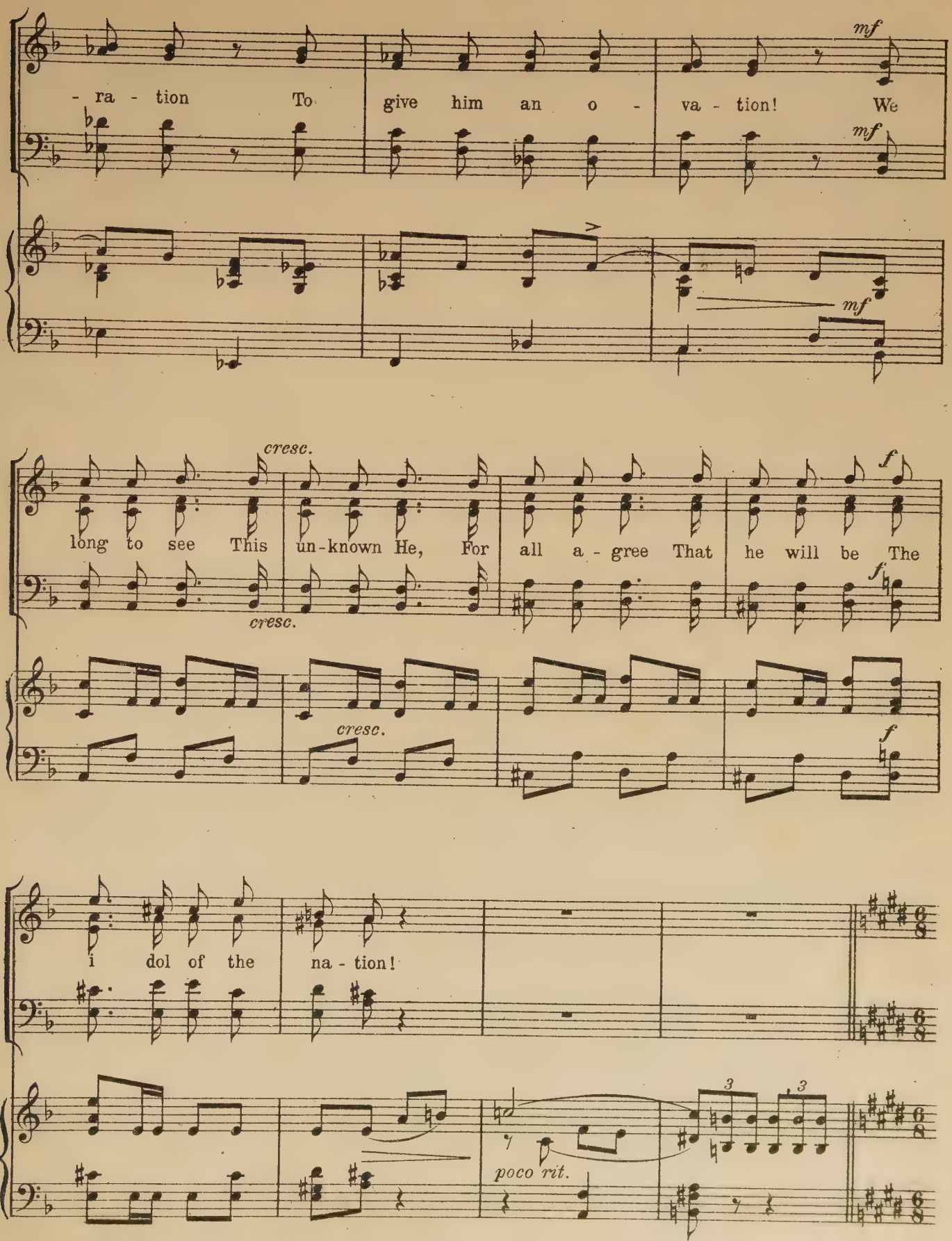

rit.
CHORUS.
Soprano & Alto.
Tenor & Bass.
f
a tempo
We're ga - thered here From far and near, To
greet our new dic - ta - tor! Though no one's met Our gov - 'nor yet We

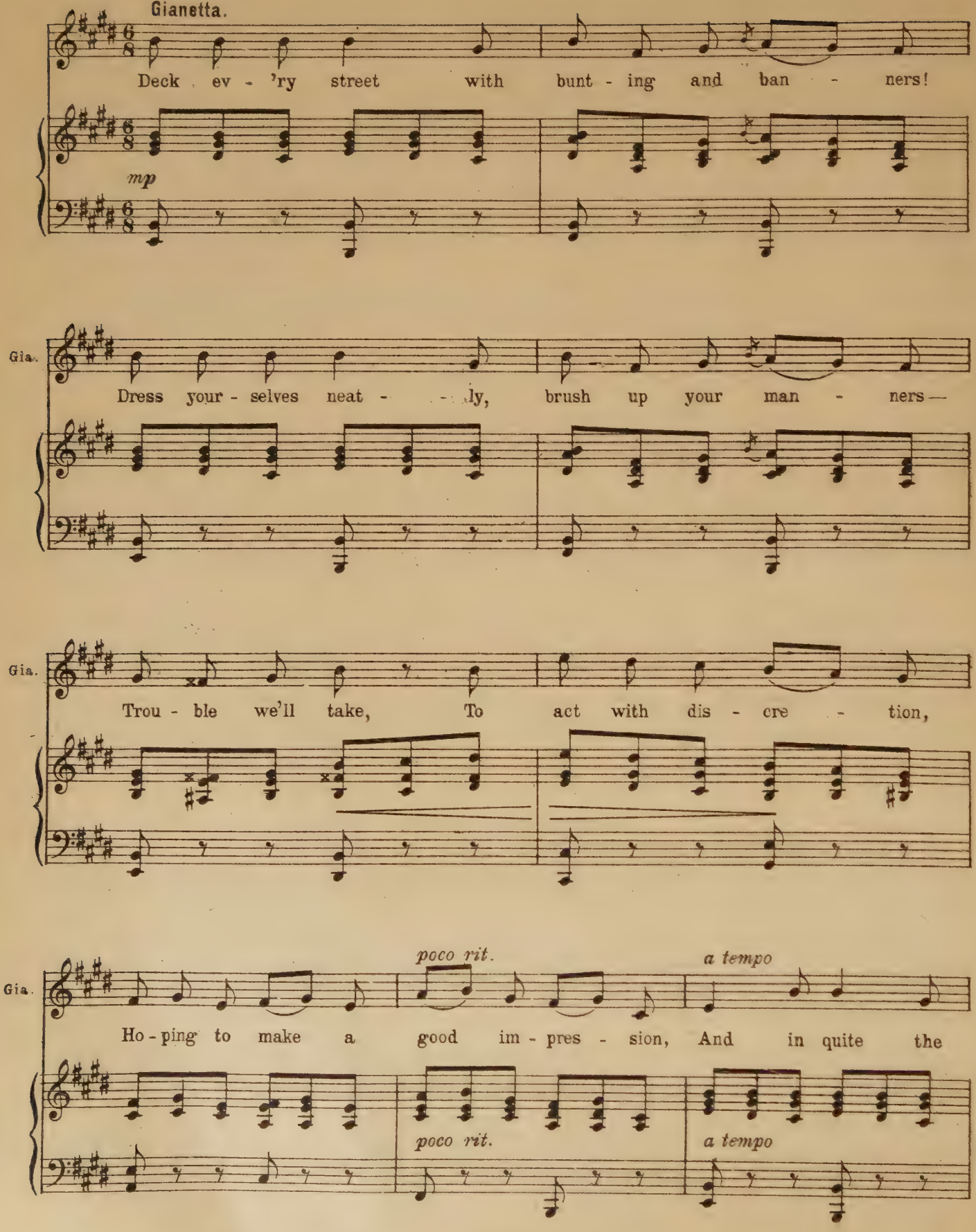

hope to see him la - ter! And when to-day He comes this way, He'll
find us here to greet him! Both high and low, We'll join to show, Both
Both
high and low, We'll join to show How glad we are to meet him!
mf
We

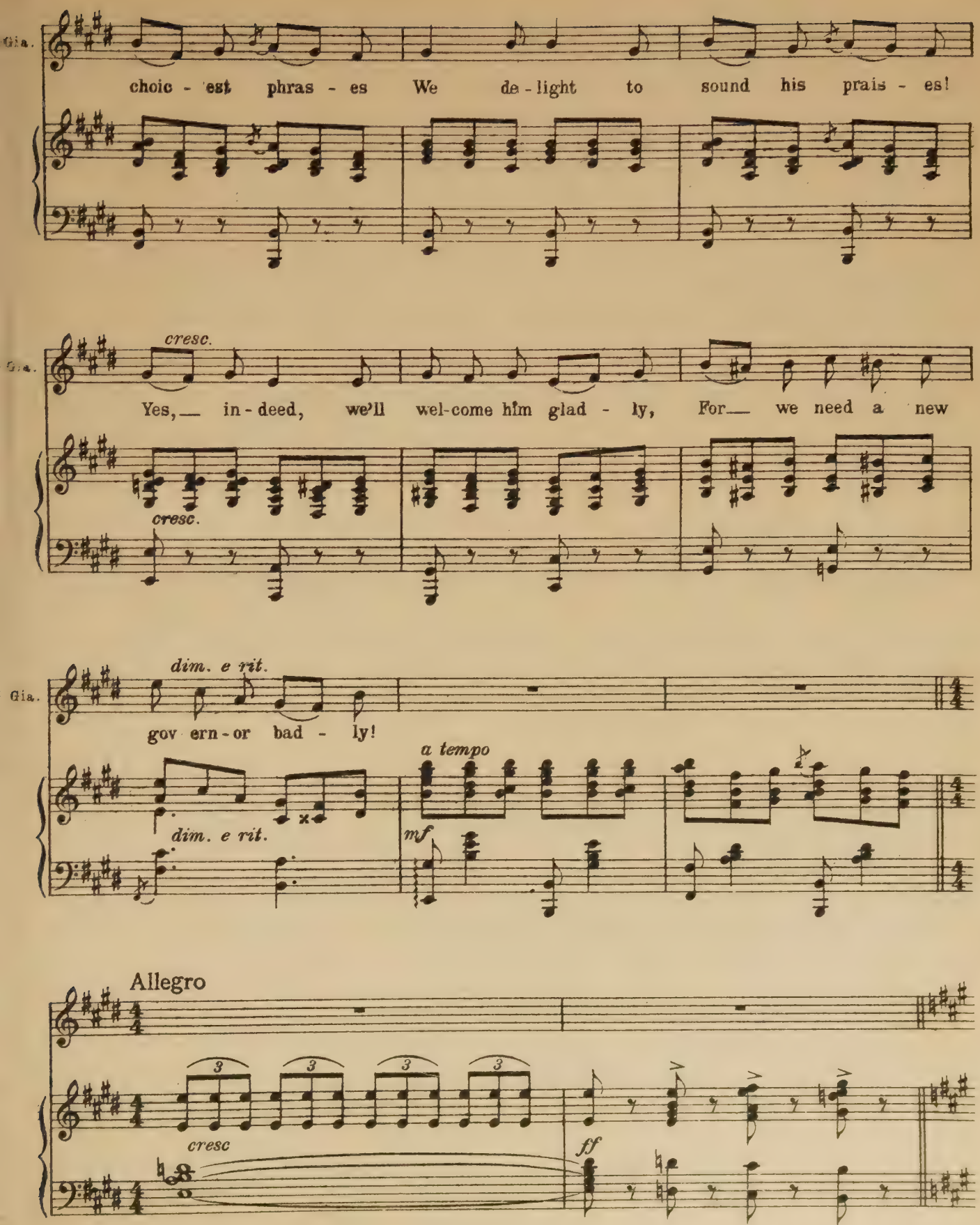

mf
The man se - lect - ed!
mf
I hope the man se - lect - ed Is rich and well con -
mf
Is well con - nect - ed!
f
And
- nect - ed; A sim - ple sort Who's fond of sport And
cresc.
cresc.
not the least af - fec - ted! We've made all pre - pa -
f


- ra - tion To give him an o - va - tion! We
mf
mf
mf
cresc.
long to see This un-known He, For all a - gree That he will be The
cresc.
f
f
cresc.
f
i dol of the na - tion!
poco rit.
3
3
6/8
6/8
6/8

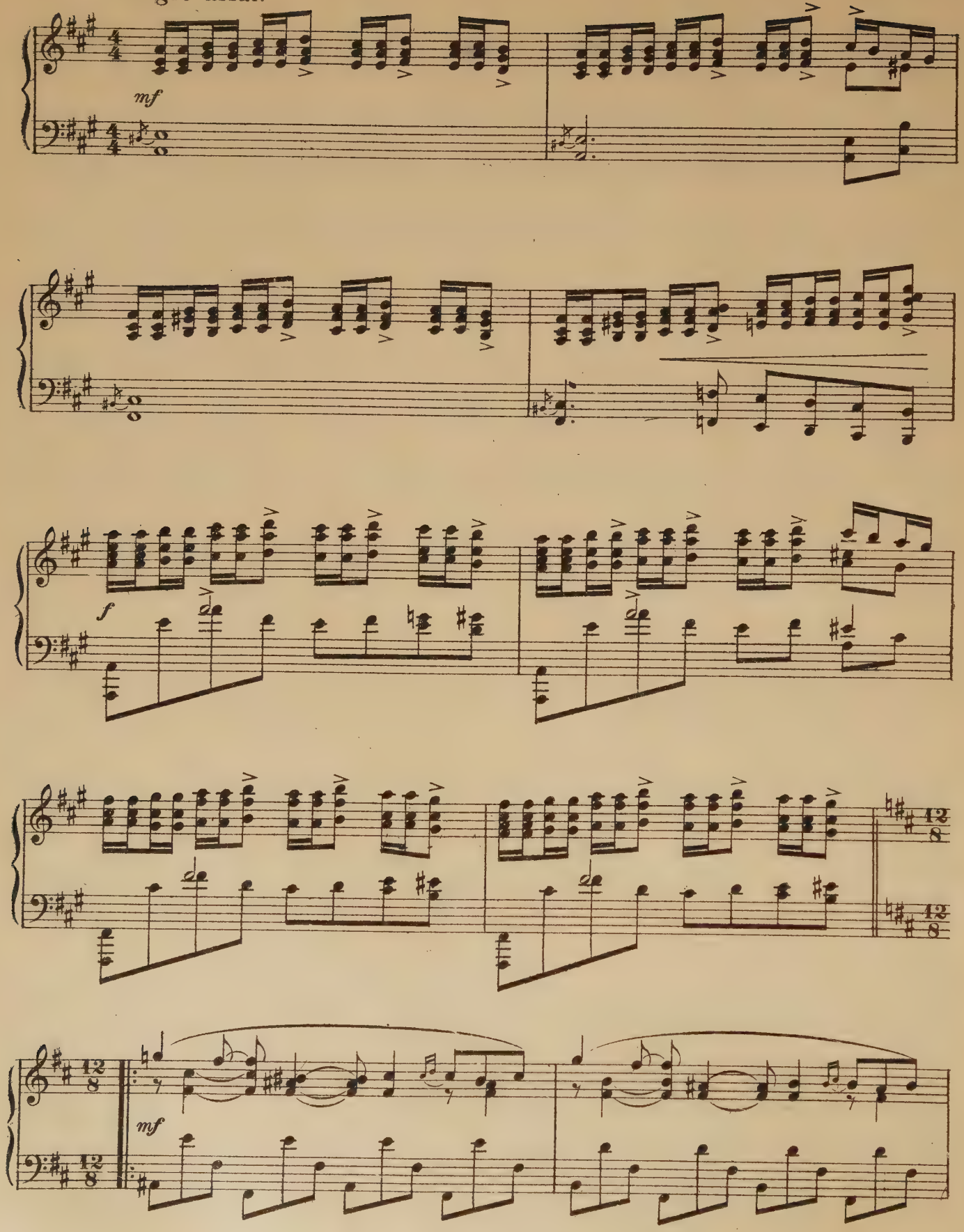
Moderato.

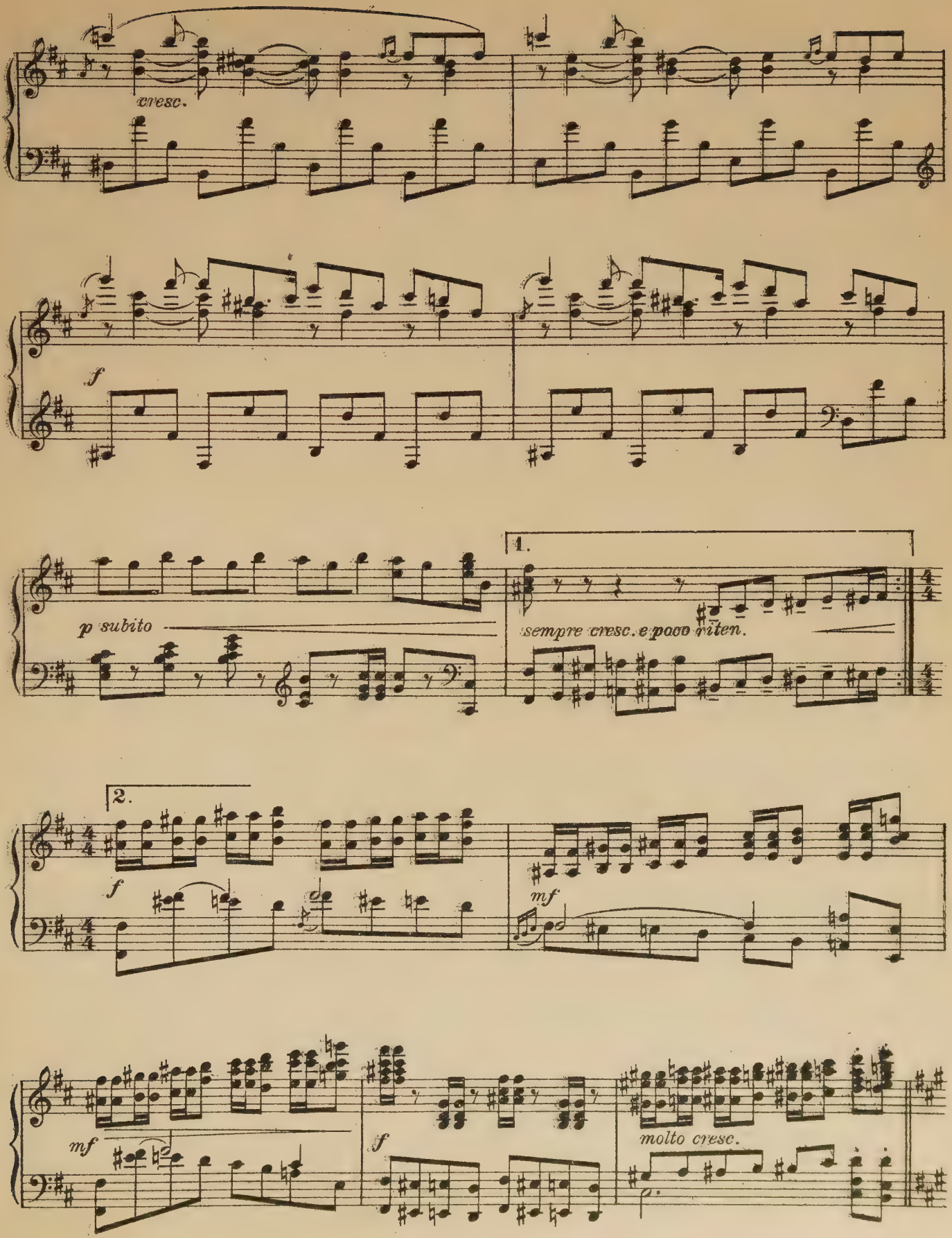
Gianetta.

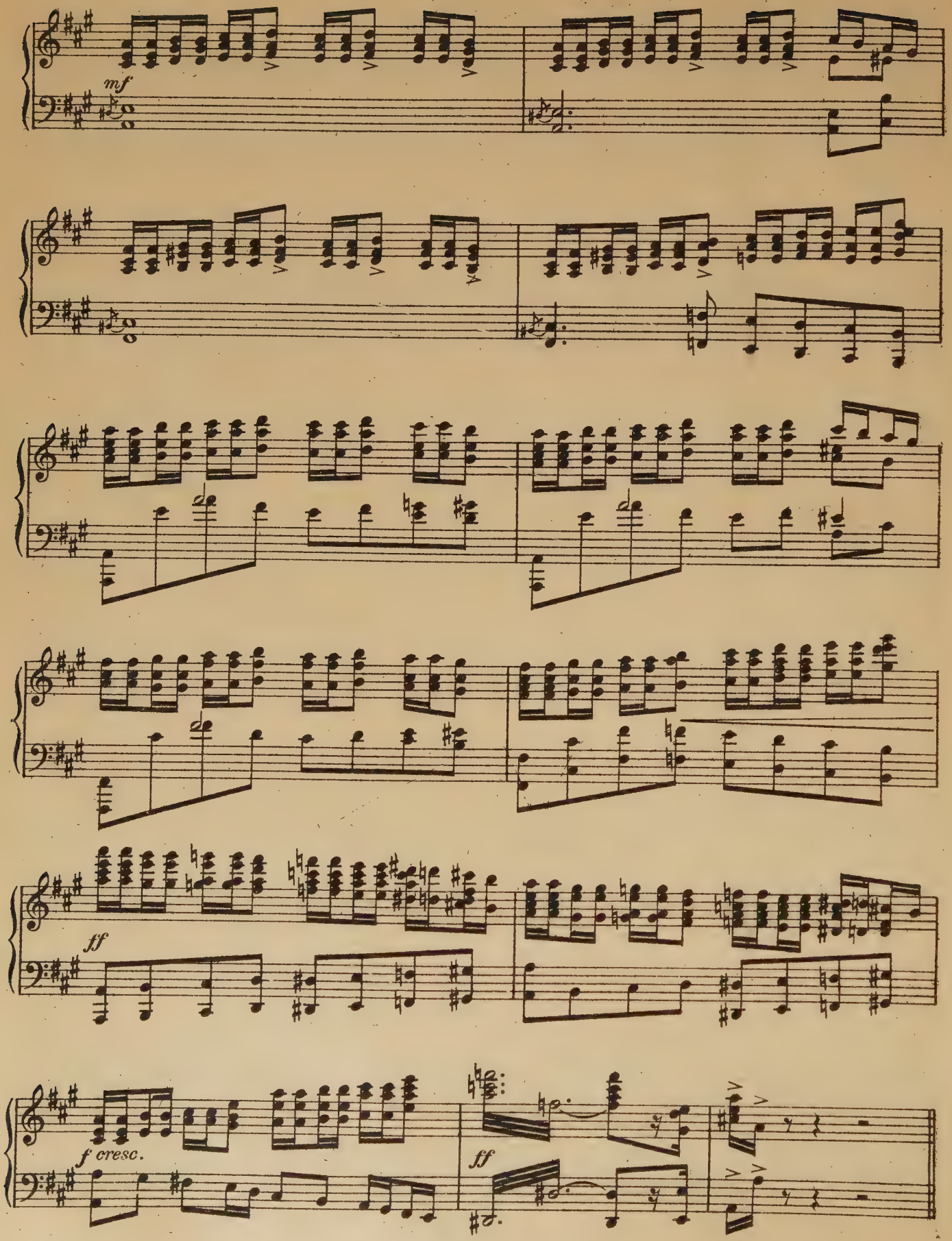

Deck ev - 'ry street with bunt - ing and ban - ners!
mp
Gia.
Dress your - selves neat - - - ly, brush up your man - ners—
Gia.
Trou - ble we'll take, To act with dis - cre - tion,
Gia.
poco rit.
a tempo
Ho - ping to make a good im - pres - sion, And in quite the
poco rit.
a tempo

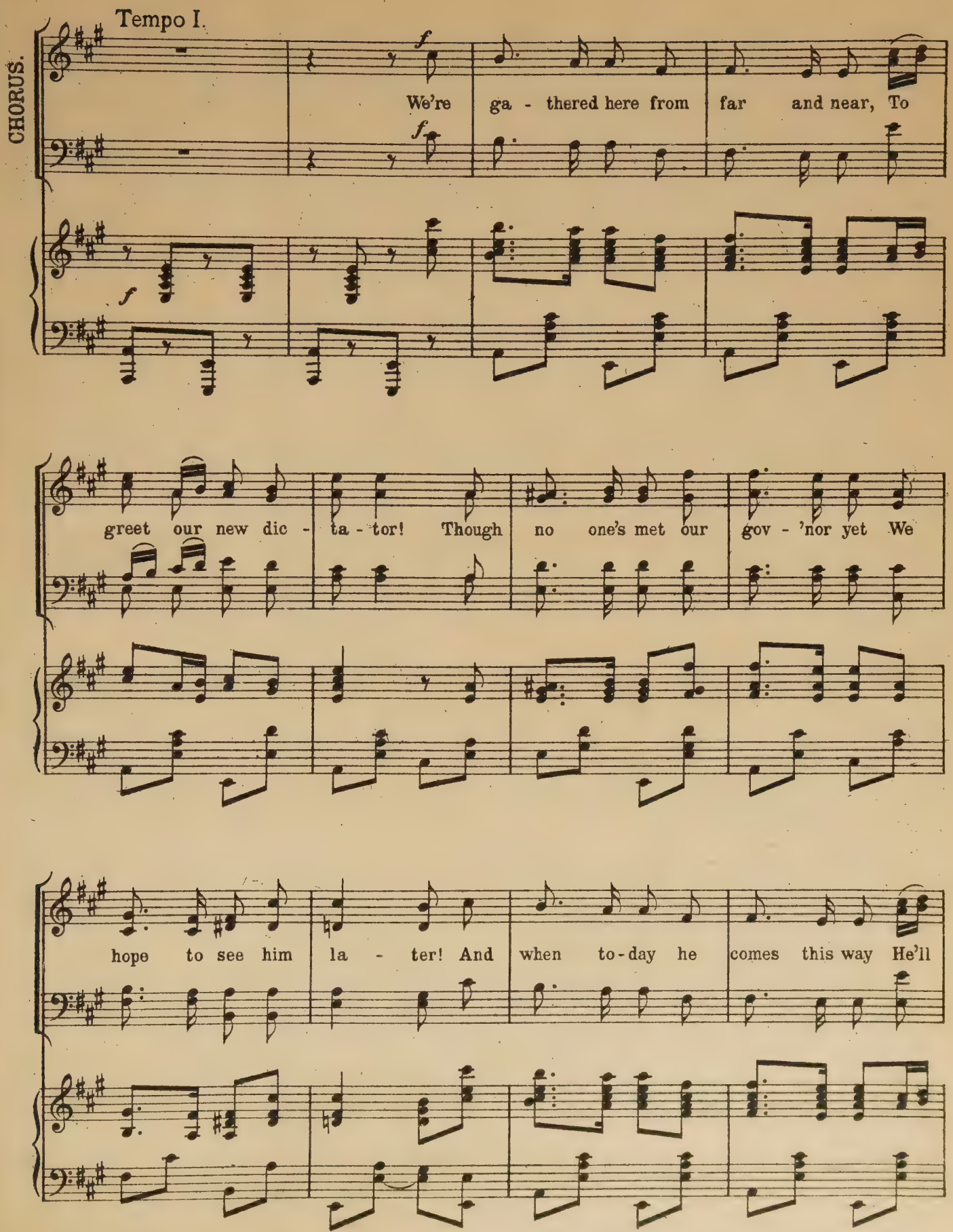

Gia.
choic - est phras - es We de - light to sound his prais - es!
cresc.
Gia.
Yes, — in - deed, we'll wel-come him glad - ly, For — we need a new
cresc.
dim. e rit.
Gia.
gov ern - or bad - ly!
a tempo
dim. e rit.
mf
Allegro
3
3
3
3
cresc
ff

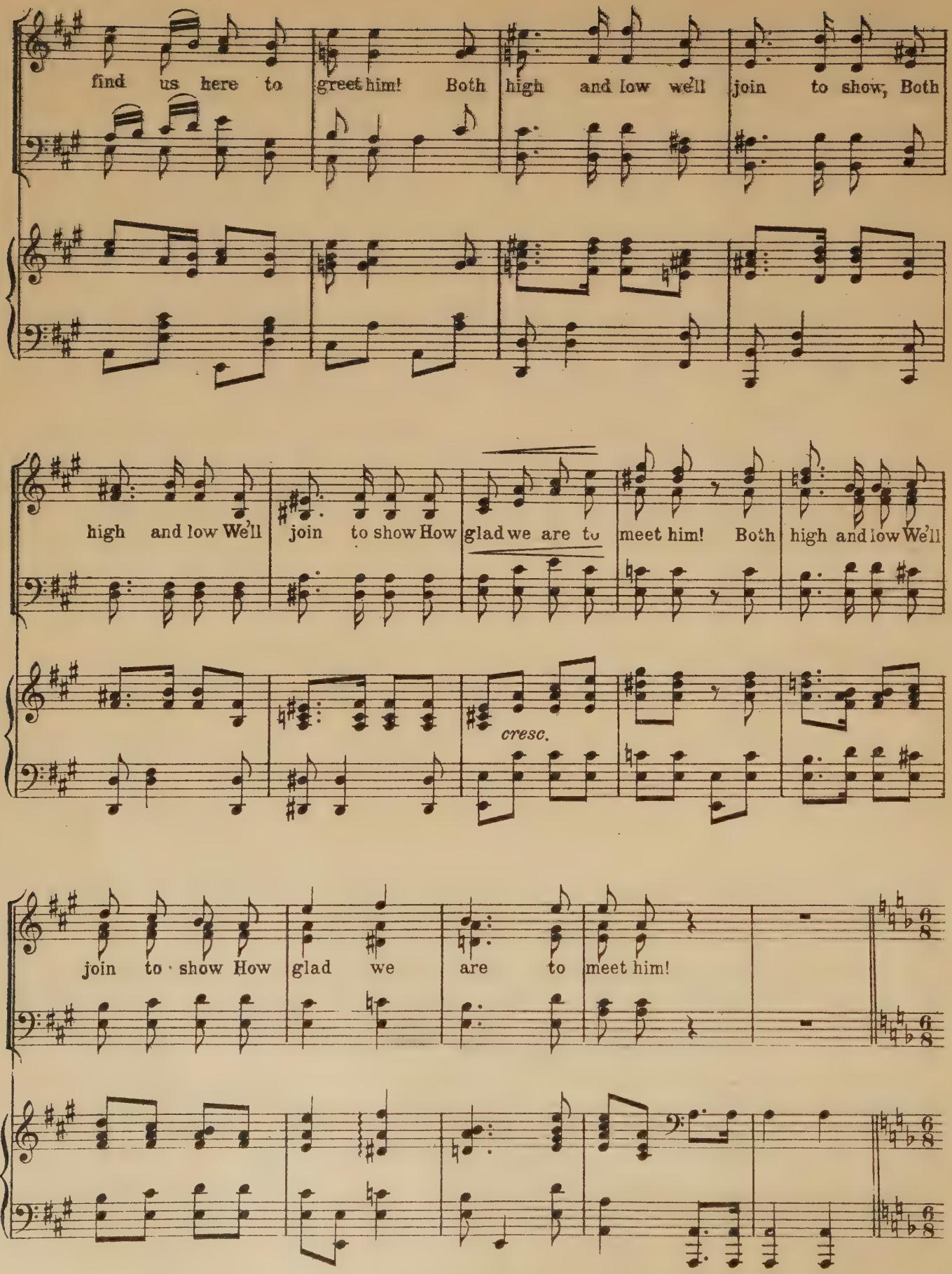
Allegro assai.



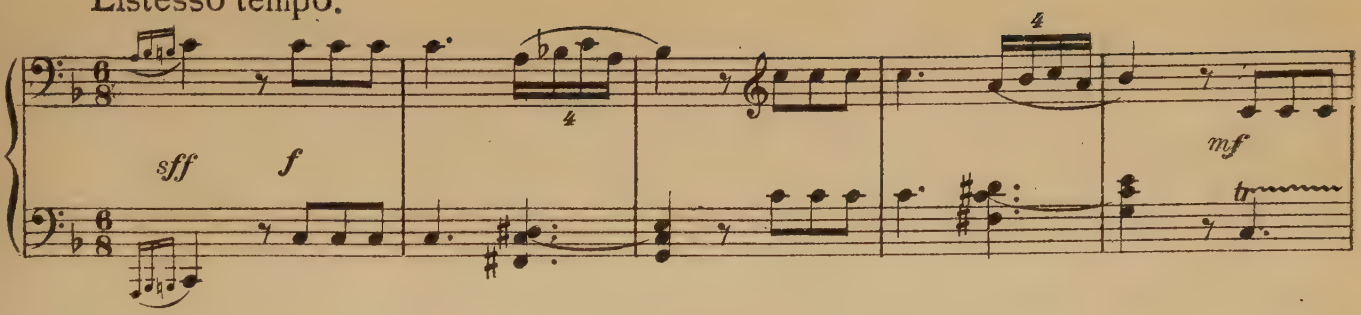
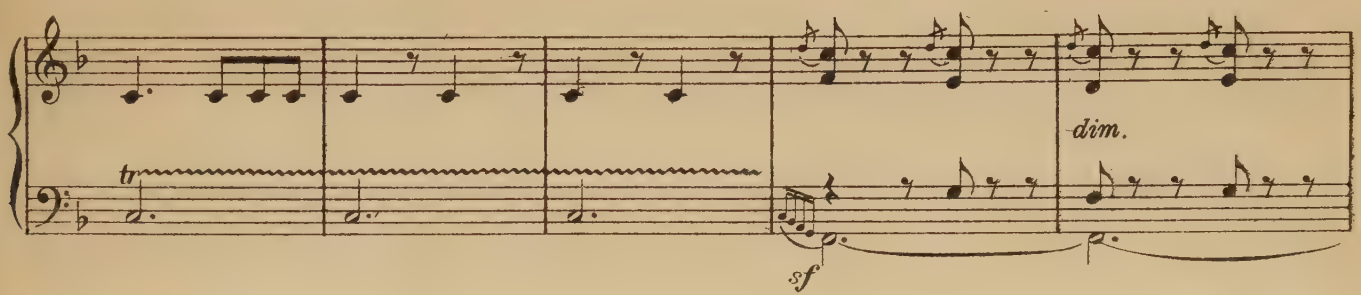

cresc.
f
p subito
1.
sempre cresc. e poco riten.
2.
f
mf
mf
f
molto cresc.


mf
ff
f cresc.
ff

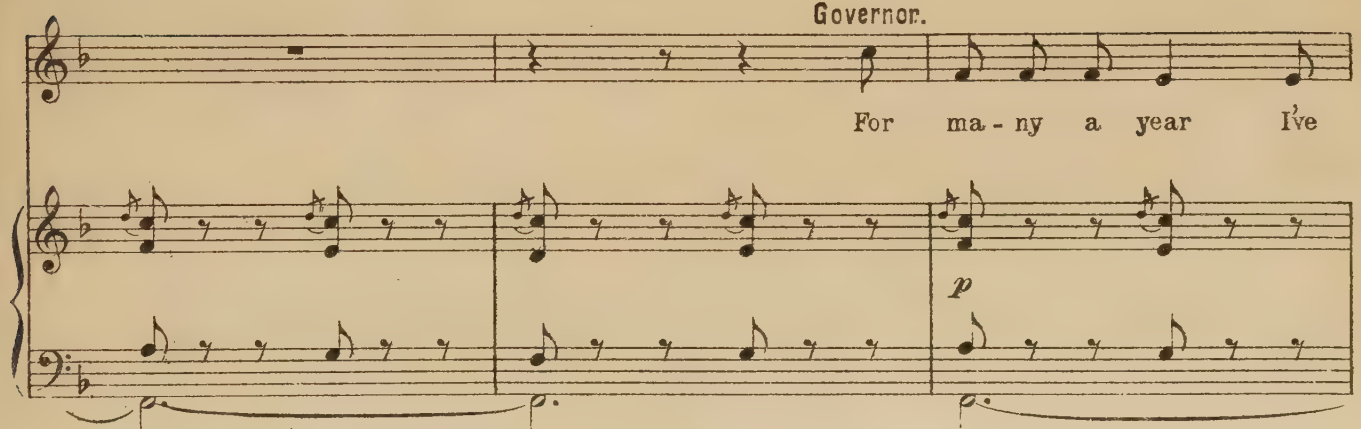

Tempo I.
CHORUS.
We're ga - thered here from far and near, To
greet our new dic - ta - tor! Though no one's met our gov - 'nor yet We
hope to see him la - ter! And when to-day he comes this way He'll


find us here to greet him! Both high and low we'll join to show, Both
high and low We'll join to show How glad we are to meet him! Both high and low We'll
cresc.
join to show How glad we are to meet him!

(Entrance of Governor)

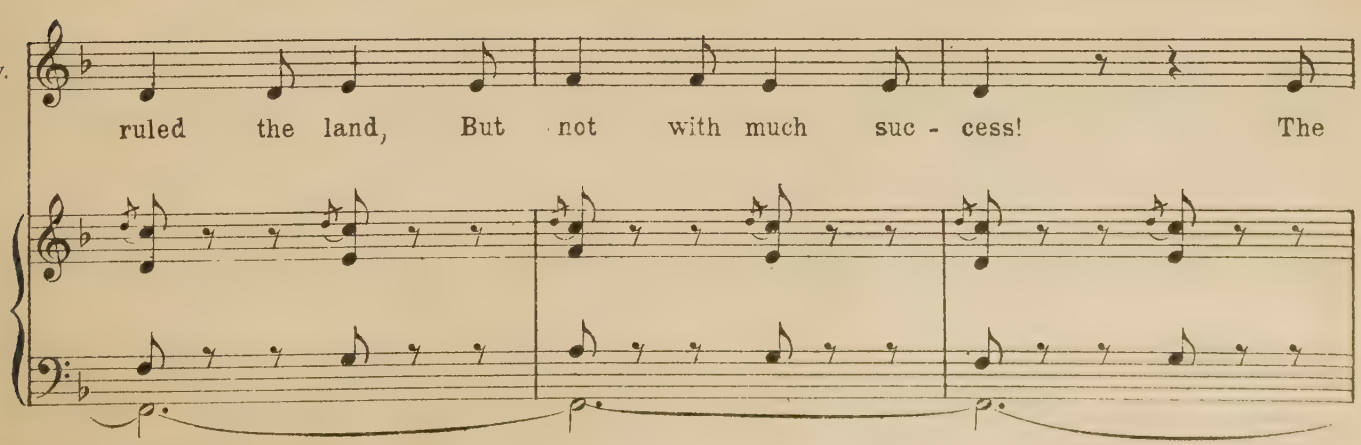
L'istesso tempo.

Governor.

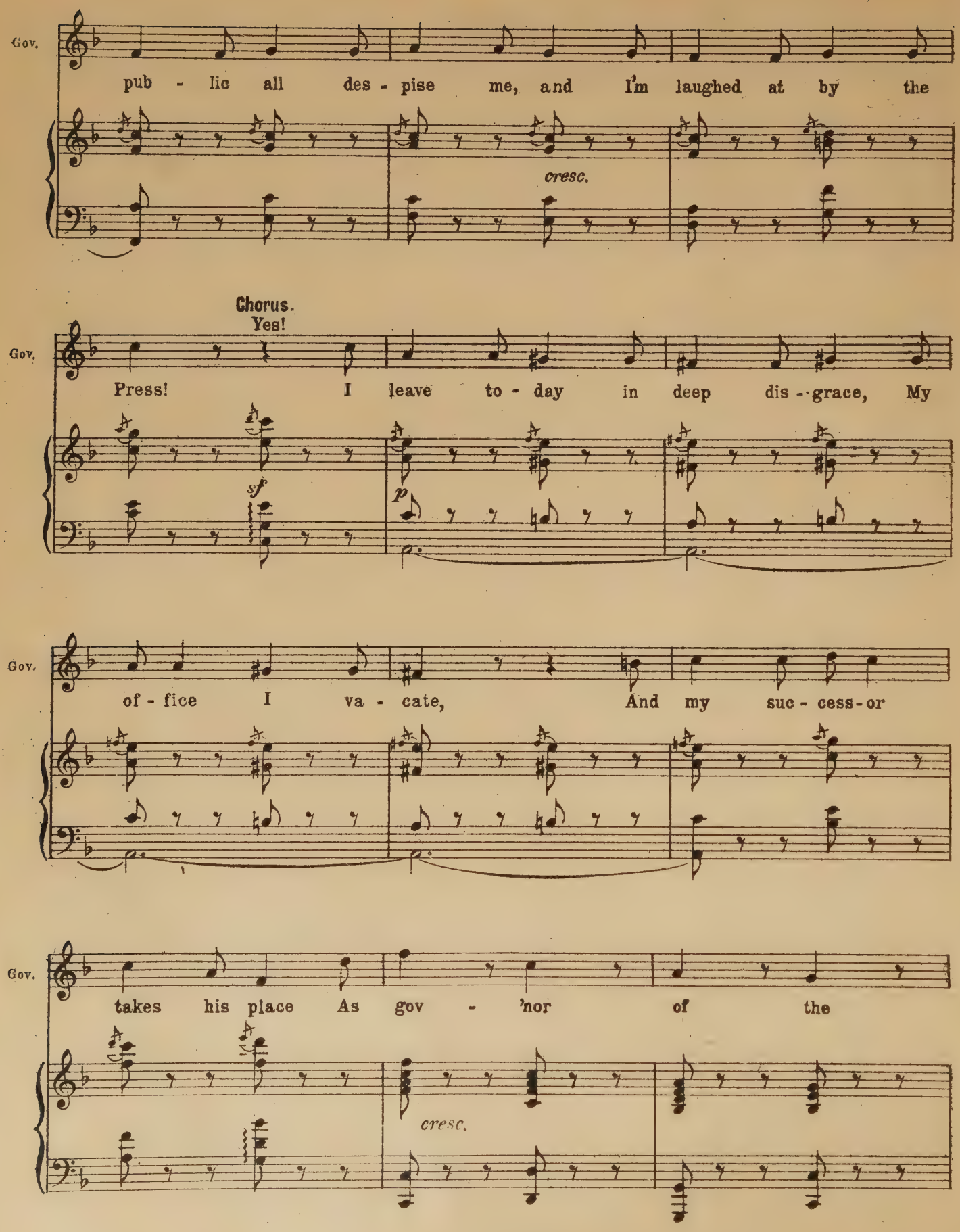
For ma - ny a year I've

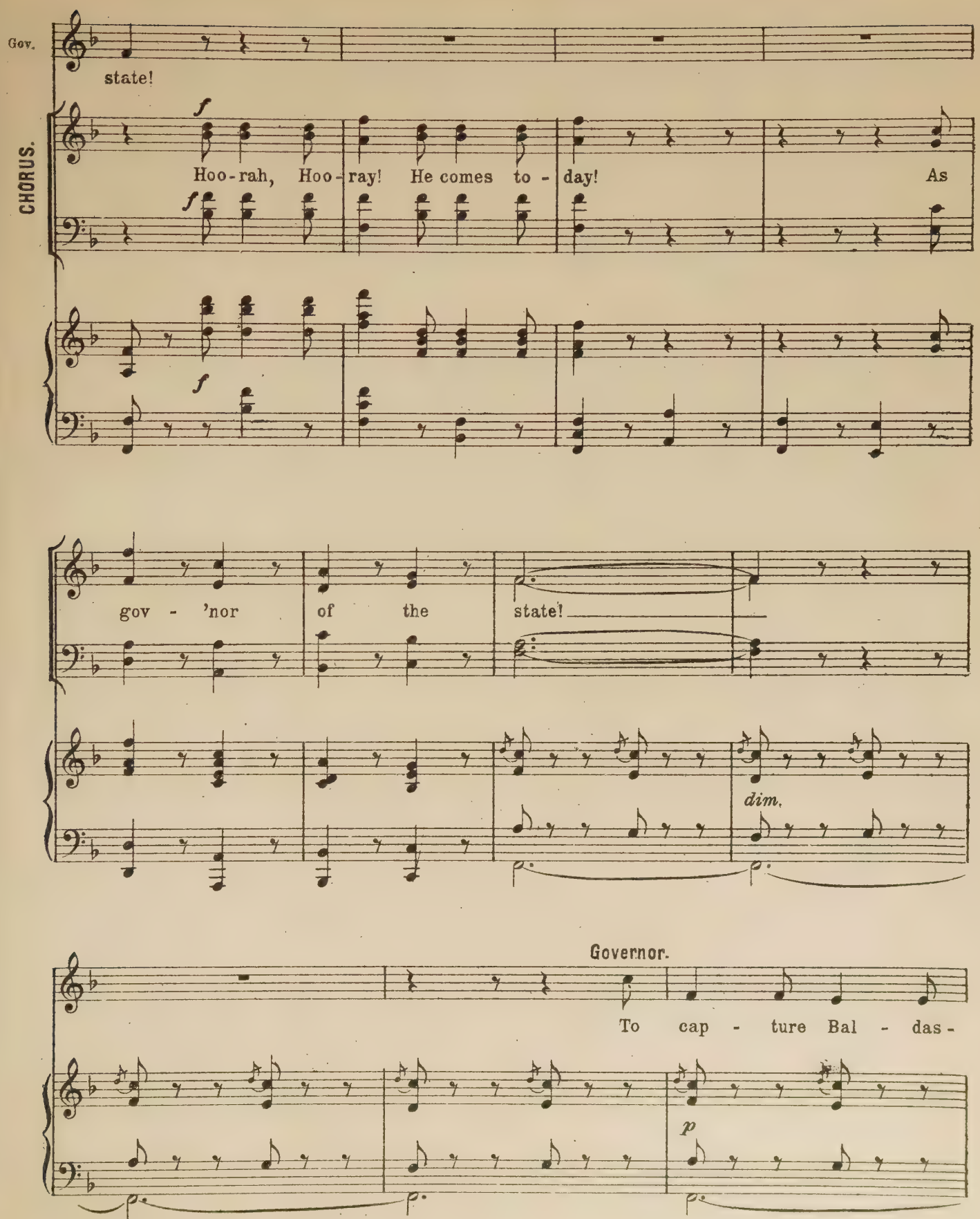


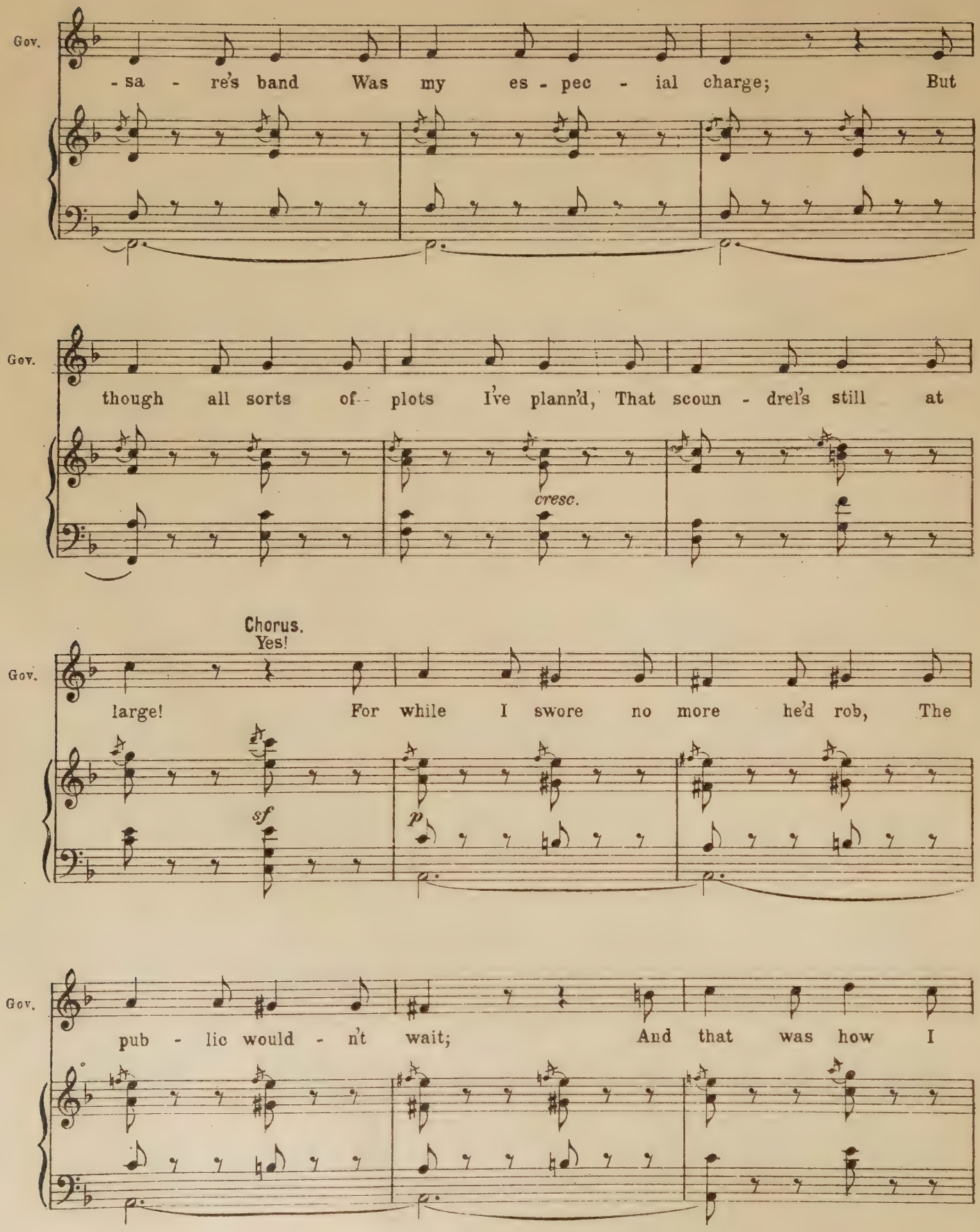
Gov.

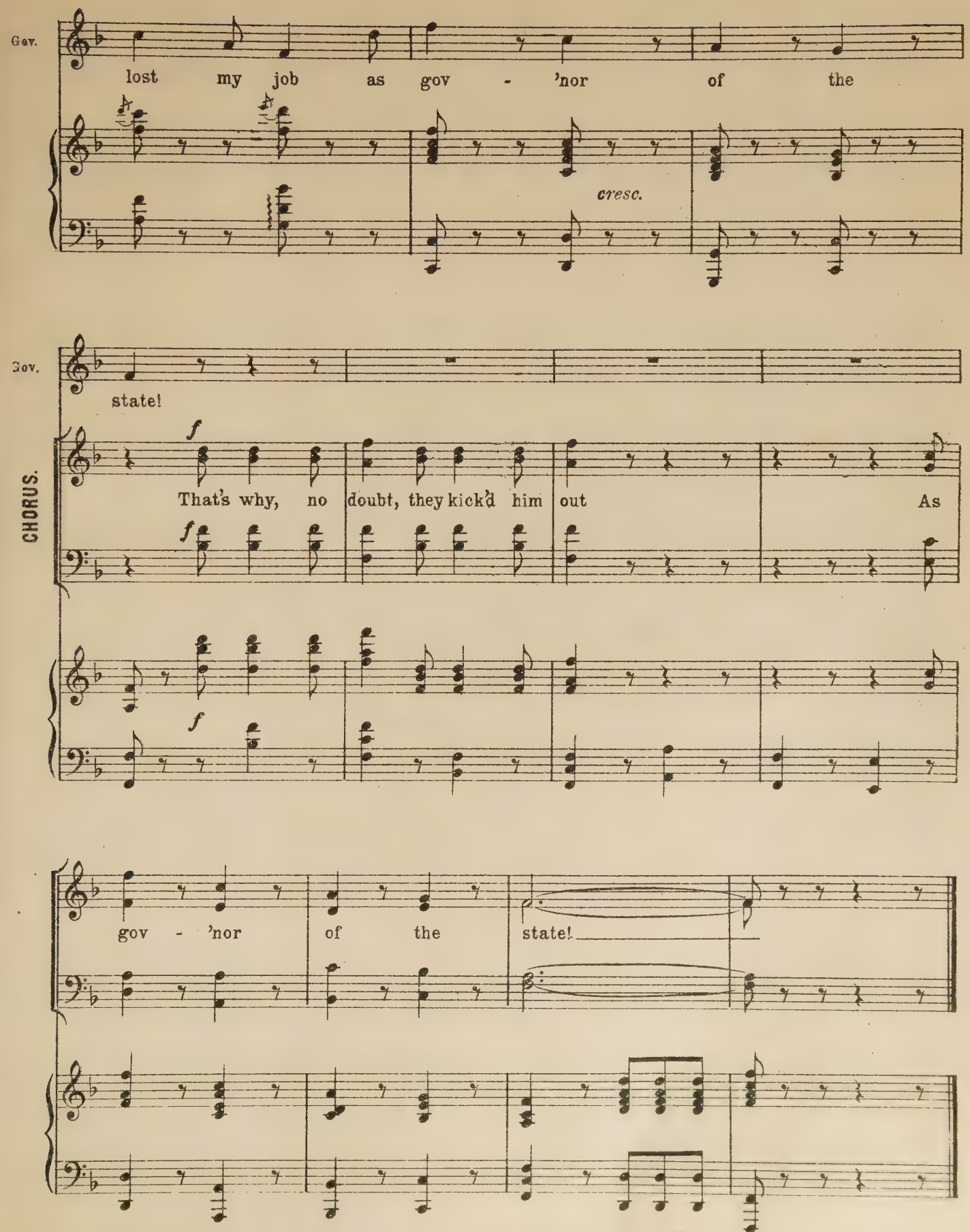
ruled the land, But not with much suc - cess! The




Gov.
pub - lic all des - pise me, and I'm laughed at by the
cresc.
Chorus.
Yes!
Gov.
Press! I leave to - day in deep dis - grace, My
sf
p
Gov.
of - fice I va - cate, And my suc - cess - or
Gov.
takes his place As gov - 'nor of the
cresc.


Gov.
state!
CHORUS.
f
Hoo-rah, Hoo-ray! He comes to-day! As
gov-'nor of the state!
dim.
Governor.
To cap-ture Bal-das-
p


Gov.
- sa - re's band Was my es - pec - ial charge; But
Gov.
though all sorts of - plots I've plann'd, That scoun - drel's still at
cresc.
Chorus.
Yes!
Gov.
large! For while I swore no more he'd rob, The
sf
p
Gov.
pub - lic would - n't wait; And that was how I

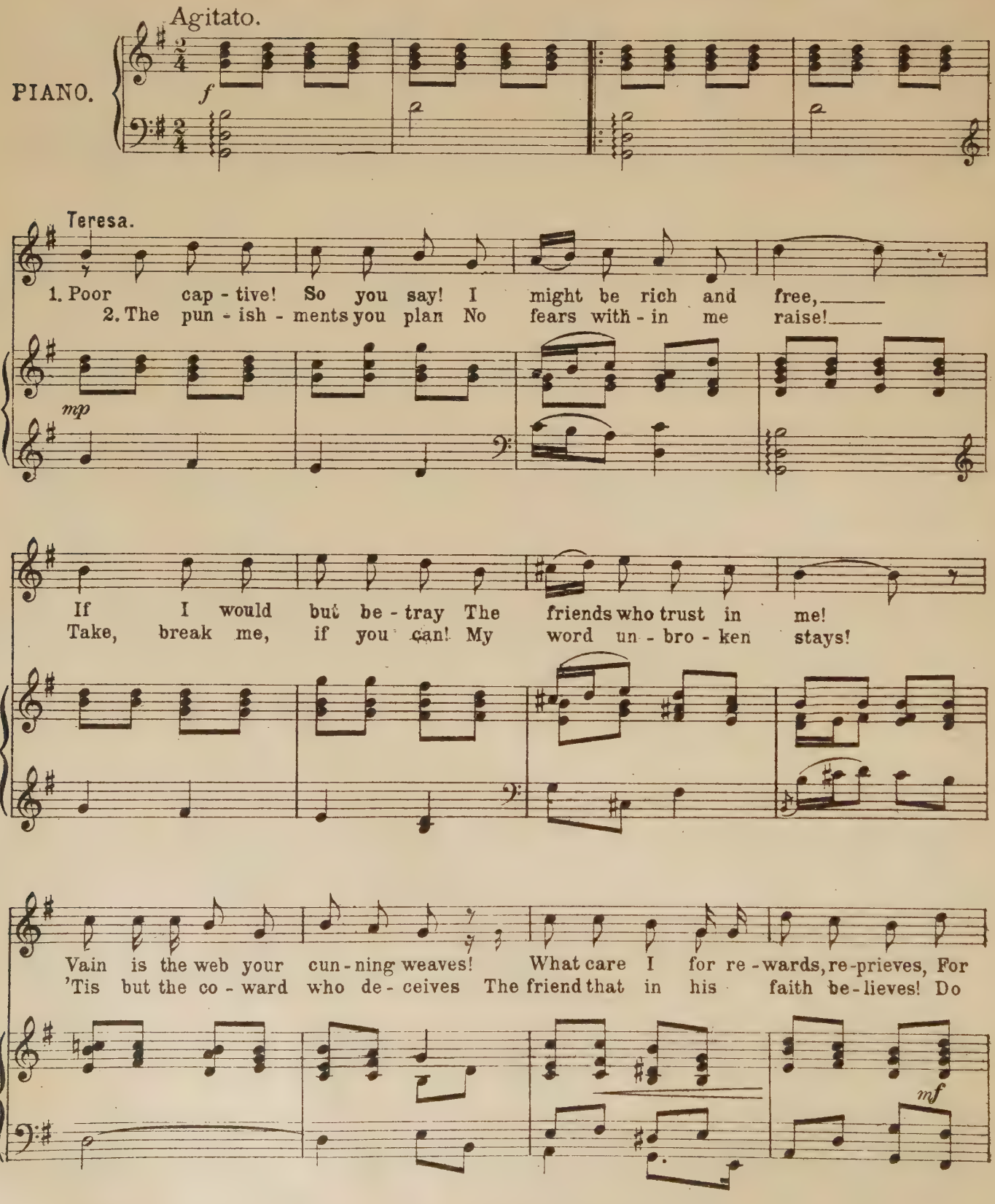

Gov.
lost my job as gov - 'nor of the
cresc.
Gov.
state!
CHORUS.
f
That's why, no doubt, they kick'd him out As
f
f
gov - 'nor of the state!

No. 9. SONG:—LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

(TERESA.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.


Agitato.
PIANO.
f
Teresa.
1. Poor cap - tive! So you say! I might be rich and free,
2. The pun - ish - ments you plan No fears with - in me raise!
mp
Ter.
If I would but be - tray The friends who trust in me!
Take, break me, if you can! My word un - bro - ken stays!
Ter.
Vain is the web your cun - ning weaves! What care I for re - wards, re - prieves, For
'Tis but the co - ward who de - ceives The friend that in his faith be - lieves! Do
mf

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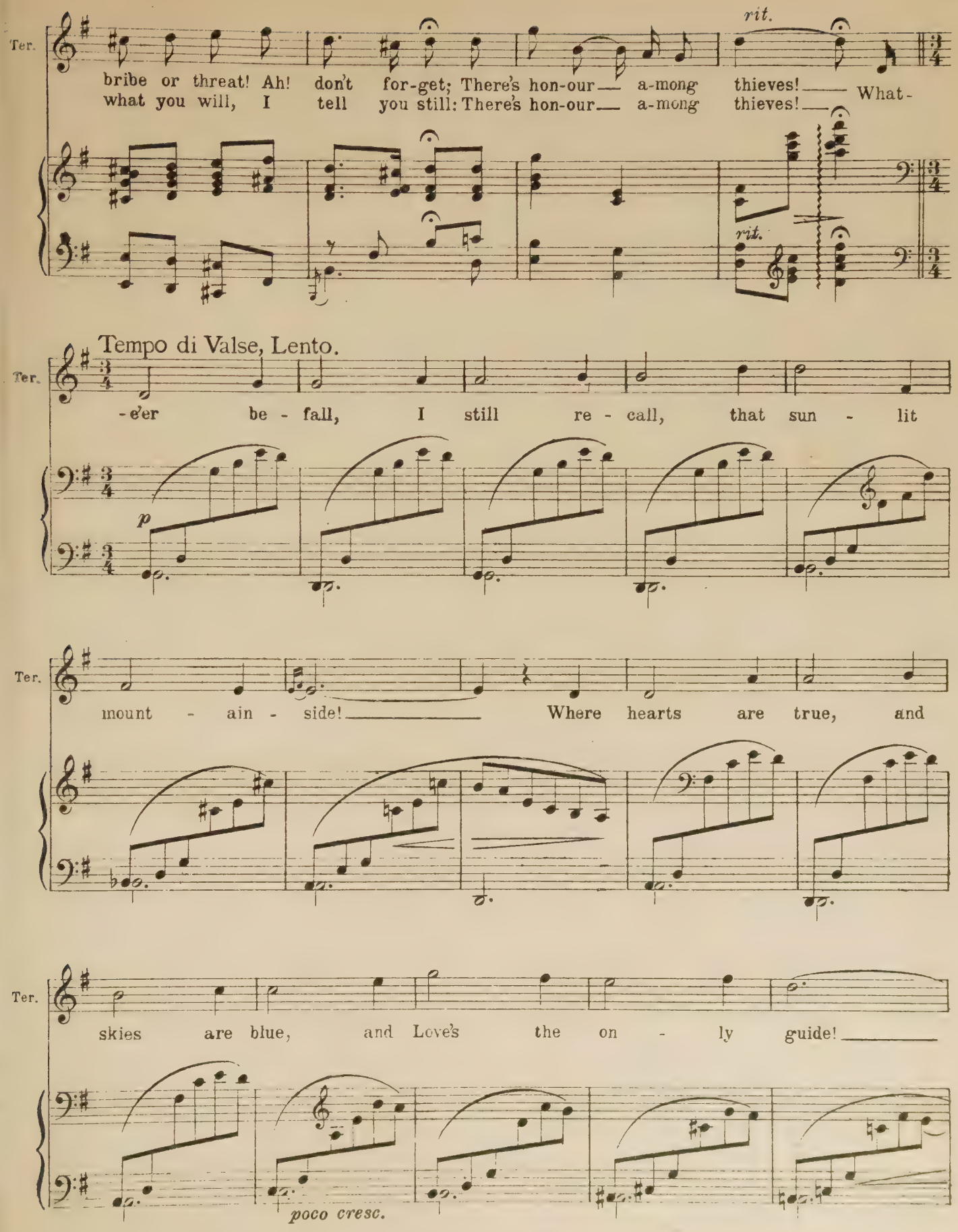
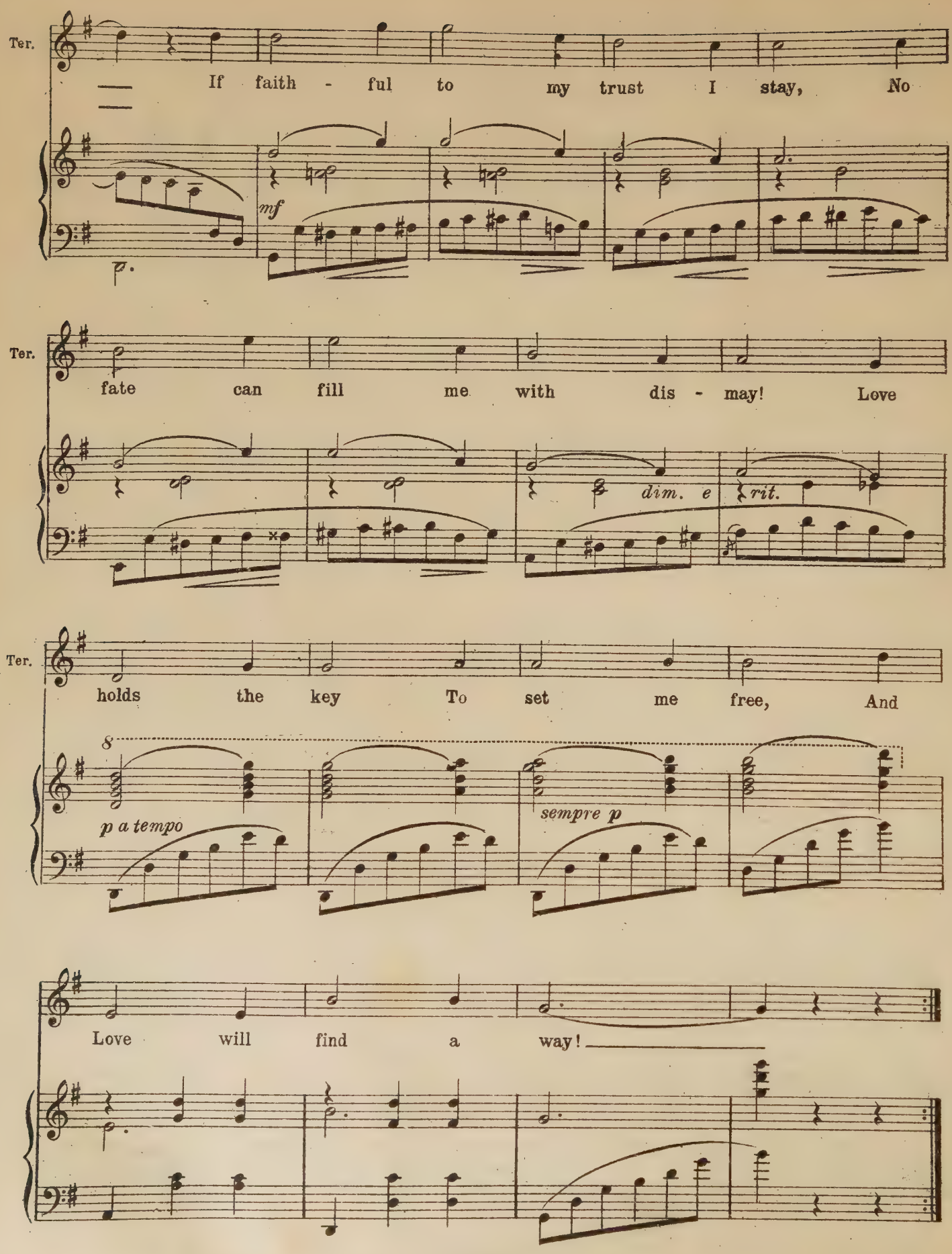
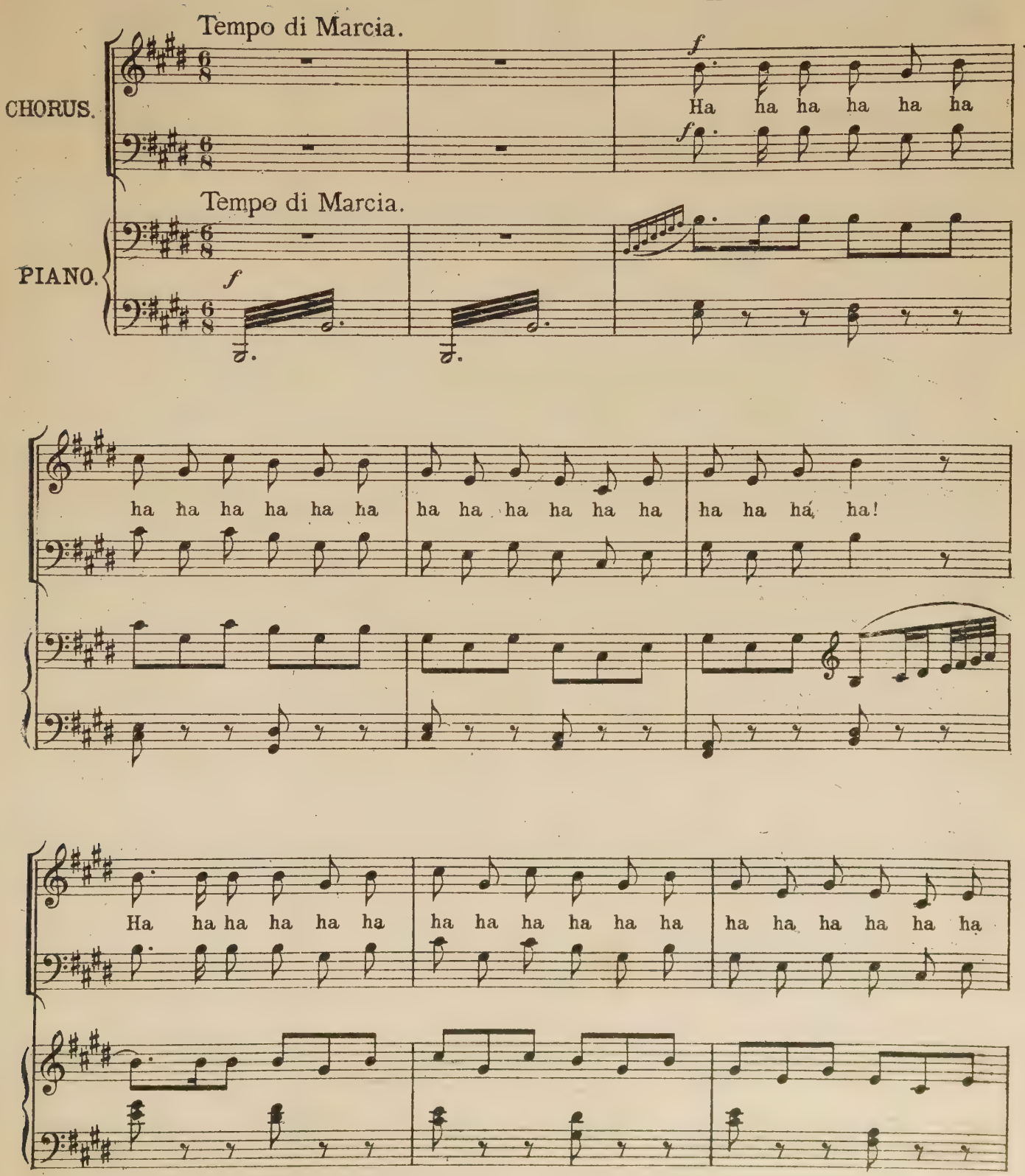

Ter.
bribe or threat! Ah! don't for-get; There's hon-our — a-mong thieves! — What-
what you will, I tell you still: There's hon-our — a-mong thieves! —
rit.
rit.
Tempo di Valse, Lento.
Ter.
-e'er be - fall, I still re - call, that sun - lit
p
Ter.
mount - ain - side! — Where hearts are true, and
Ter.
skies are blue, and Love's the on - ly guide! —
poco cresc.


Ter.
If faith - ful to my trust I stay, No
mf
Ter.
fate can fill me with dis - may! Love
dim. e
rit.
Ter.
holds the key To set me free, And
8
p a tempo
sempre p
Love will find a way!

Nº 10. LAUGHING CHORUS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

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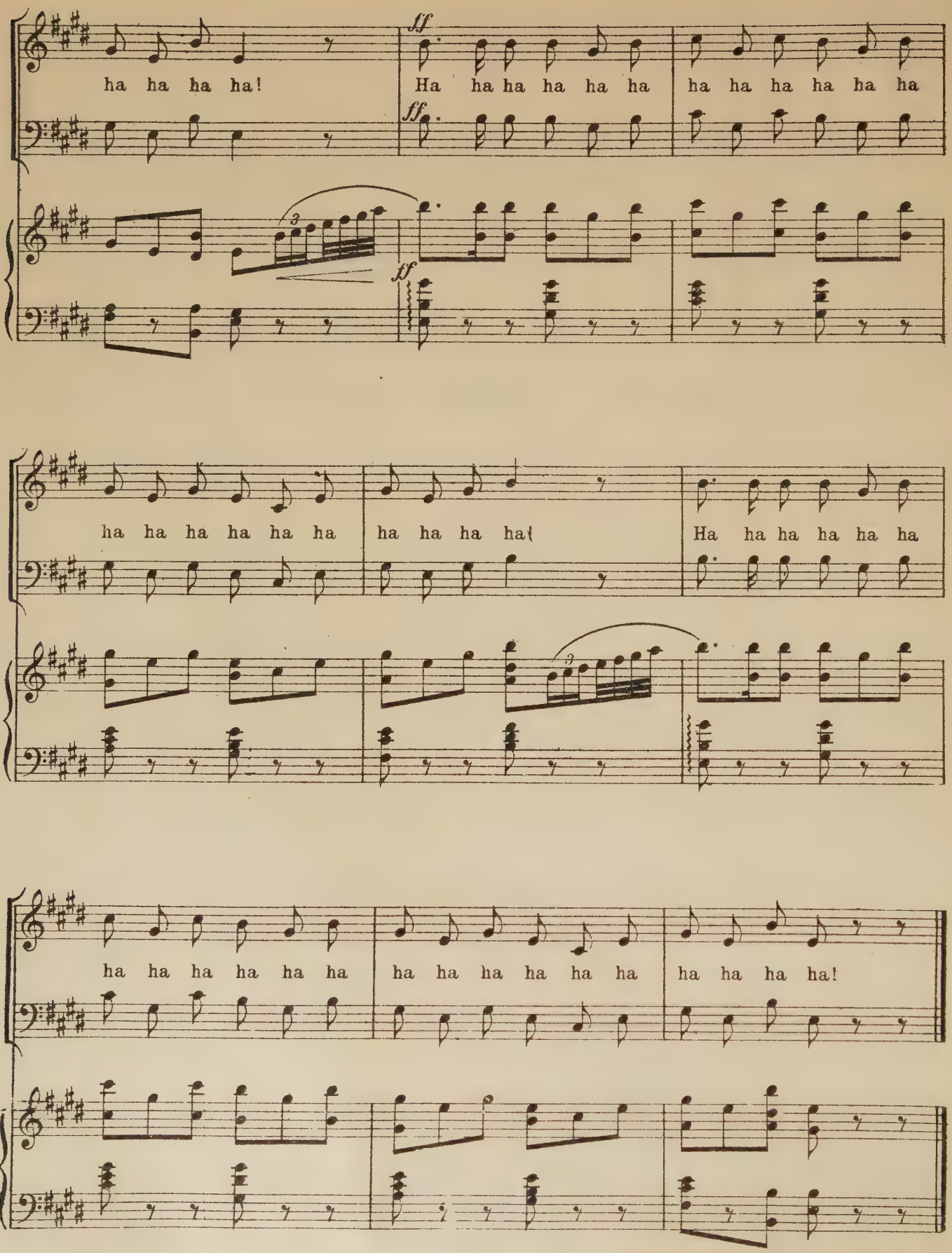
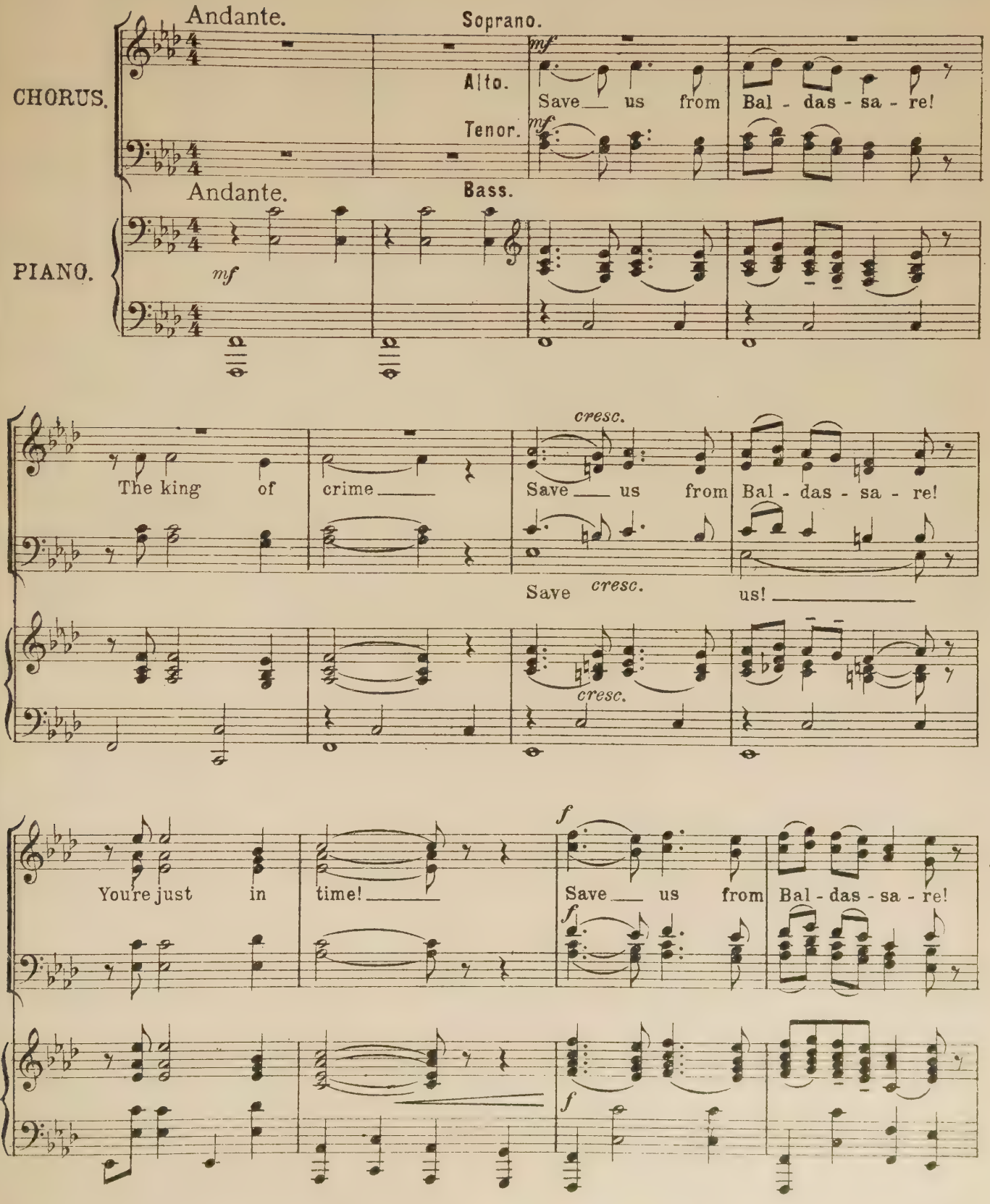

ff
ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha
ff
ff
ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha!

No. 11. CHORUS:- SAVE US.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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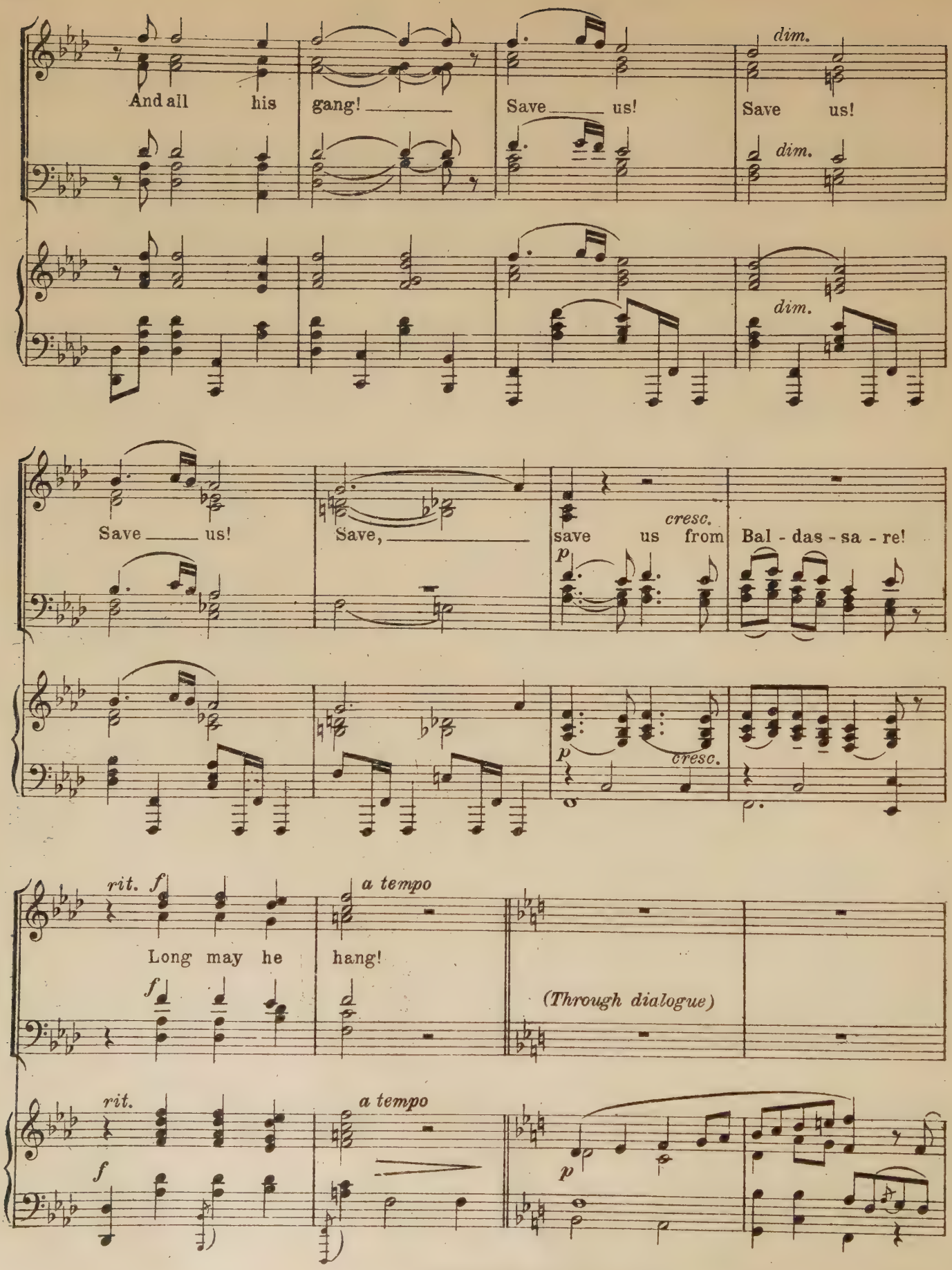
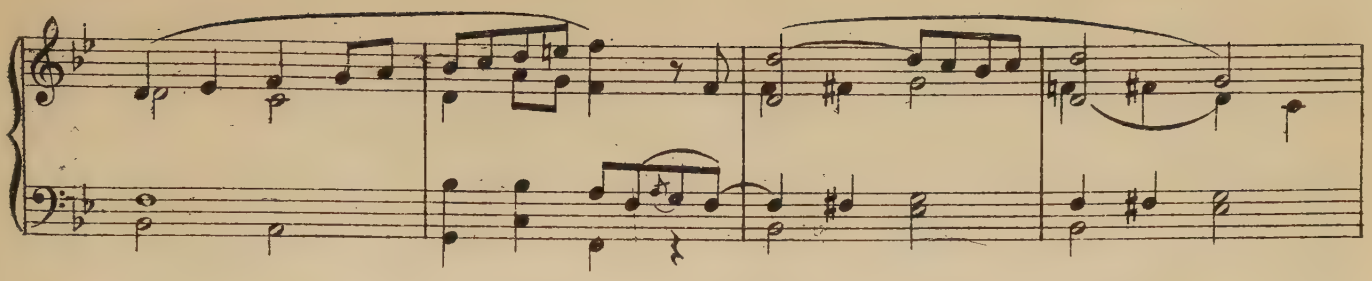
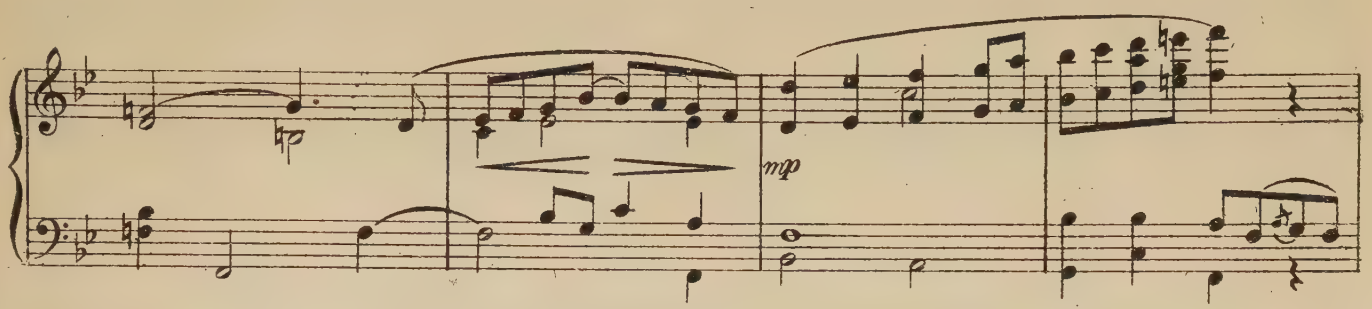
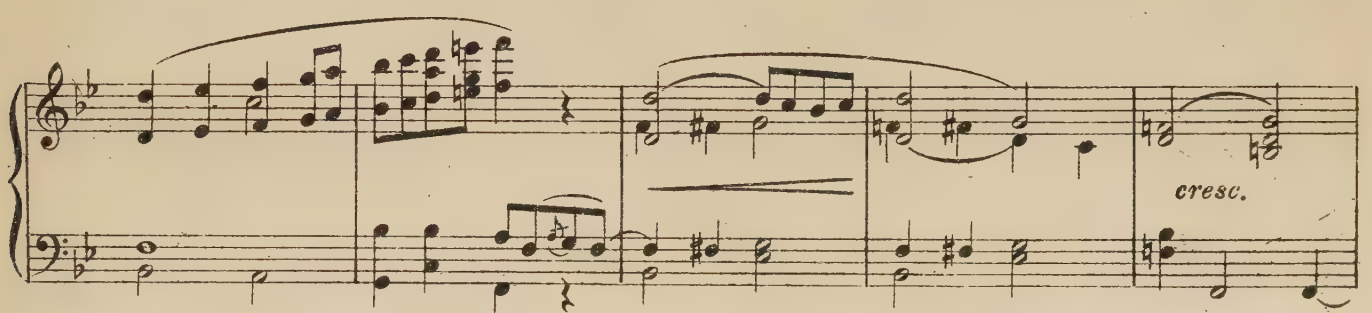
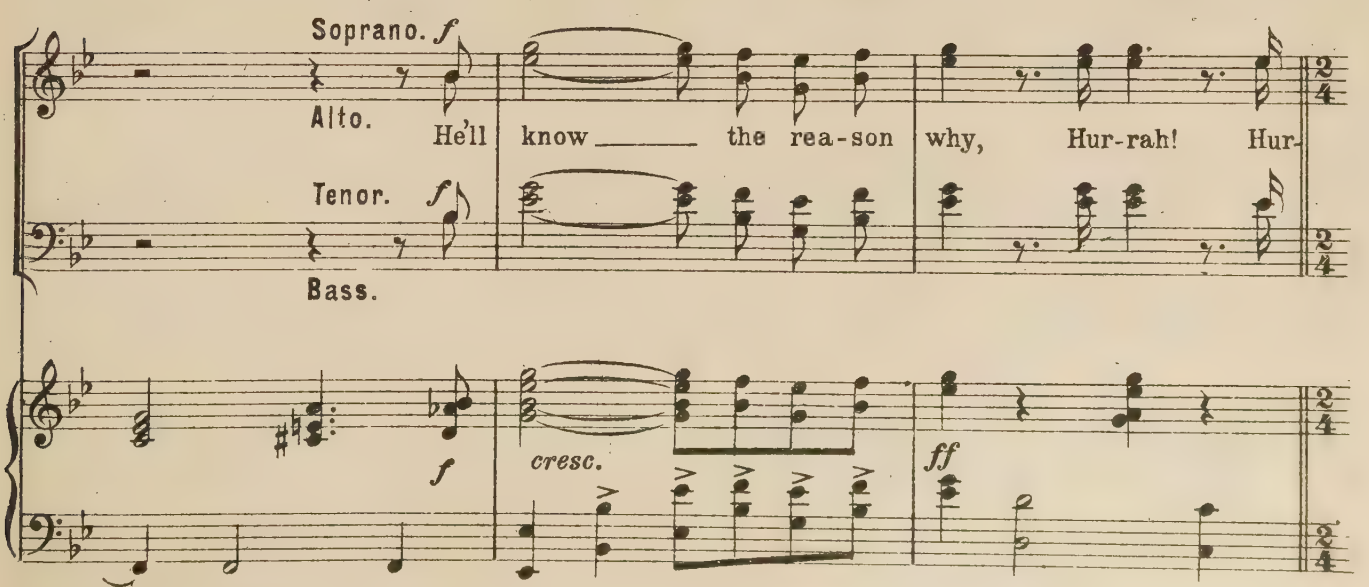
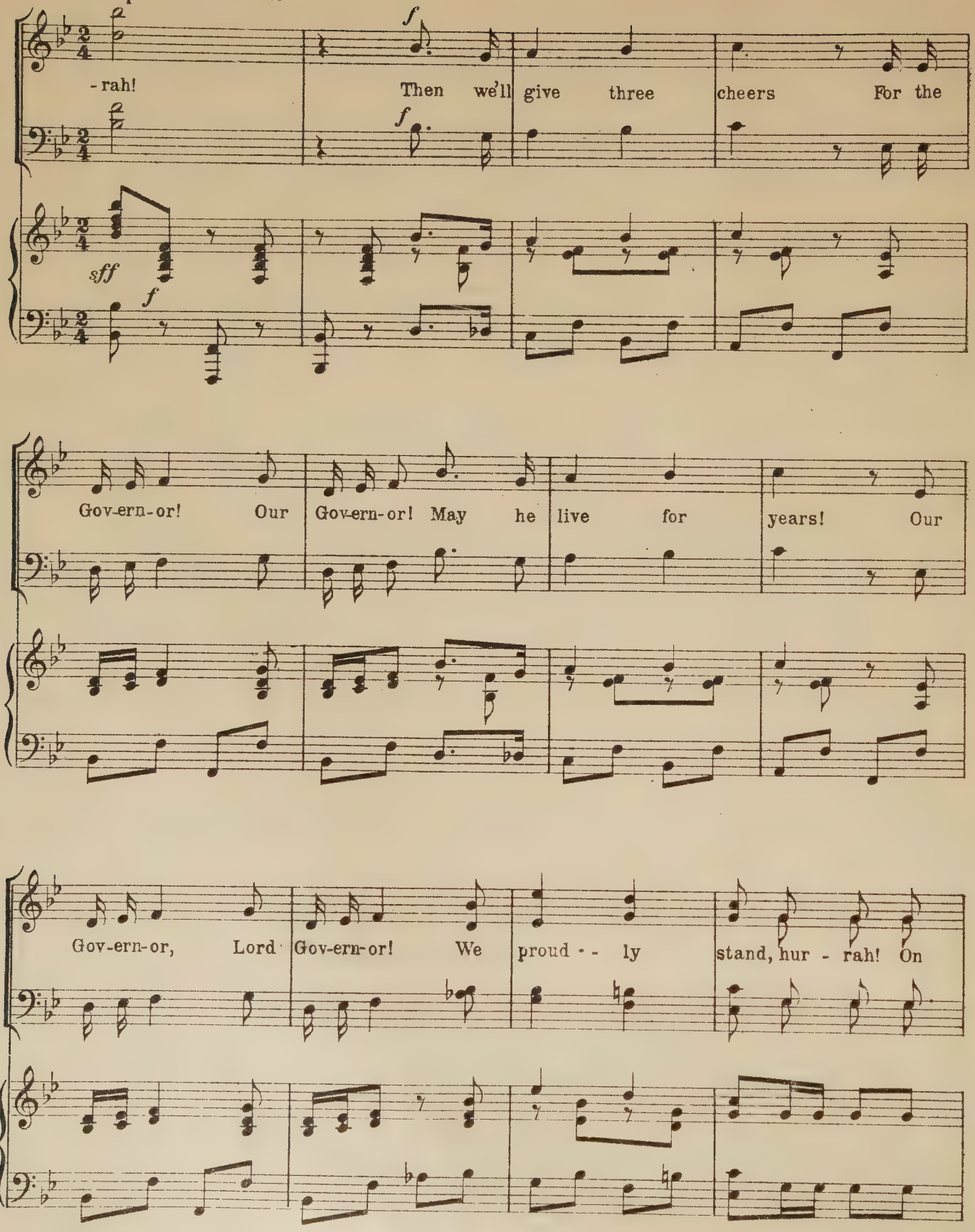
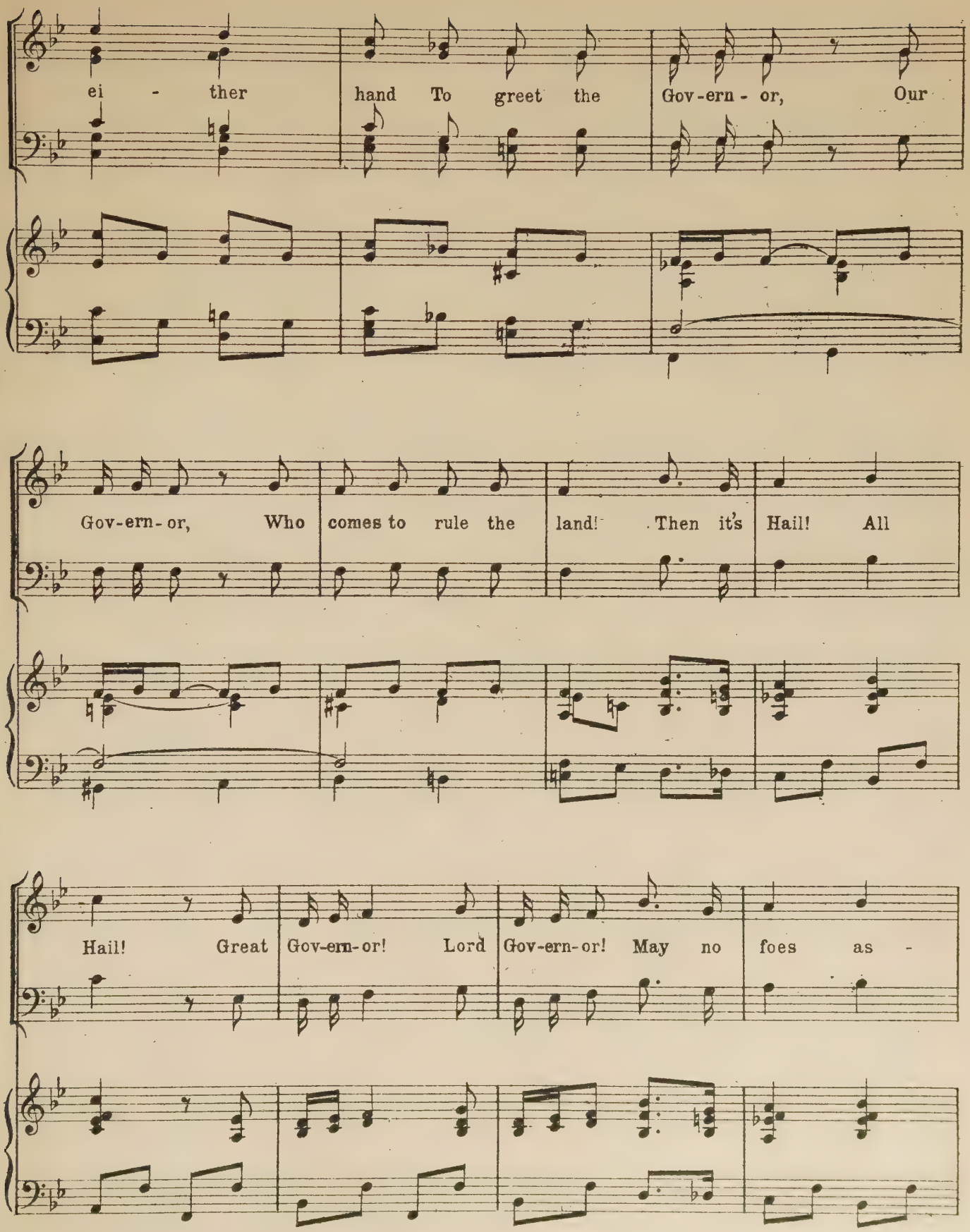

And all his gang!
Save us!
Save us!
dim.
dim.
dim.
Save us!
Save,
save us from
cresc.
Bal - das - sa - re!
p
cresc.
rit.
f
Long may he hang!
a tempo
(Through dialogue)
rit.
a tempo
f
p


mp

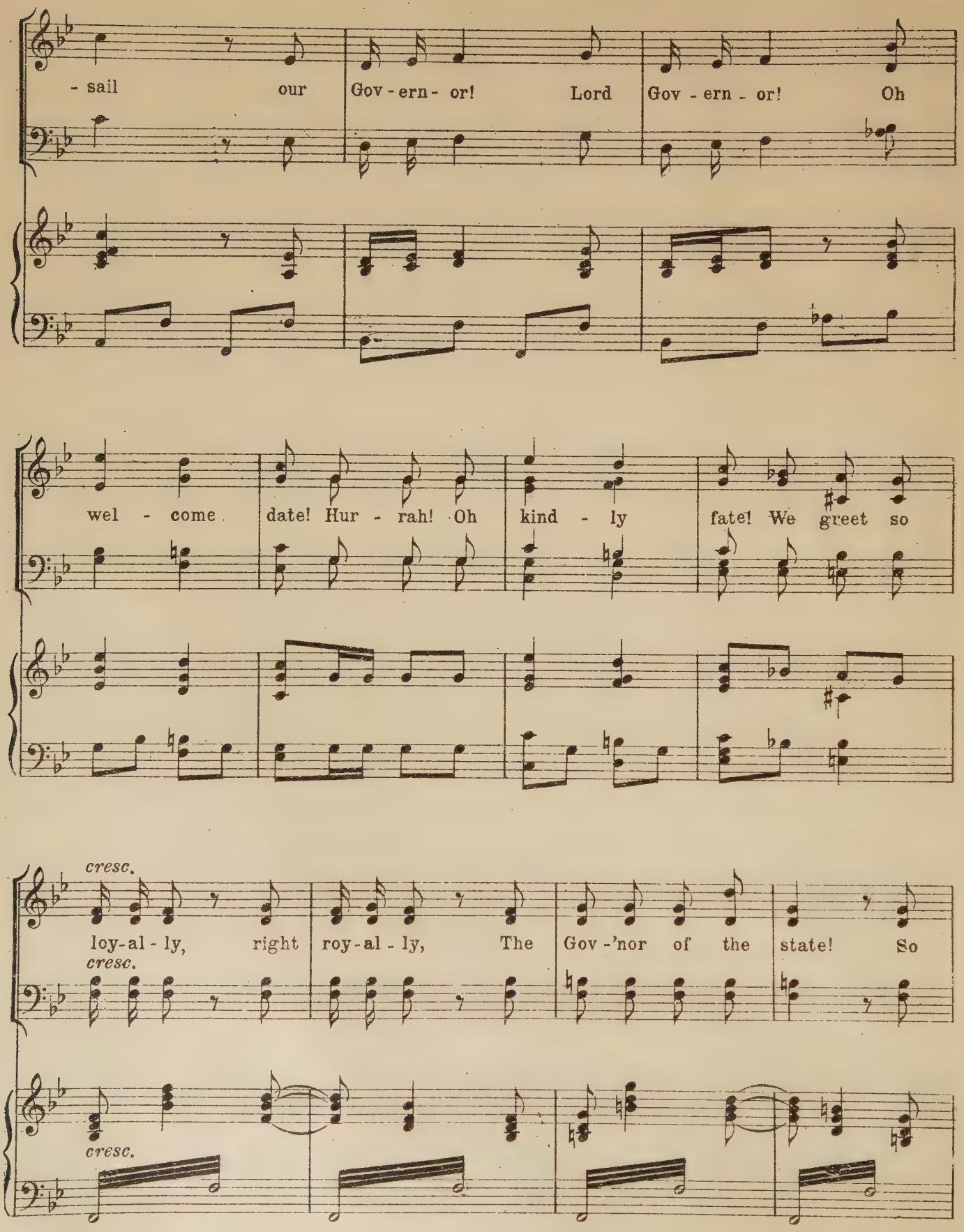

cresc.

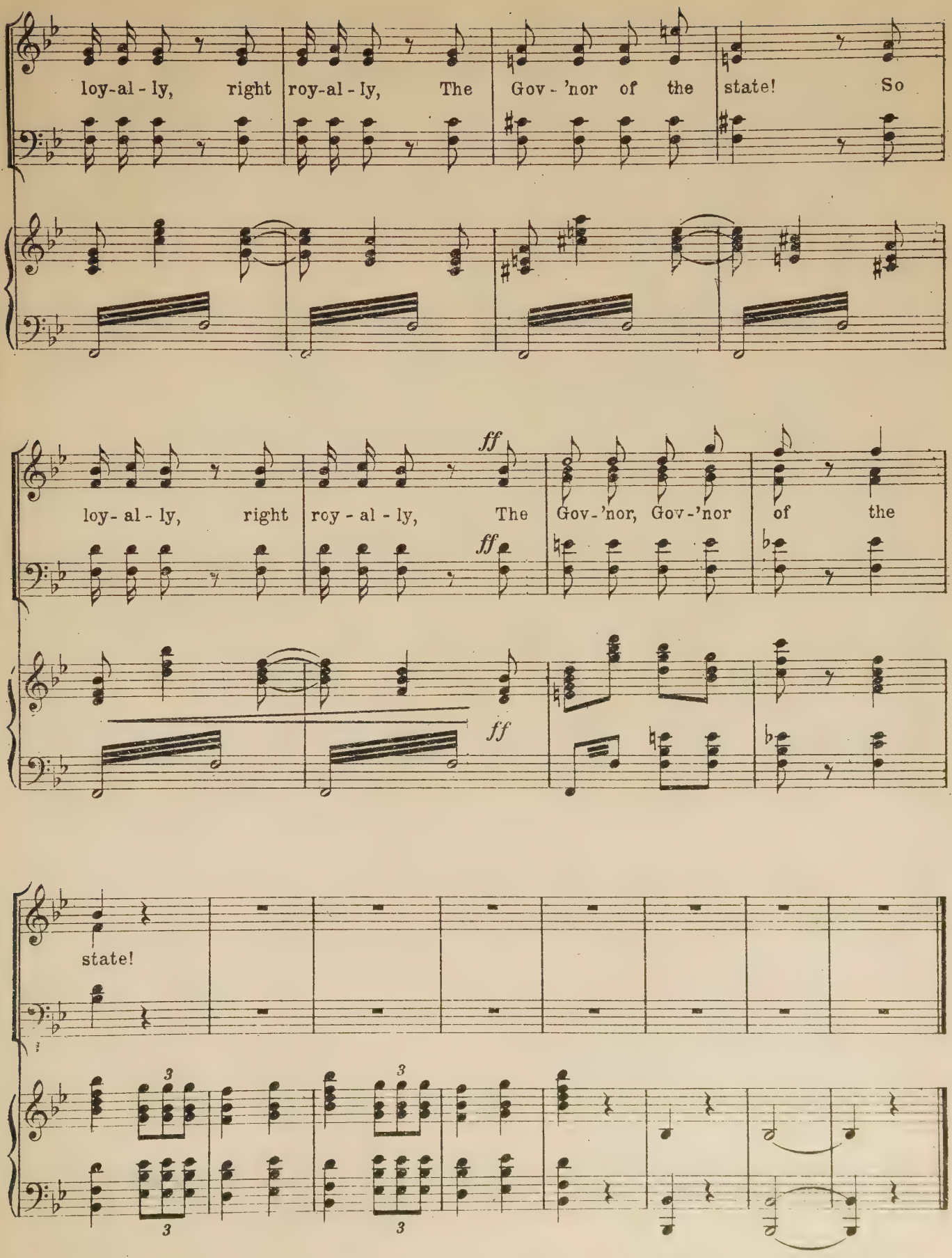

CHORUS.
Soprano. f
Alto.
He'll know the rea-son why, Hur-rah! Hur-
Tenor. f
Bass.
f
cresc.
ff

Tempo di Marcia.


-rah! Then we'll give three cheers For the
Gov-ern-or! Our Gov-ern-or! May he live for years! Our
Gov-ern-or, Lord Gov-ern-or! We proud - - ly stand, hur - rah! On


ei - ther hand To greet the Gov-ern - or, Our
Gov-ern-or, Who comes to rule the land! Then it's Hail! All
Hail! Great Gov-ern-or! Lord Gov-ern-or! May no foes as -


- sail our Gov - ern - or! Lord Gov - ern - or! Oh
wel - come date! Hur - rah! Oh kind - ly fate! We greet so
cresc.
loy-al - ly, right roy-al - ly, The Gov -'nor of the state! So
cresc.
cresc.

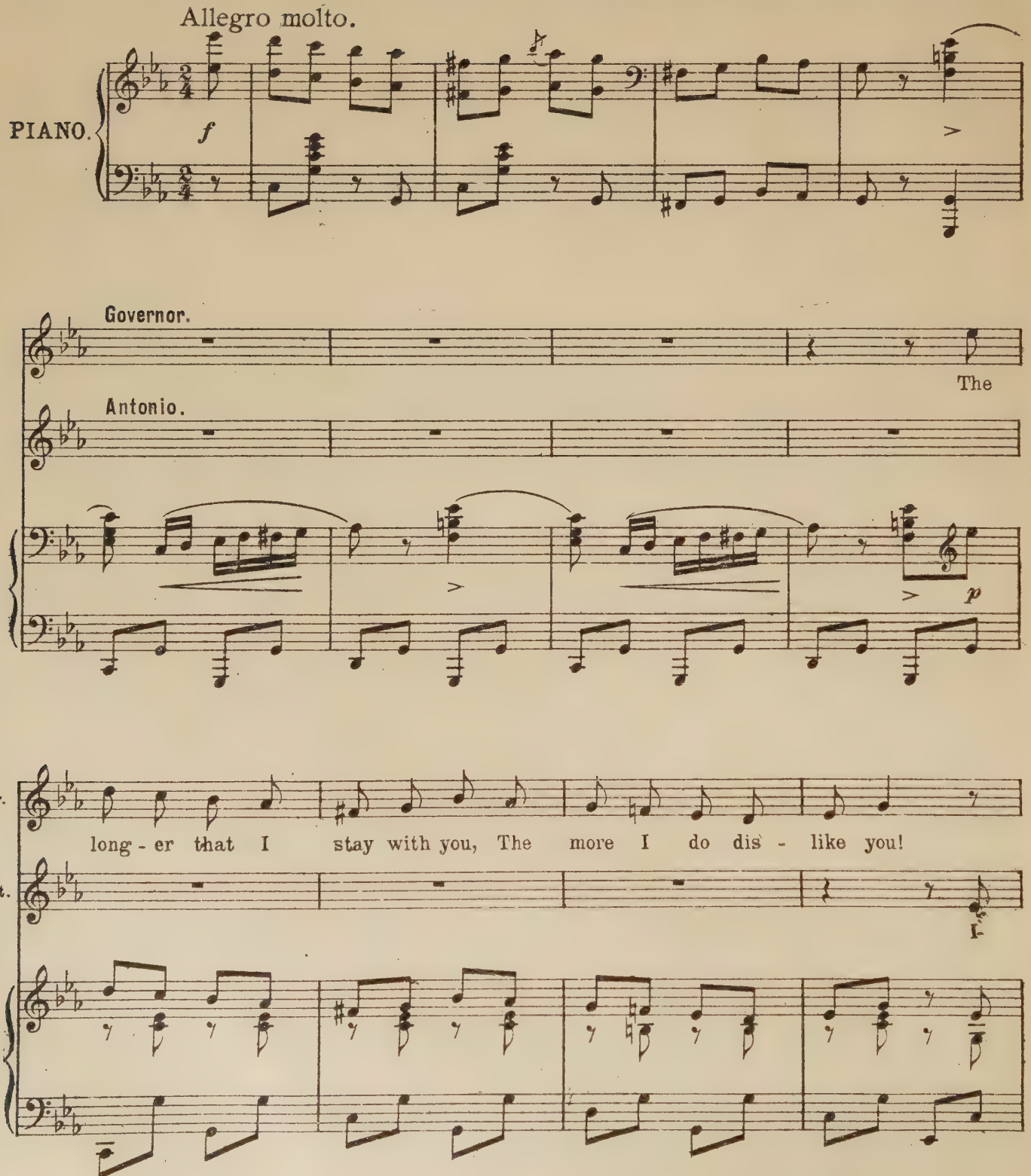

loy-al-ly, right roy-al-ly, The Gov-'nor of the state! So
loy-al-ly, right roy-al-ly, The Gov-'nor, Gov-'nor of the
ff
ff
ff
state!
3
3
3
3

No 12. DUET:— DIRTY WORK!

(GOVERNOR and ANTONIO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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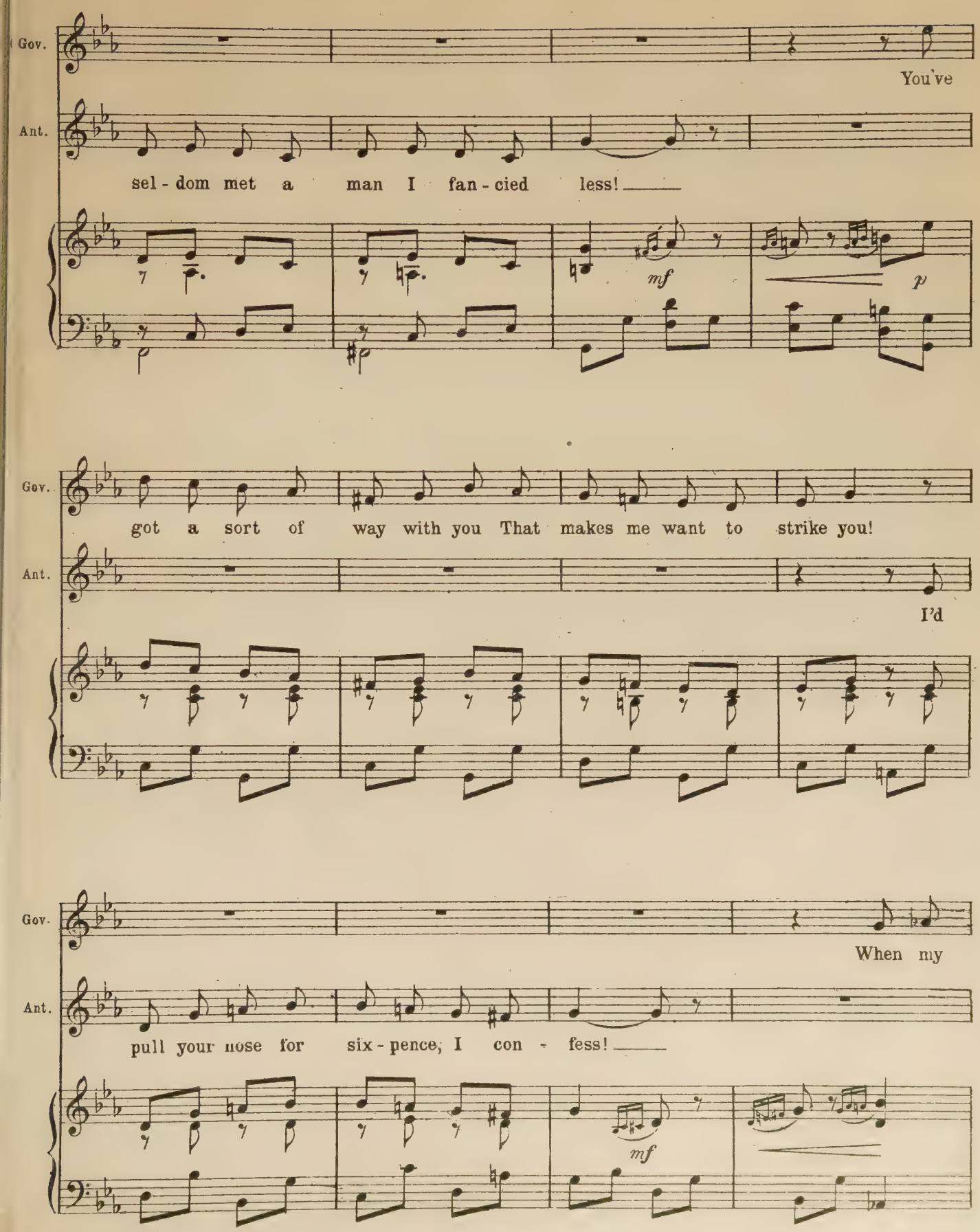
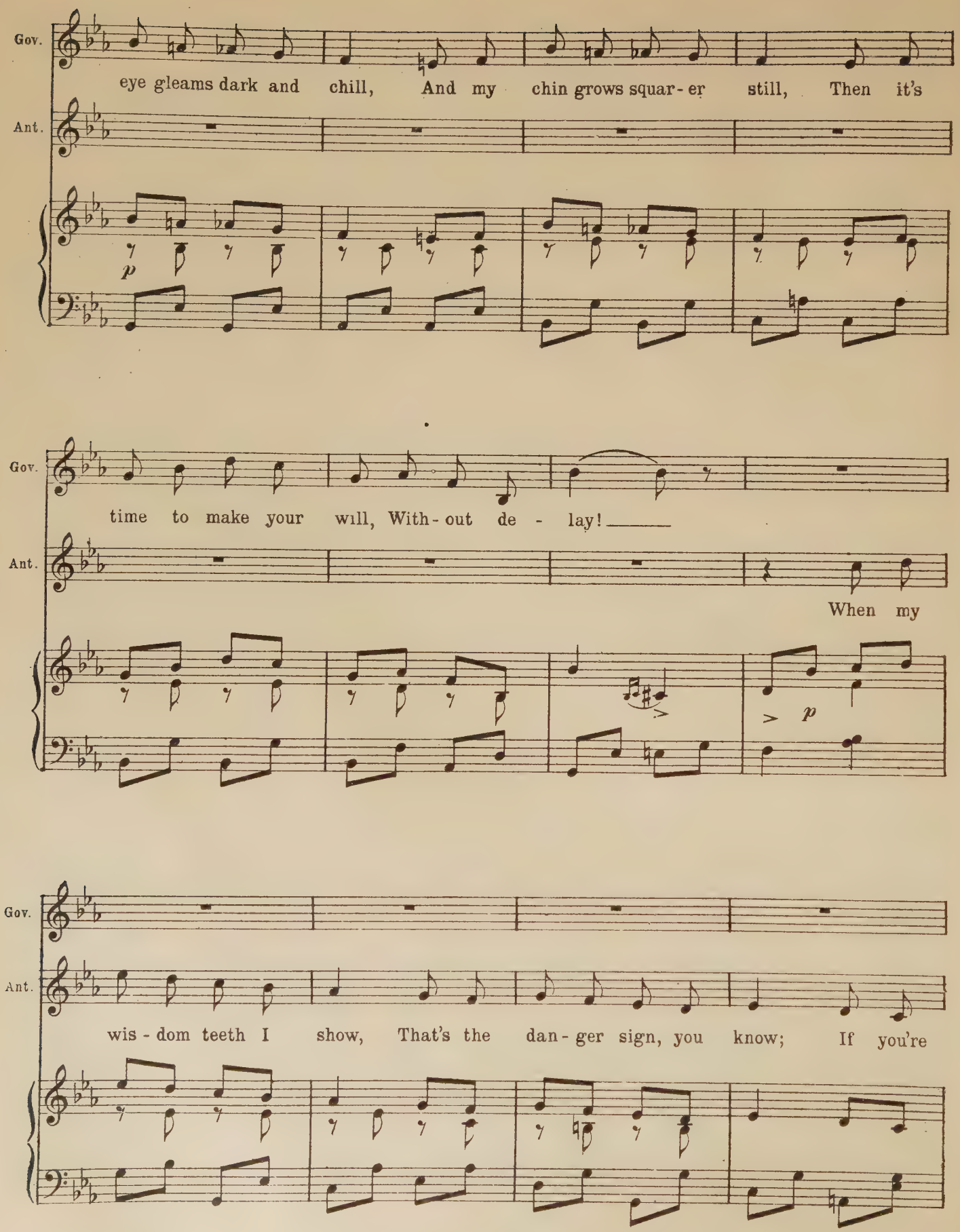
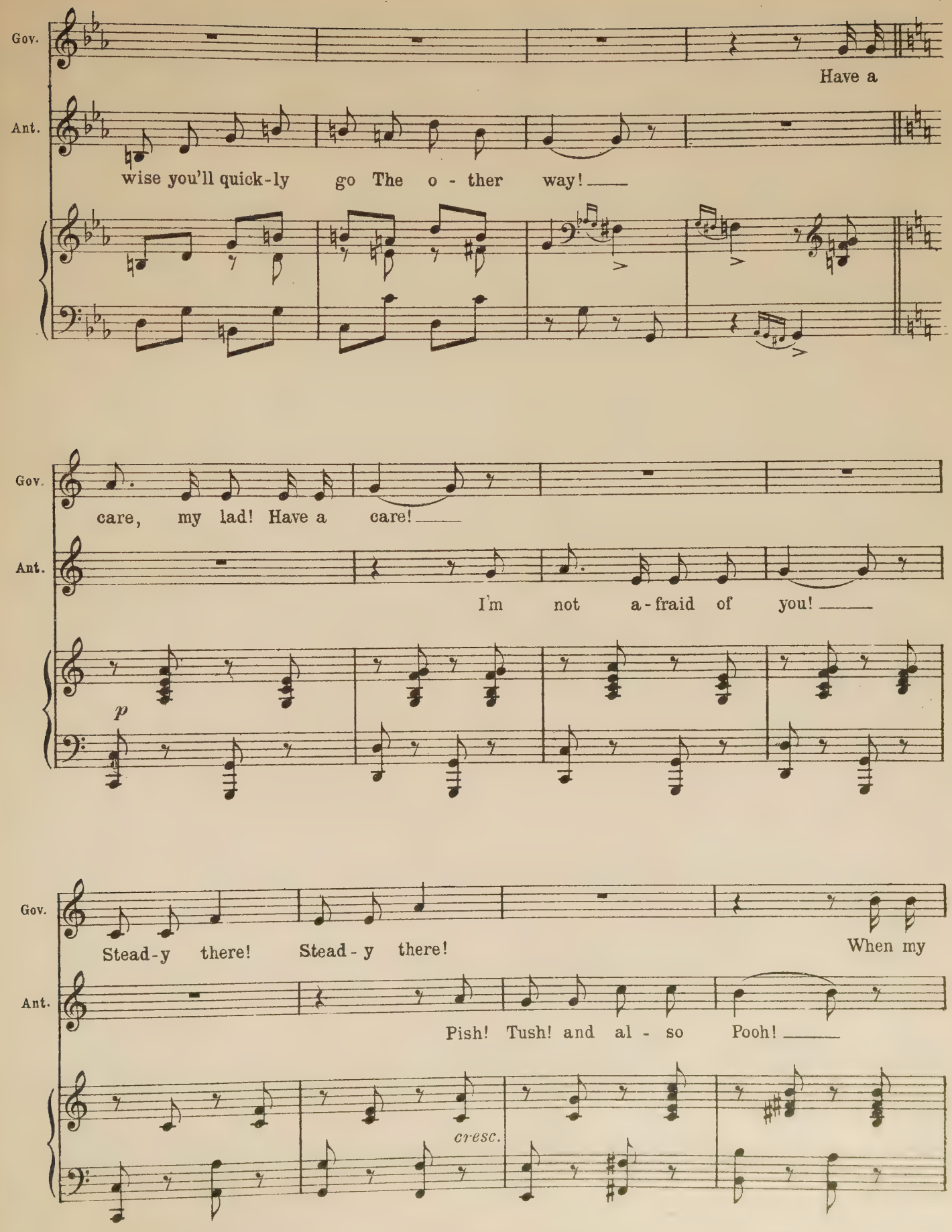
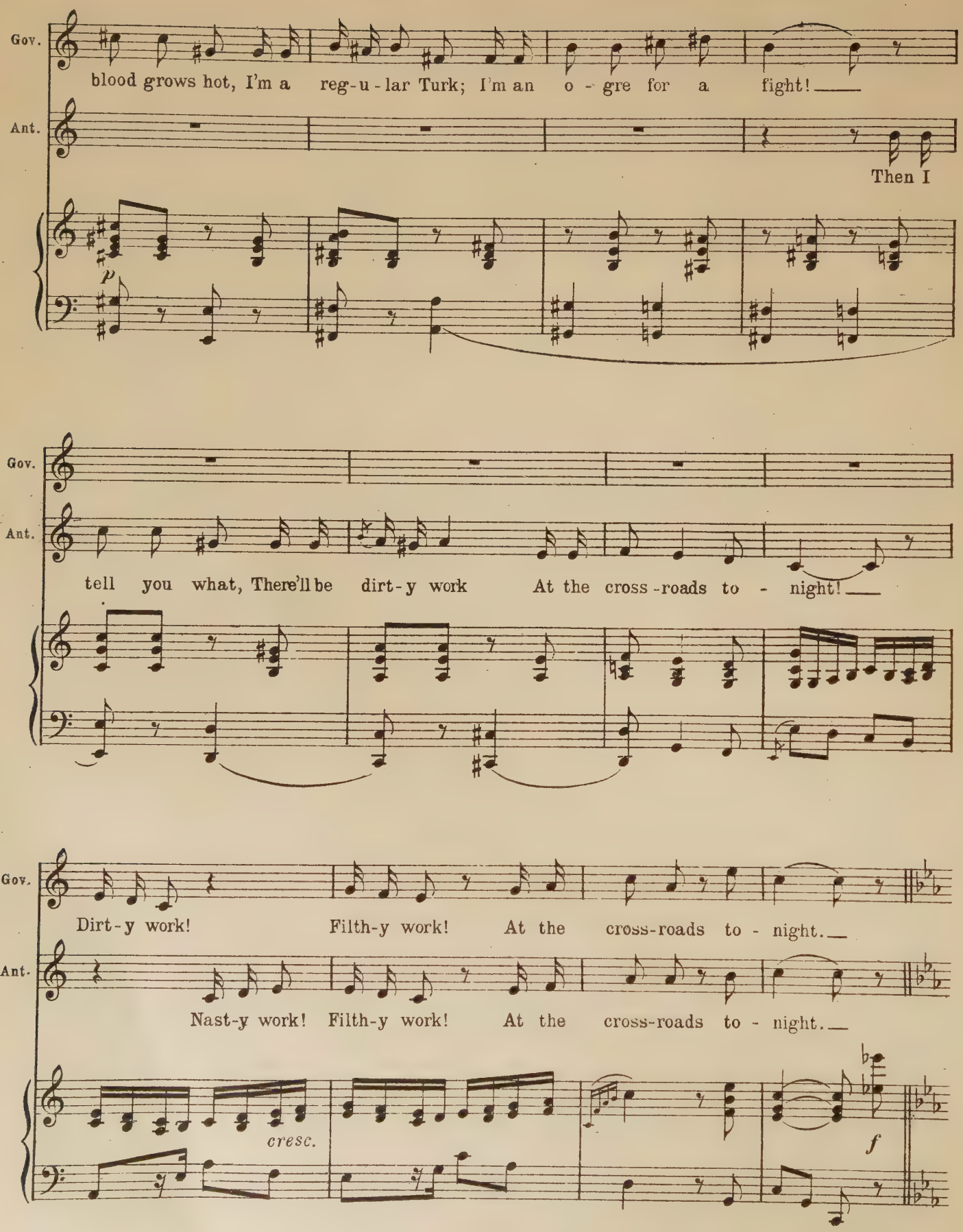
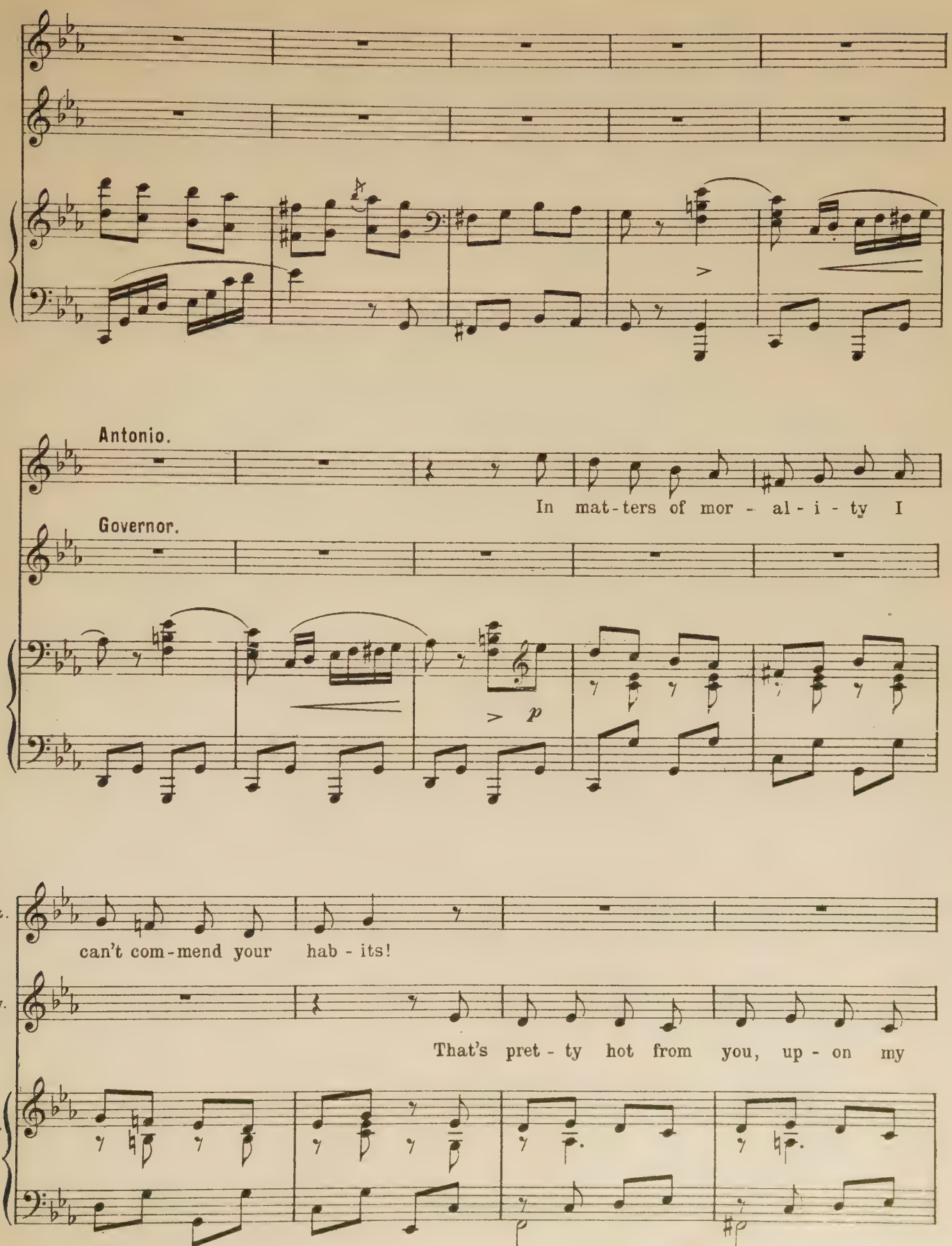
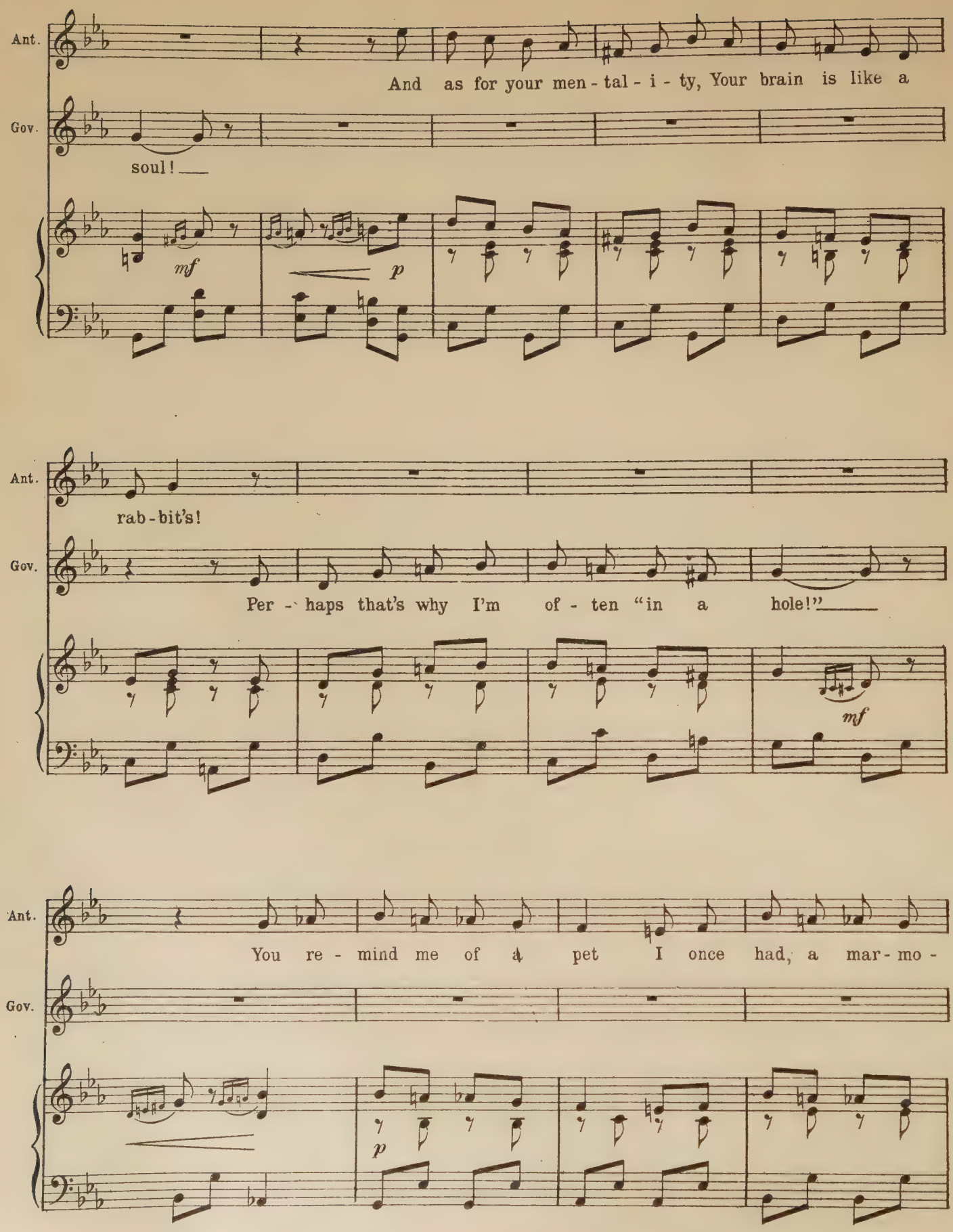

Gov.
You've
Ant.
sel - dom met a man I fan - cied less!
mf
p
Gov.
got a sort of way with you That makes me want to strike you!
Ant.
I'd
Gov.
When my
Ant.
pull your nose for six - pence, I con - fess!
mf

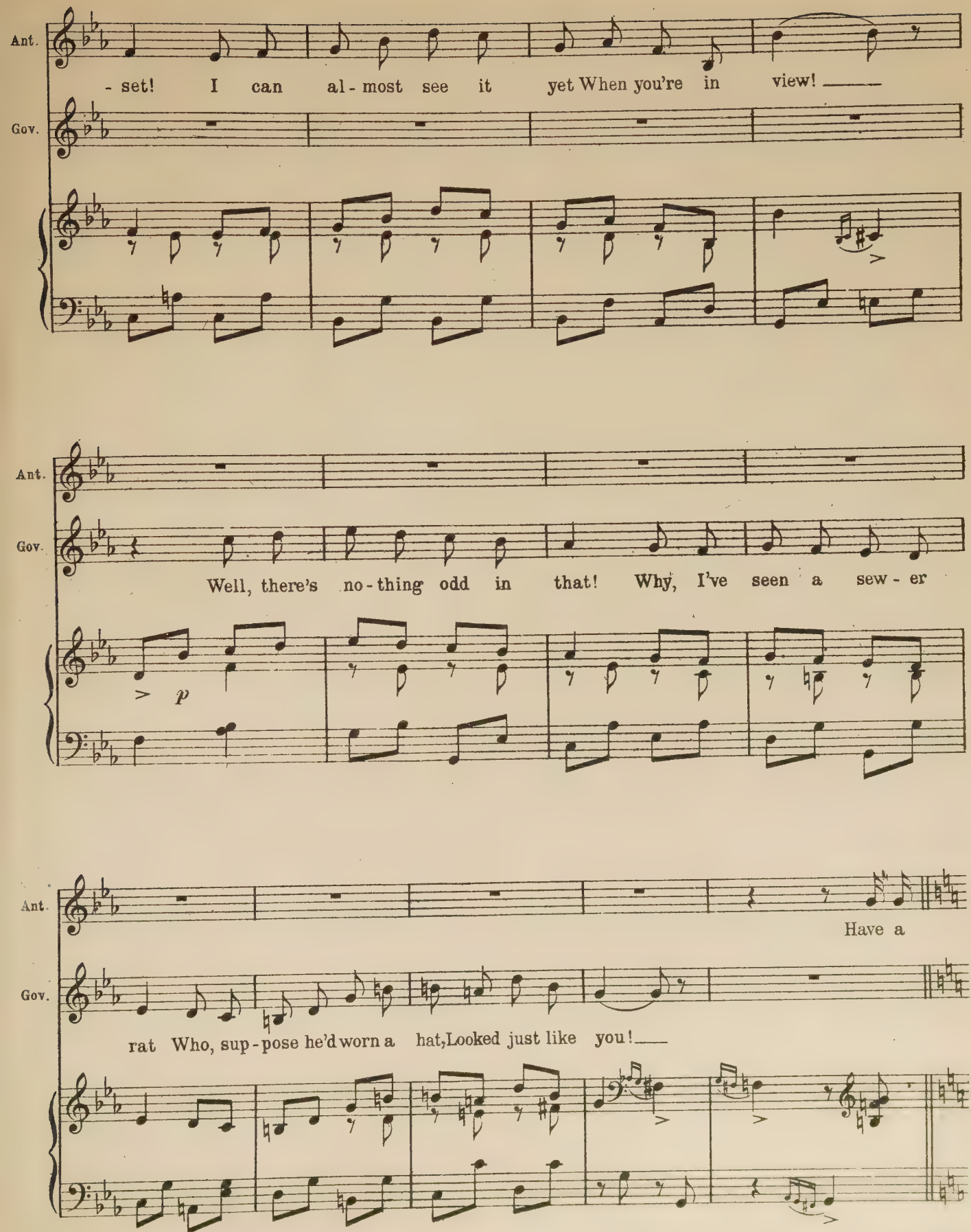

Gov.
eye gleams dark and chill, And my chin grows squar-er still, Then it's
Ant.
p
Gov.
time to make your will, With-out de - lay!
Ant.
When my
p
Gov.
Ant.
wis-dom teeth I show, That's the dan-ger sign, you know; If you're

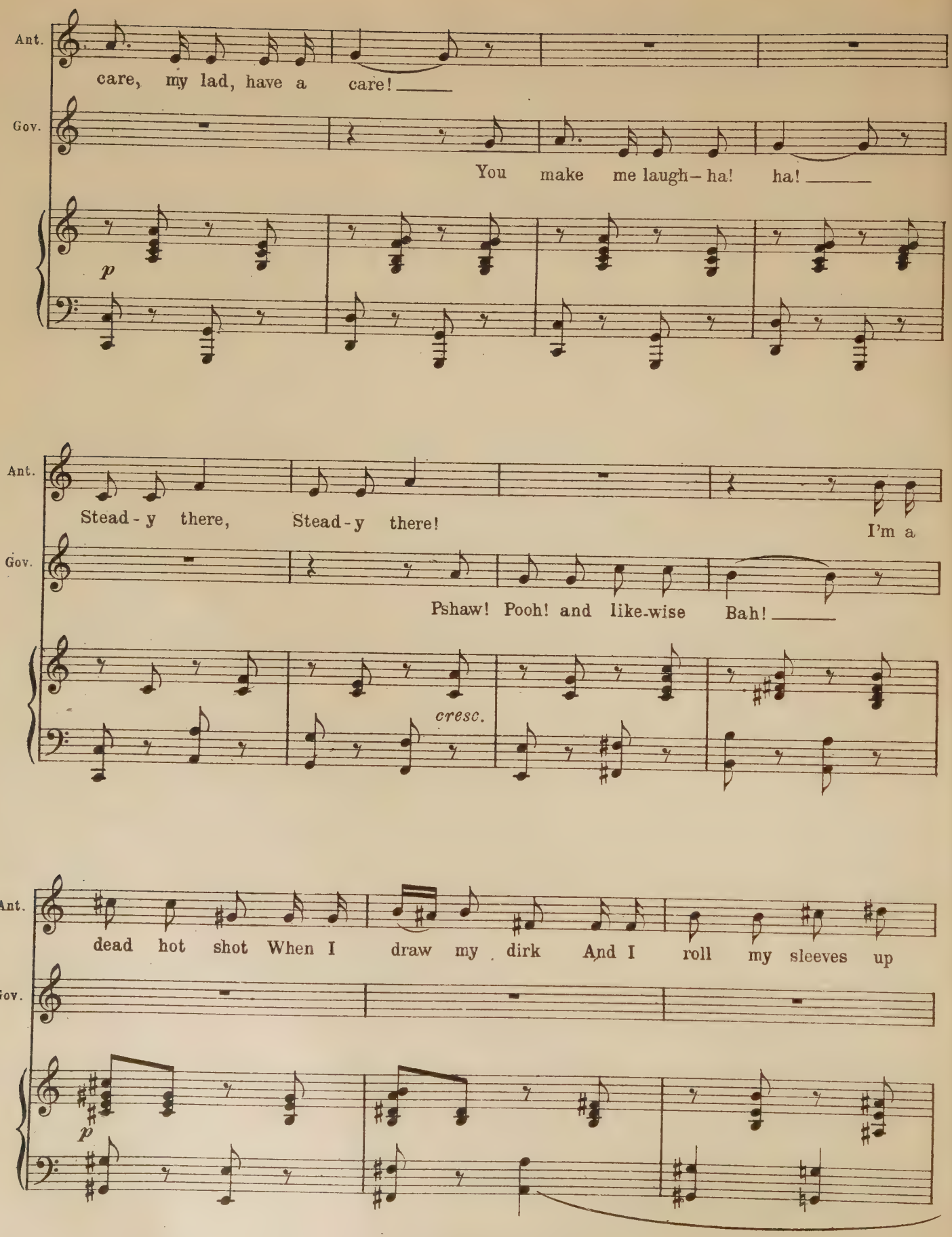

Gov.
Have a
Ant.
wise you'll quick-ly go The o - ther way!
Gov.
care, my lad! Have a care!
Ant.
I'm not a-fraid of you!
p
Gov.
Stead-y there! Stead - y there!
When my
Ant.
Pish! Tush! and al - so Pooh!
cresc.

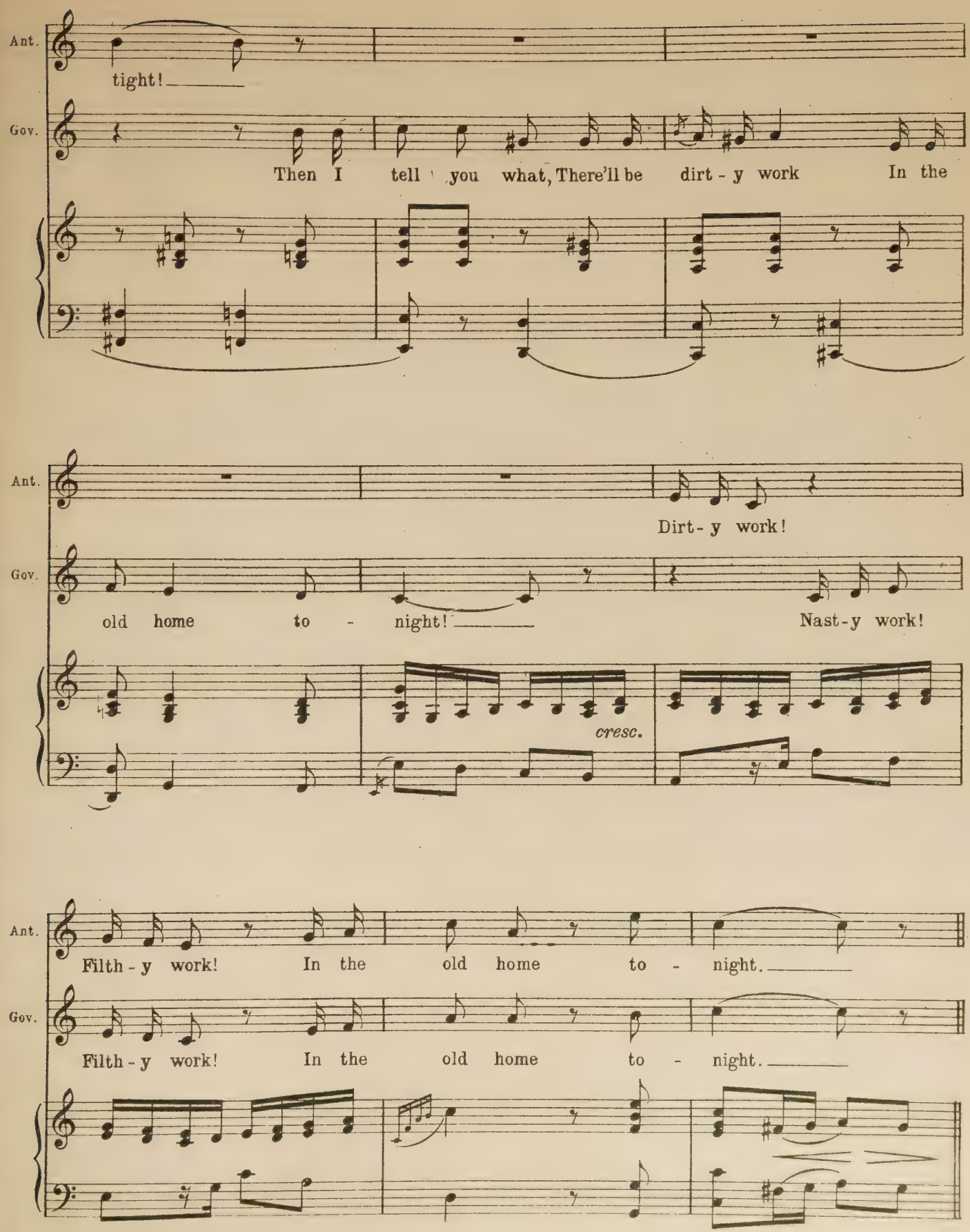

Gov.
blood grows hot, I'm a reg-u-lar Turk; I'm an o-gre for a fight!
Ant.
Then I
p
Gov.
Ant.
tell you what, There'll be dirt-y work At the cross-roads to-night!
Gov.
Dirt-y work! Filth-y work! At the cross-roads to-night.
Ant.
Nast-y work! Filth-y work! At the cross-roads to-night.
cresc.
f


Antonio.
In mat-ters of mor - al - i - ty I
Governor.
p
Ant.
can't com-mend your hab - its!
Gov.
That's pret - ty hot from you, up - on my

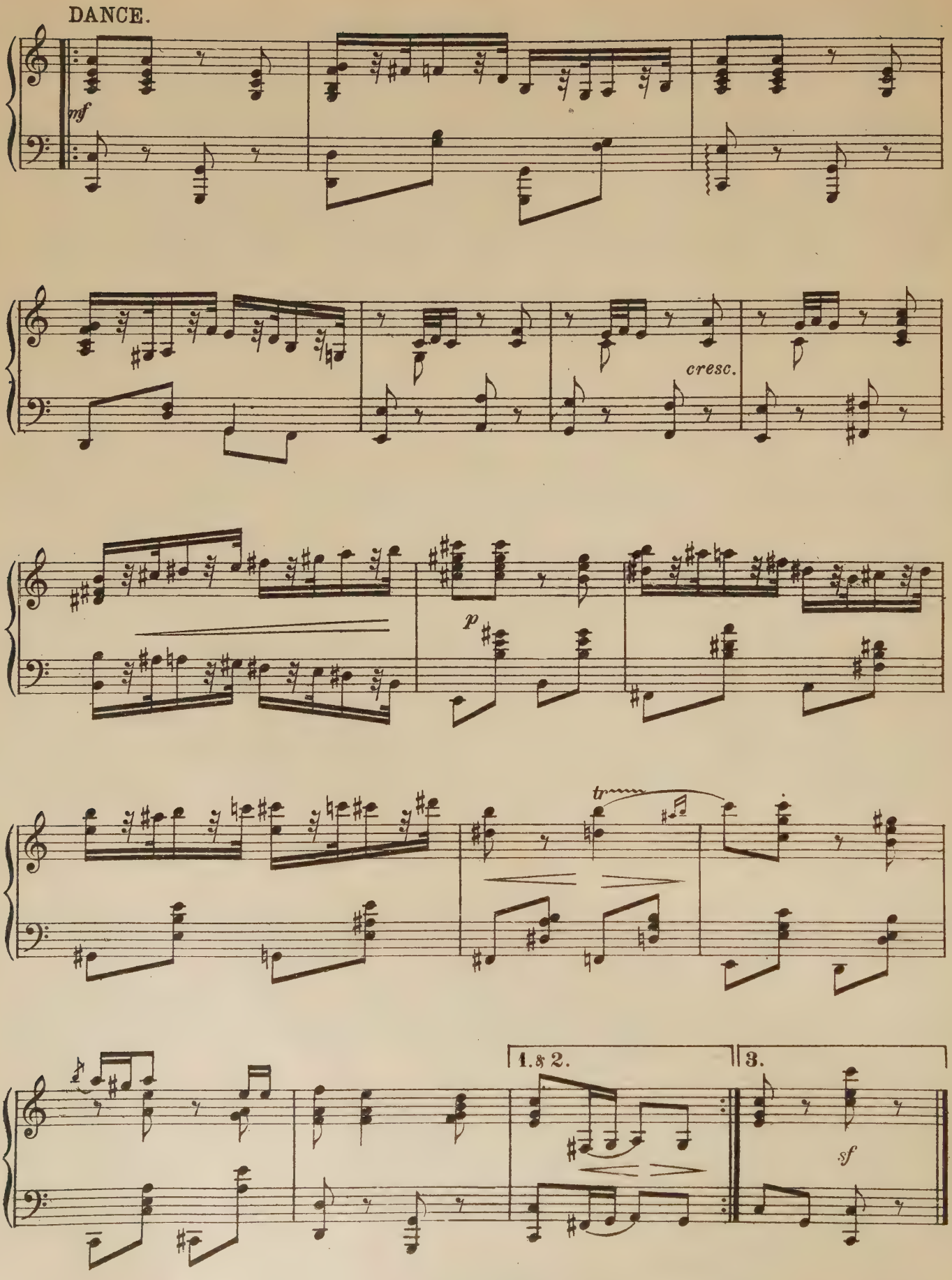

Ant.
And as for your men - tal - i - ty, Your brain is like a
Gov.
soul!
mf
p
Ant.
rab - bit's!
Gov.
Per - haps that's why I'm of - ten "in a hole!"
mf
Ant.
You re - mind me of a pet I once had, a mar - mo -
Gov.
p


Ant.
- set! I can al - most see it yet When you're in view!
Gov.
Ant.
Well, there's no - thing odd in that! Why, I've seen a sew - er
Gov.
p
Ant.
Have a
Gov.
rat Who, sup - pose he'd worn a hat, Looked just like you!


Ant.
care, my lad, have a care!
Gov.
You make me laugh – ha! ha!
p
Ant.
Stead - y there, Stead - y there!
I'm a
Gov.
Pshaw! Pooh! and like-wise Bah!
cresc.
Ant.
dead hot shot When I draw my dirk And I roll my sleeves up
Gov.
p


Ant.
tight!
Gov.
Then I tell you what, There'll be dirt - y work In the
Ant.
Dirt - y work!
Gov.
old home to - night!
Nast - y work!
cresc.
Ant.
Filth - y work! In the old home to - night.
Gov.
Filth - y work! In the old home to - night.

DANCE.

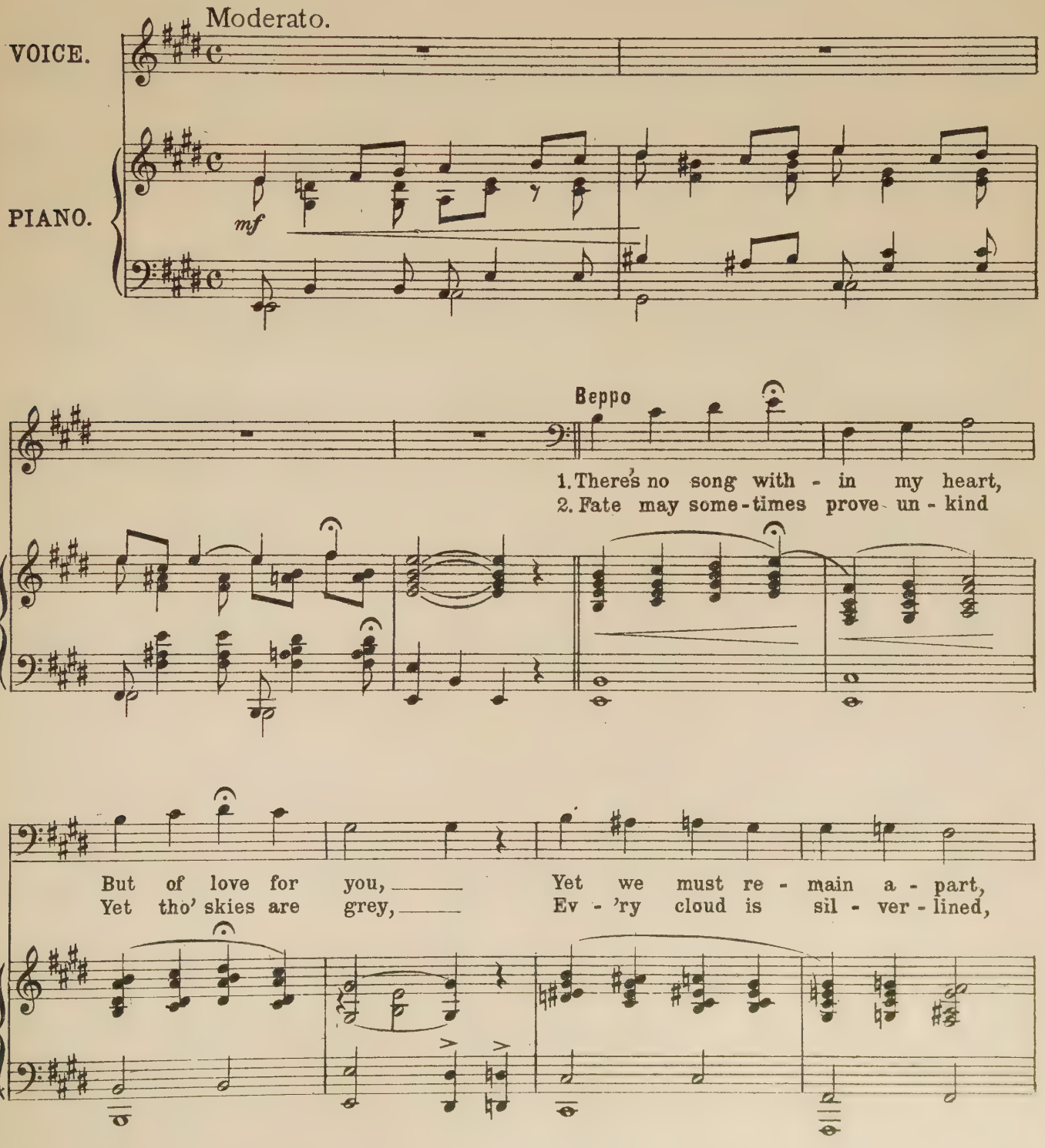


No 13 :- A PARADISE FOR TWO.

(TERESA and BEPPO.)

Words by
CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE.

Music by
JAS. W. TATE.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
Beppo
1. There's no song with - in my heart,
2. Fate may some - times prove un - kind
Bep.
But of love for you,
Yet tho' skies are grey,
Yet we must re - main a - part,
Ev - 'ry cloud is sil - ver - lined,

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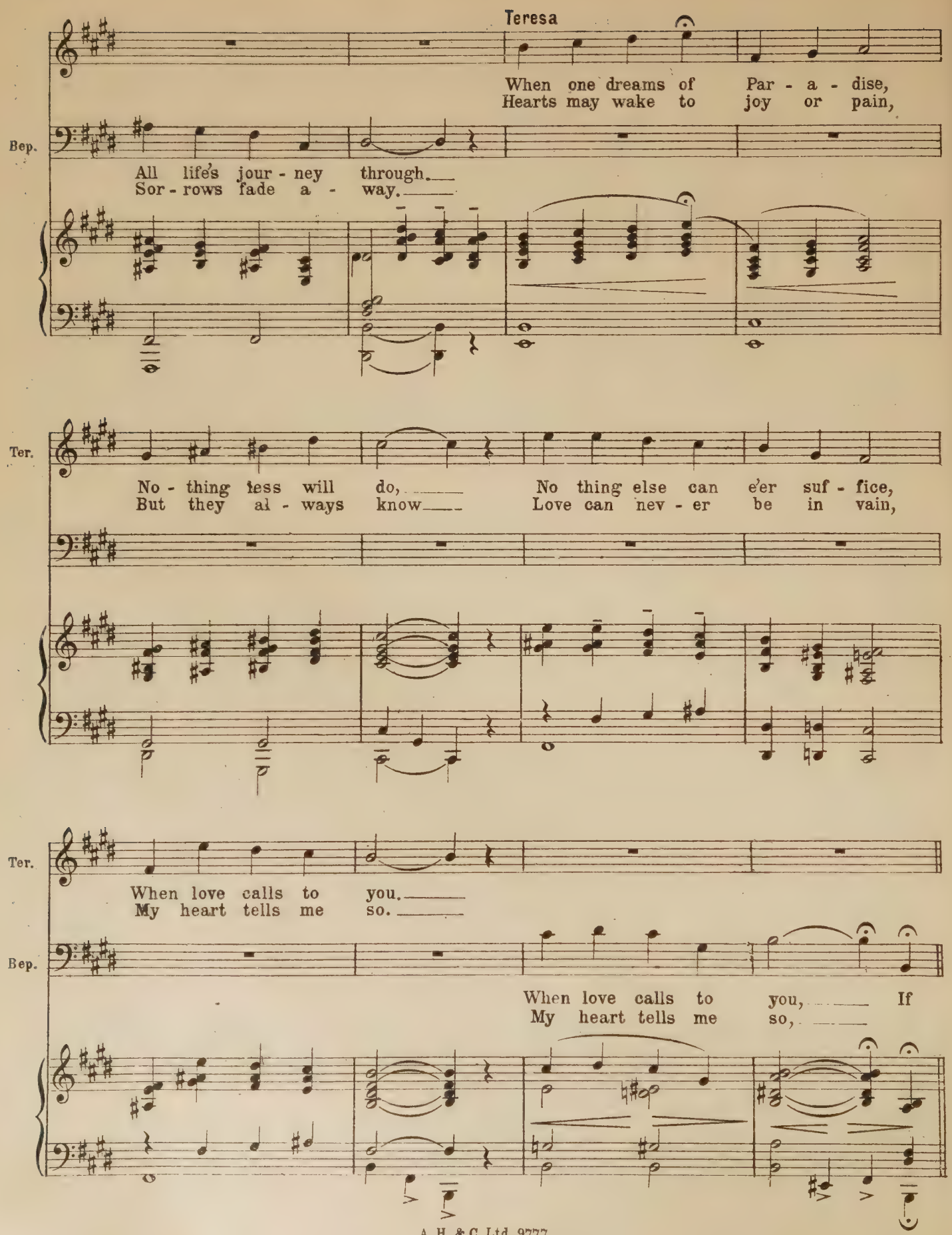
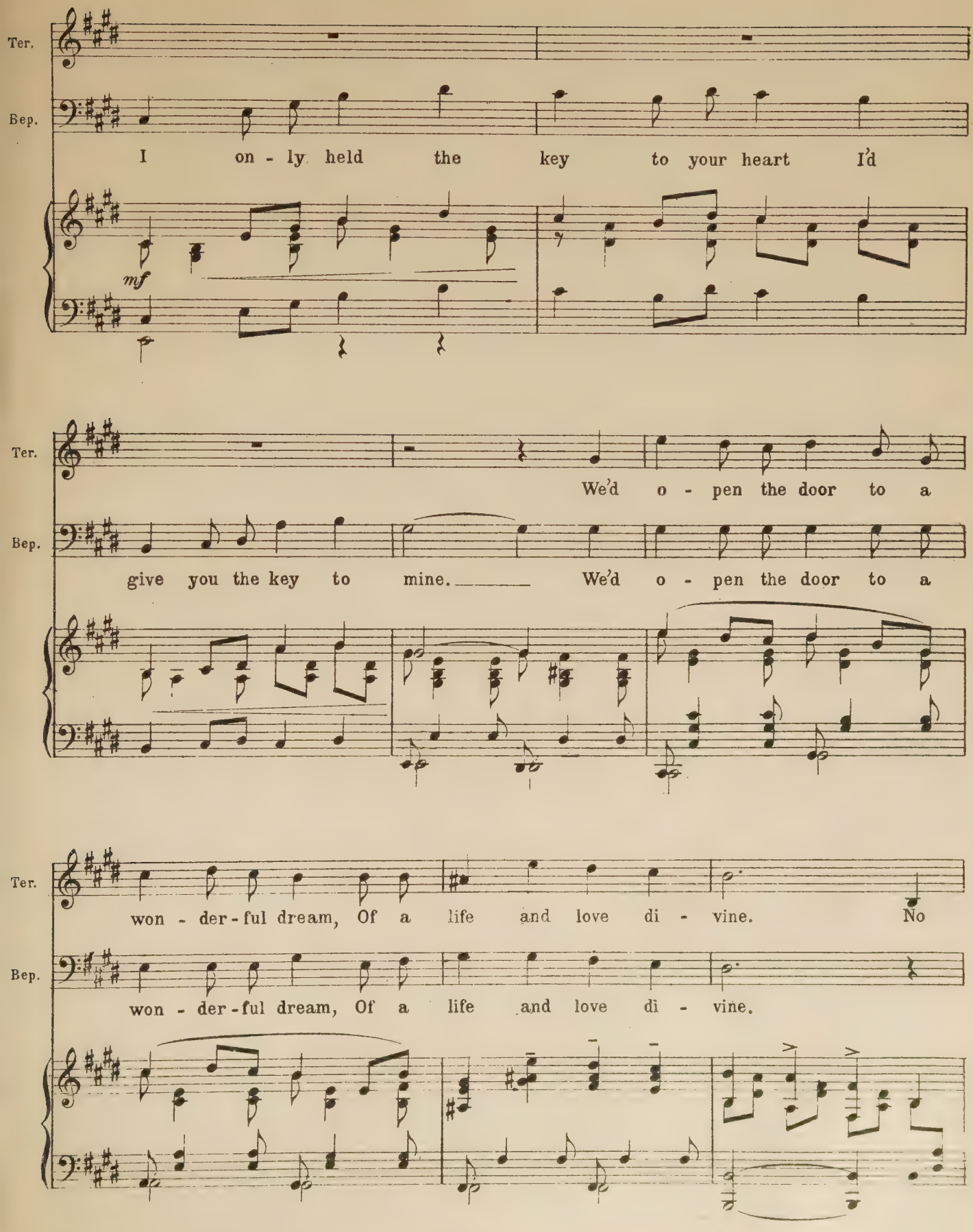
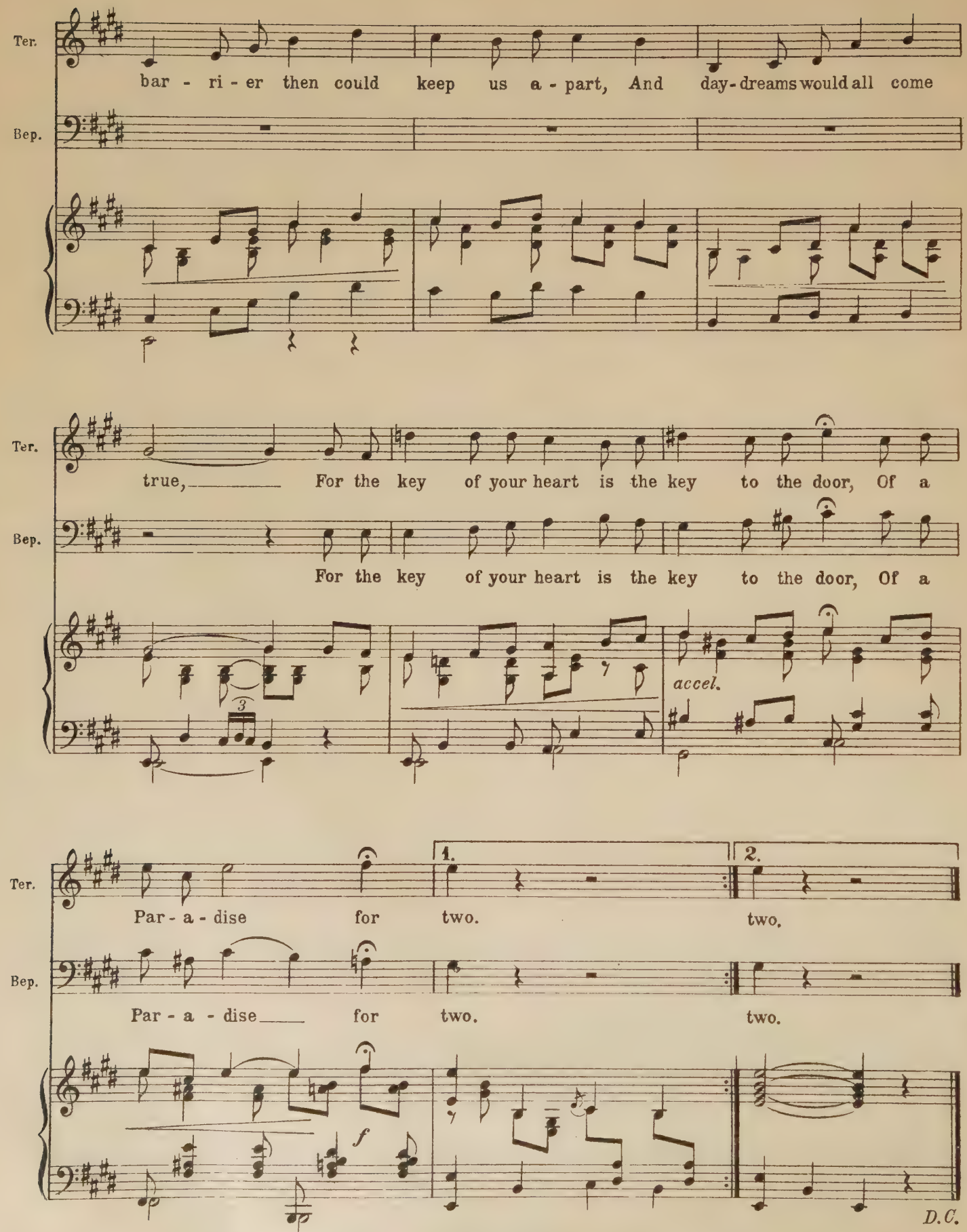

Teresa
When one dreams of Par - a - dise,
Hearts may wake to joy or pain,
Bep.
All life's jour - ney through.
Sor - rows fade a - way.
Ter.
No - thing less will do,
But they al - ways know
No thing else can e'er suf - fice,
Love can nev - er be in vain,
Ter.
When love calls to you.
My heart tells me so.
Bep.
When love calls to you, If
My heart tells me so,

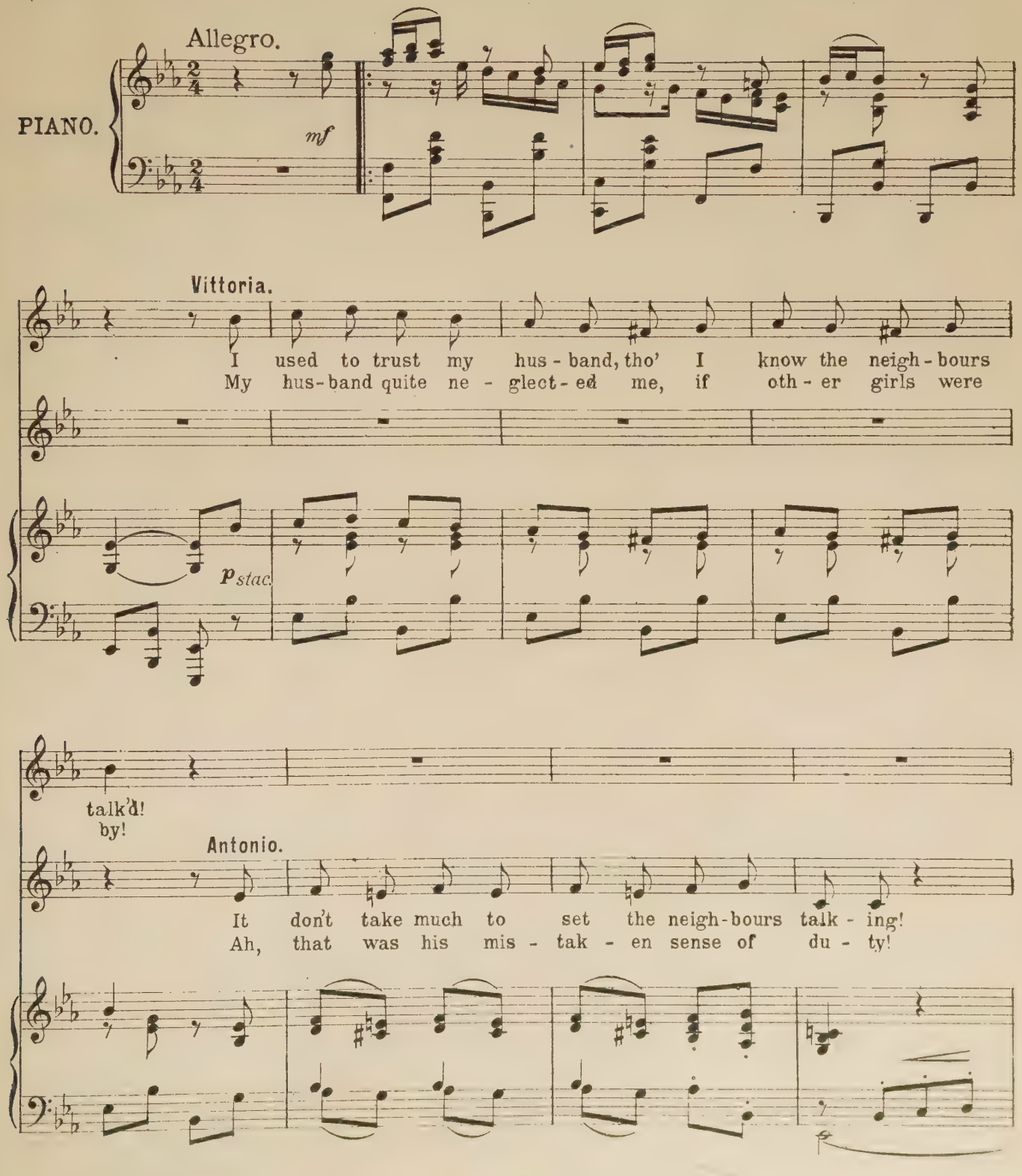

Ter.
Bep.
I on - ly held the key to your heart I'd
mf
Ter.
We'd o - pen the door to a
Bep.
give you the key to mine. We'd o - pen the door to a
Ter.
won - der - ful dream, Of a life and love di - vine. No
Bep.
won - der - ful dream, Of a life and love di - vine.


Ter.
bar - ri - er then could keep us a - part, And day-dreams would all come
Bep.
Ter.
true, For the key of your heart is the key to the door, Of a
Bep.
For the key of your heart is the key to the door, Of a
accel.
Ter.
1.
2.
Par - a - dise for two. two.
Bep.
Par - a - dise for two. two.
f
D.C.

No 14. DUET:- HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

(VITTORIA and ANTONIO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegro.
PIANO.
mf
Vittoria.
I used to trust my hus - band, tho' I know the neigh - bours
My hus-band quite ne - glect - ed me, if oth - er girls were
p stac.
Vit:
talk'd!
by!
Antonio.
It don't take much to set the neigh-bours talk - ing!
Ah, that was his mis - tak - en sense of du - ty!

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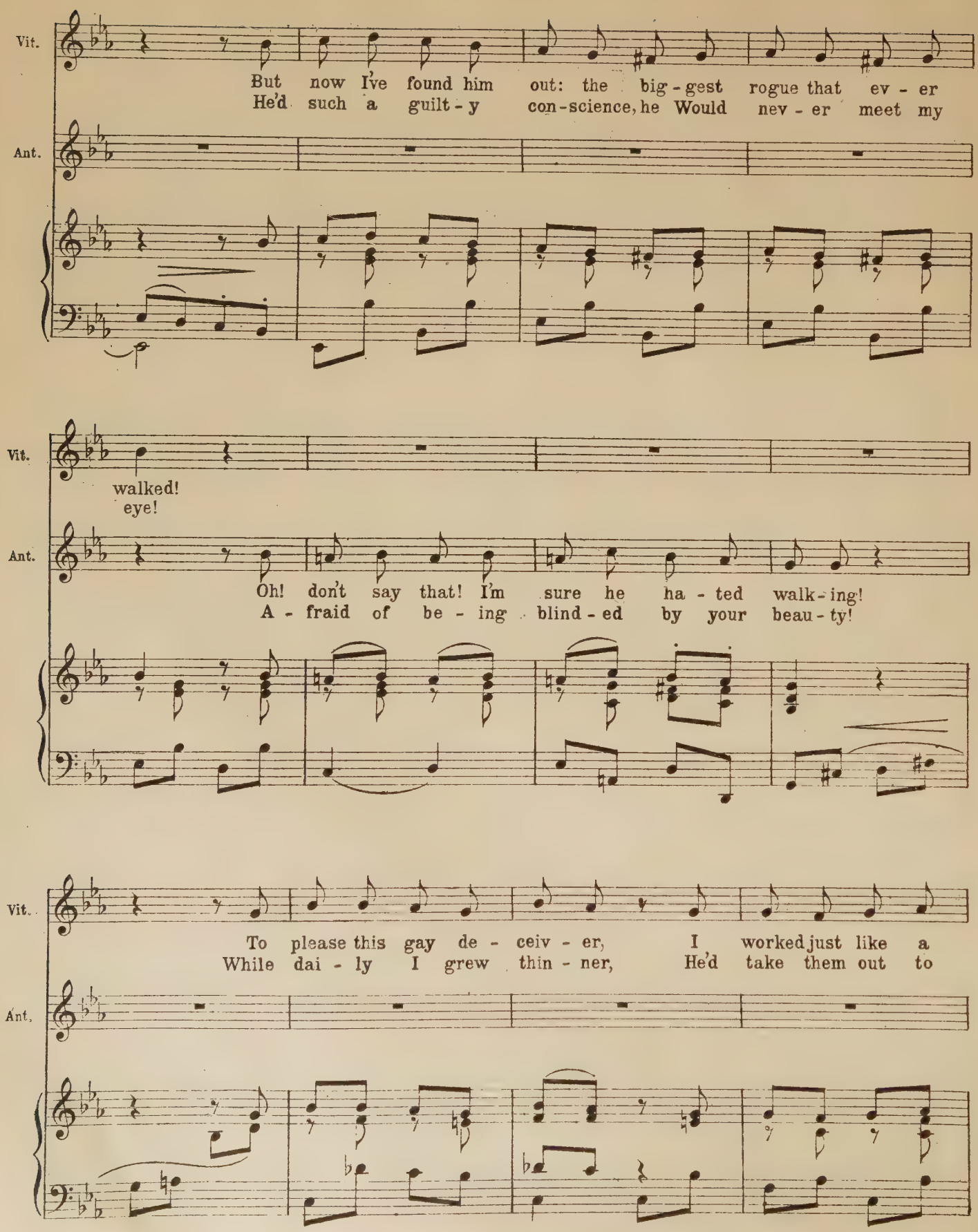
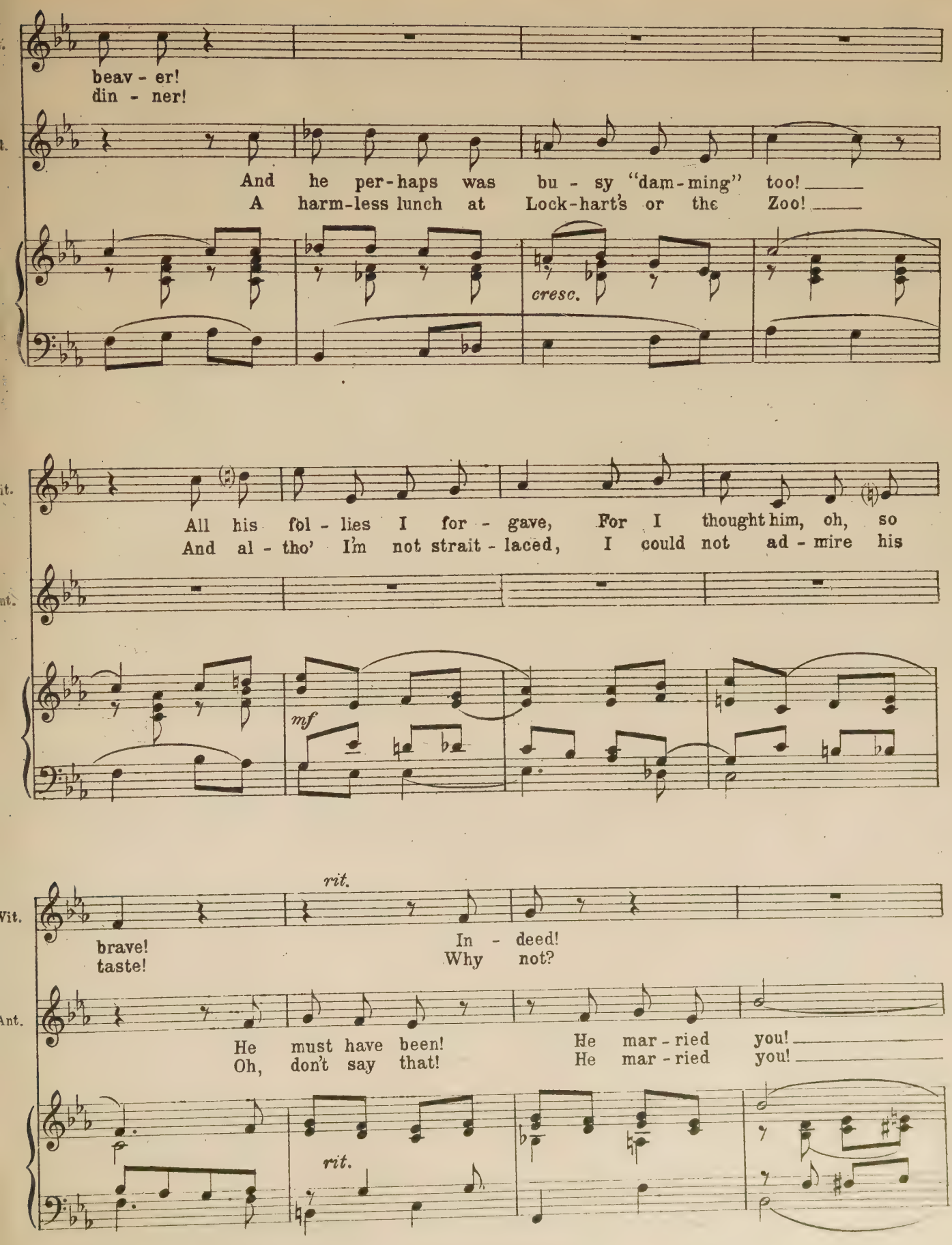
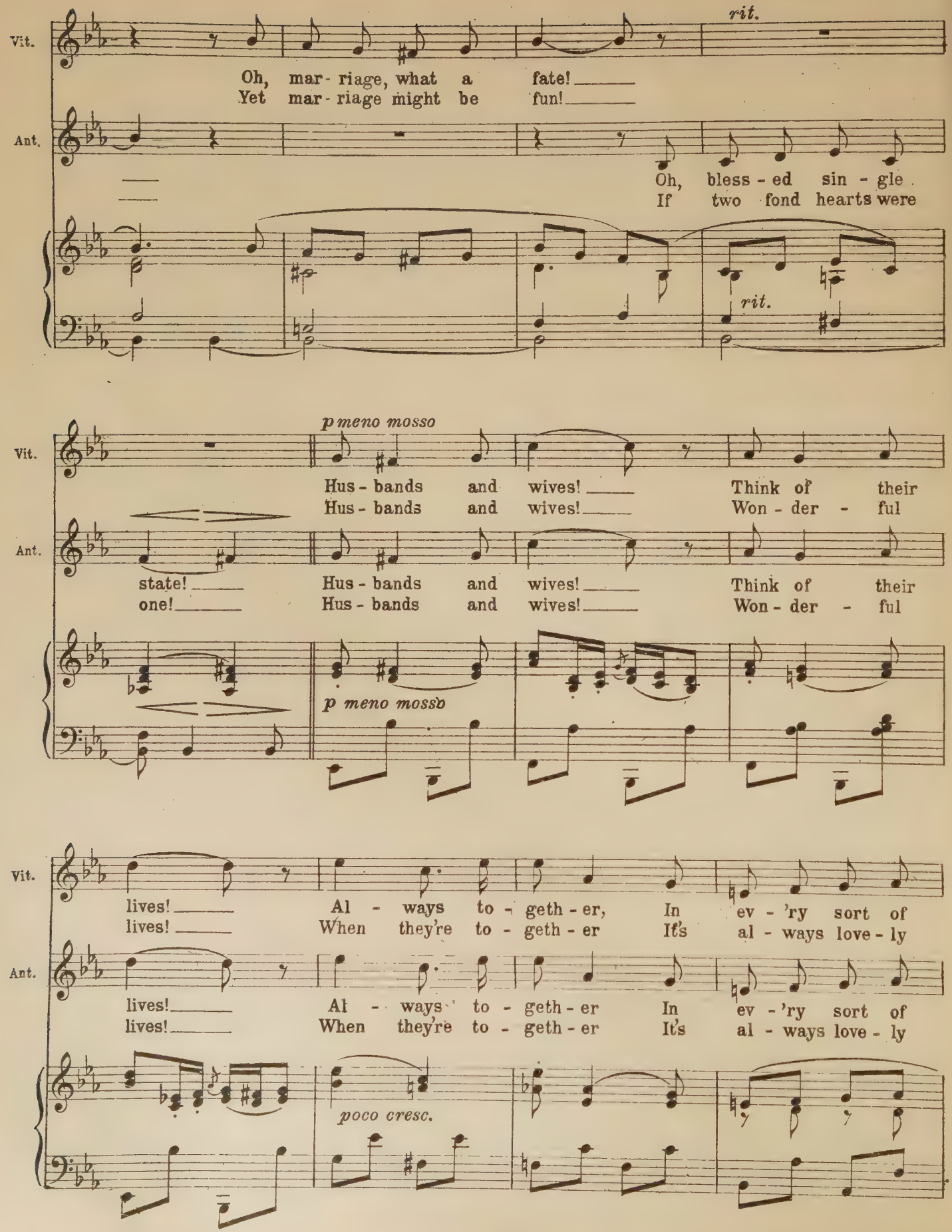
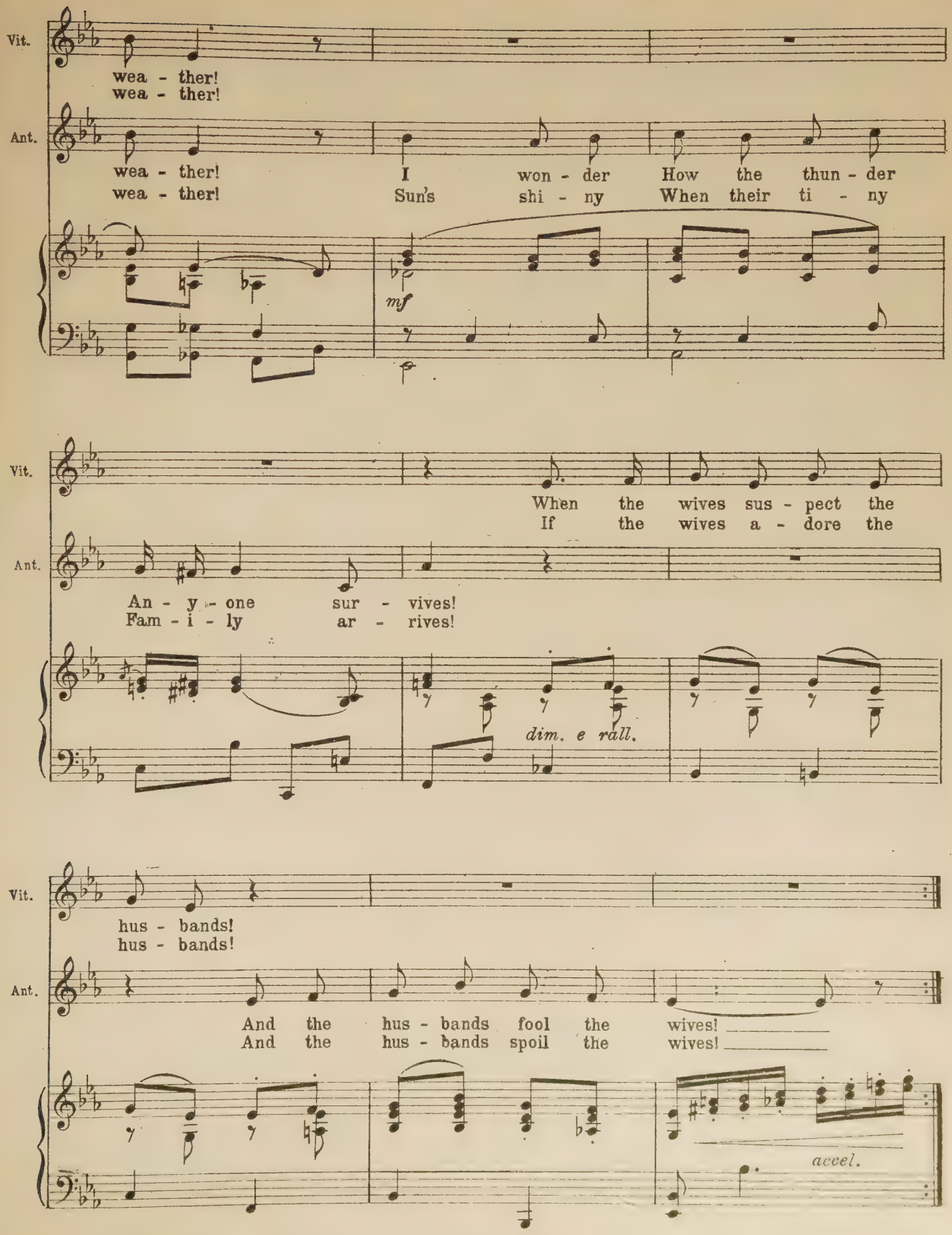
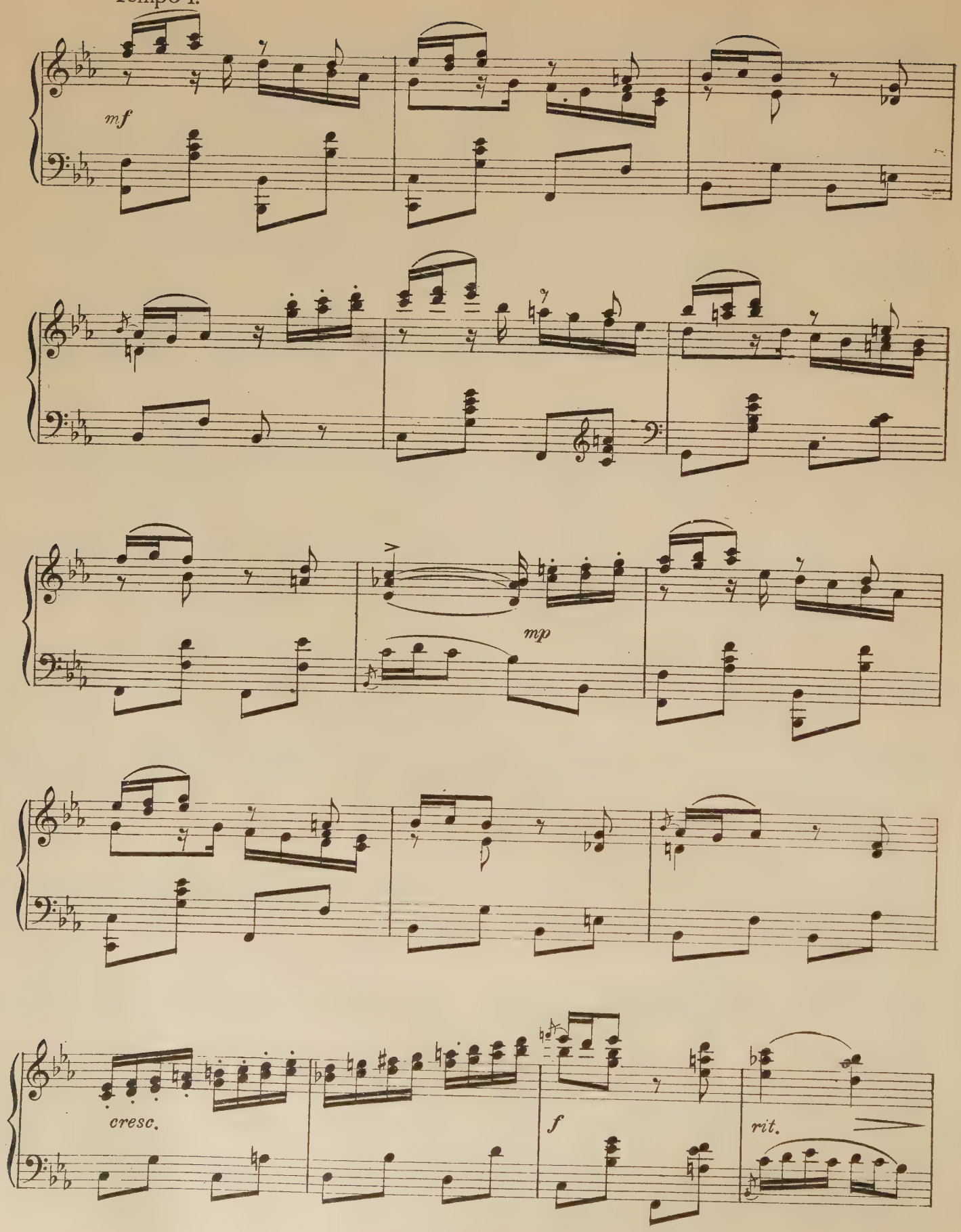
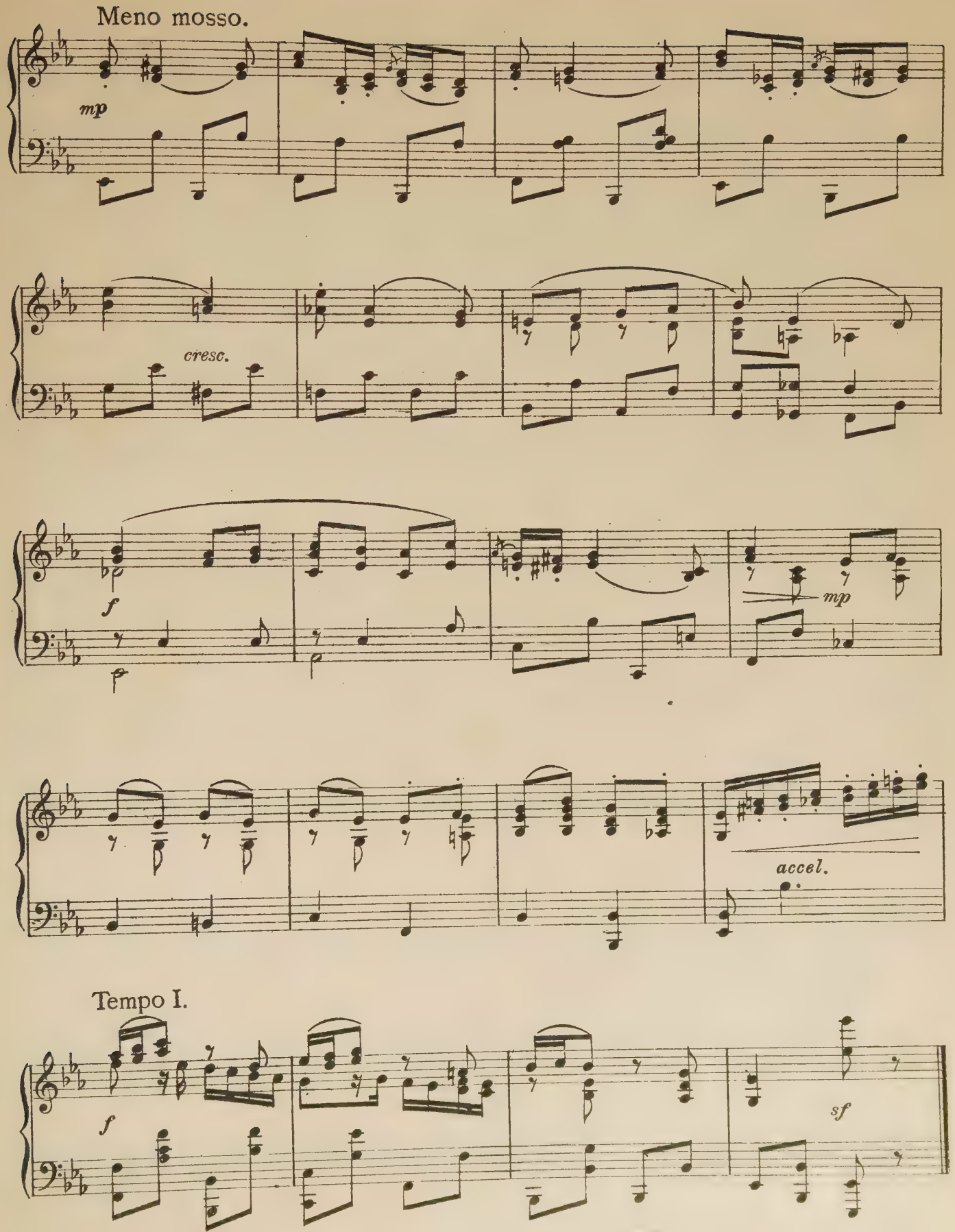

Vit.
But now I've found him out: the big-gest rogue that ev-er
He'd such a guilt-y con-science, he Would nev-er meet my
Ant.
Vit.
walked!
eye!
Ant.
Oh! don't say that! I'm sure he ha-ted walk-ing!
A-fraid of be-ing blind-ed by your beau-ty!
Vit.
To please this gay de-ceiv-er, I worked just like a
While dai-ly I grew thin-ner, He'd take them out to
Ant.


beav - er!
din - ner!
And he per-haps was bu - sy "dam-ming" too!
A harm-less lunch at Lock-hart's or the Zoo!
cresc.
All his fol - lies I for - gave, For I thought him, oh, so
And al - tho' I'm not strait - laced, I could not ad - mire his
mf
rit.
brave!
taste!
In - deed!
Why not?
He must have been!
Oh, don't say that!
He mar - ried you!
He mar - ried you!
rit.


Vit.
Ant.
rit.
Oh, mar - riage, what a fate!
Yet mar - riage might be fun!
Oh, bless - ed sin - gle
If two fond hearts were
rit.
p meno mosso
Hus - bands and wives!
Think of their
Hus - bands and wives!
Won - der - ful
state!
one!
Hus - bands and wives!
Think of their
Hus - bands and wives!
Won - der - ful
p meno mosso
lives!
Al - ways to - geth - er,
In ev - 'ry sort of
lives!
When they're to - geth - er
It's al - ways love - ly
lives!
Al - ways to - geth - er
In ev - 'ry sort of
lives!
When they're to - geth - er
It's al - ways love - ly
poco cresc.

Vit.
wea - ther!
wea - ther!
Ant.
wea - ther!
wea - ther!
I won - der How the thun - der
Sun's shi - ny When their ti - ny
mf
Vit.
When the wives sus - pect the
If the wives a - dore the
Ant.
An - y - one sur - vives!
Fam - i - ly ar - rives!
dim. e rall.
Vit.
hus - bands!
hus - bands!
Ant.
And the hus - bands fool the wives!
And the hus - bands spoil the wives!
accel.

Tempo I.



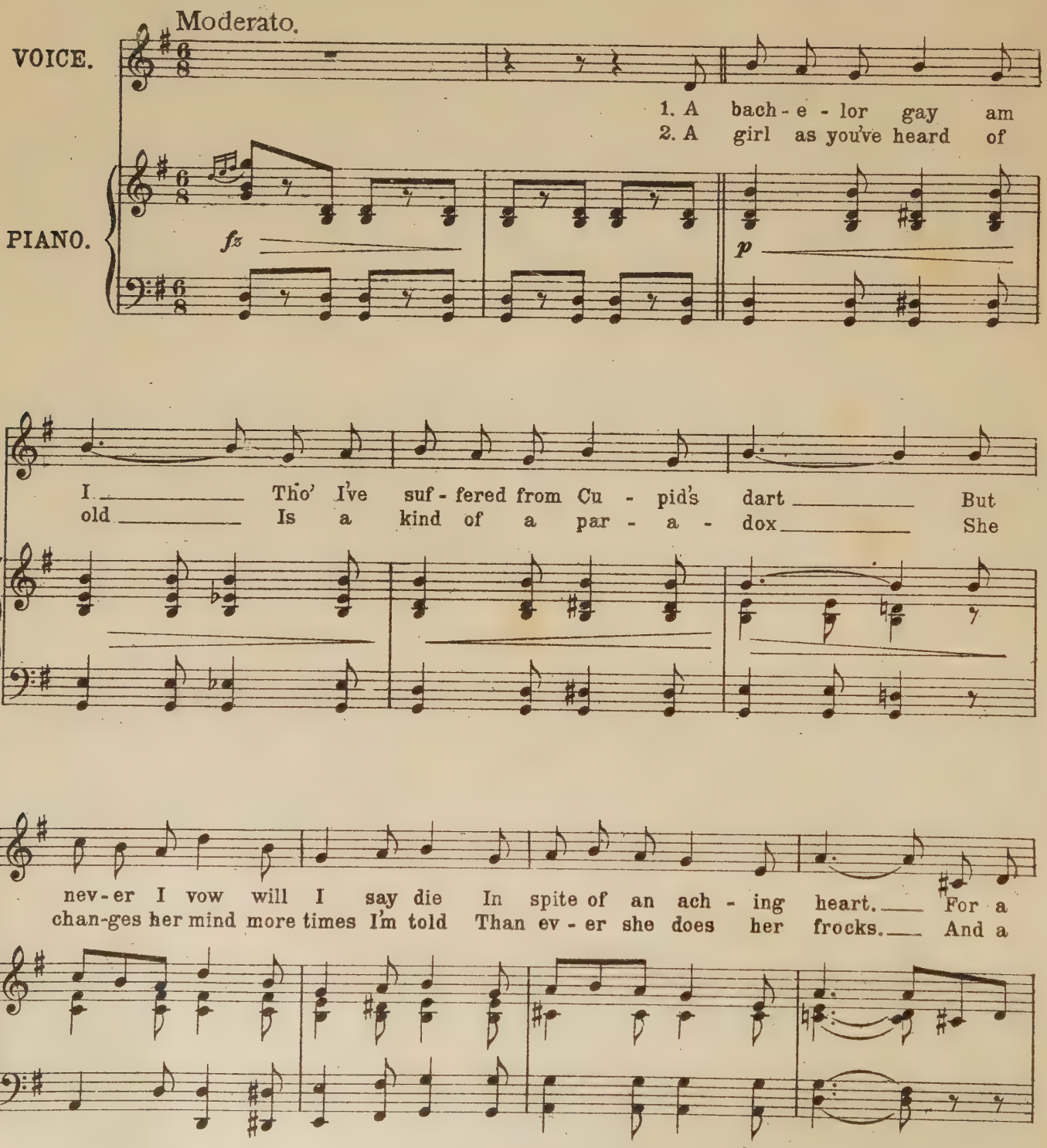

Meno mosso.
mp
cresc.
f
mp
accel.
Tempo I.
f
sf

No 15:-A BACHELOR GAY.

BEPPO.

Words by
CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE.

Music by
JAS. W. TATE.


Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. A bach - e - lor gay am
2. A girl as you've heard of
fz
p
I ___ Tho' I've suf - fered from Cu - pid's dart ___ But
old ___ Is a kind of a par - a - dox ___ She
nev - er I vow will I say die In spite of an ach - ing heart. ___ For a
chan-ges her mind more times I'm told Than ev - er she does her frocks. ___ And a

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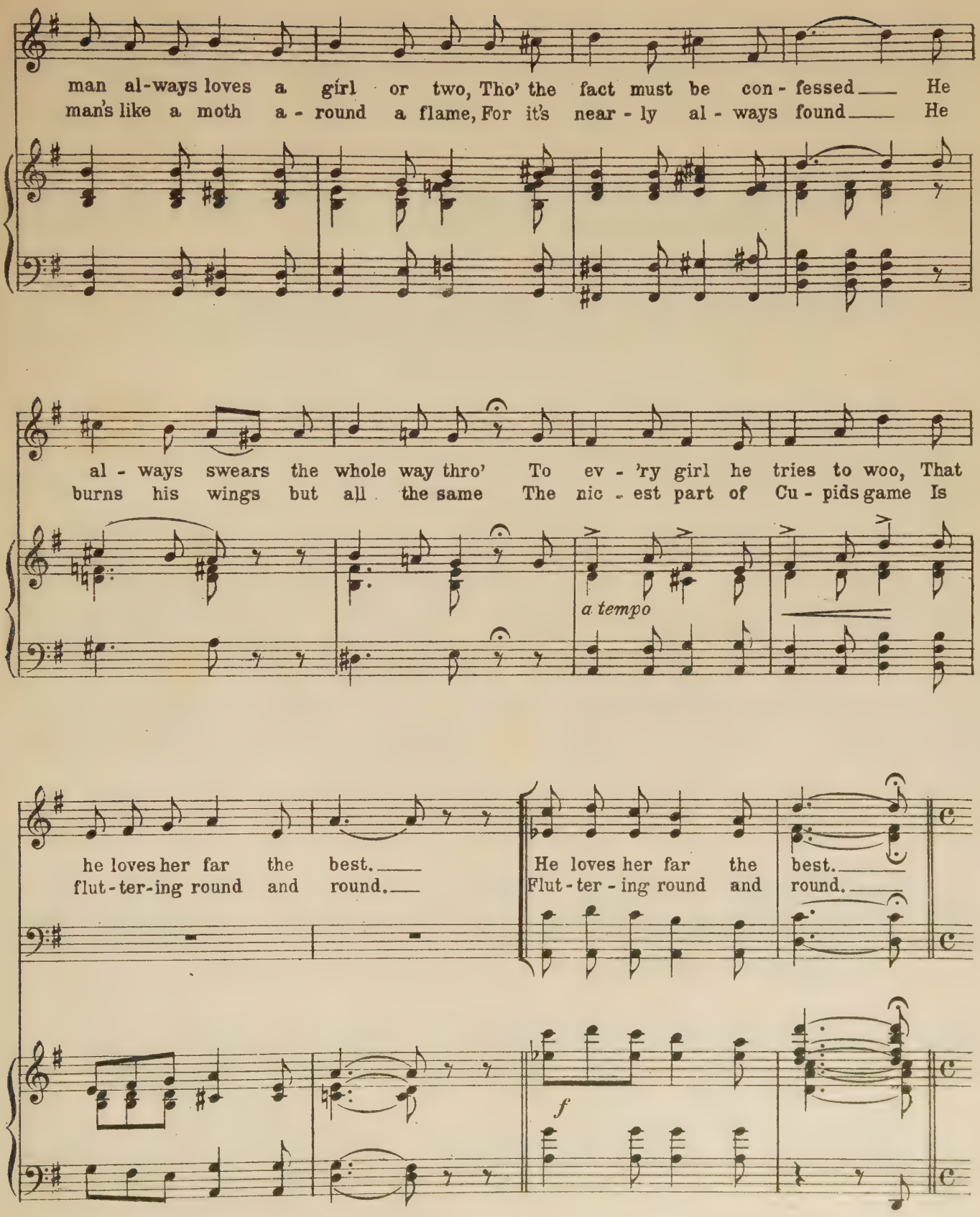
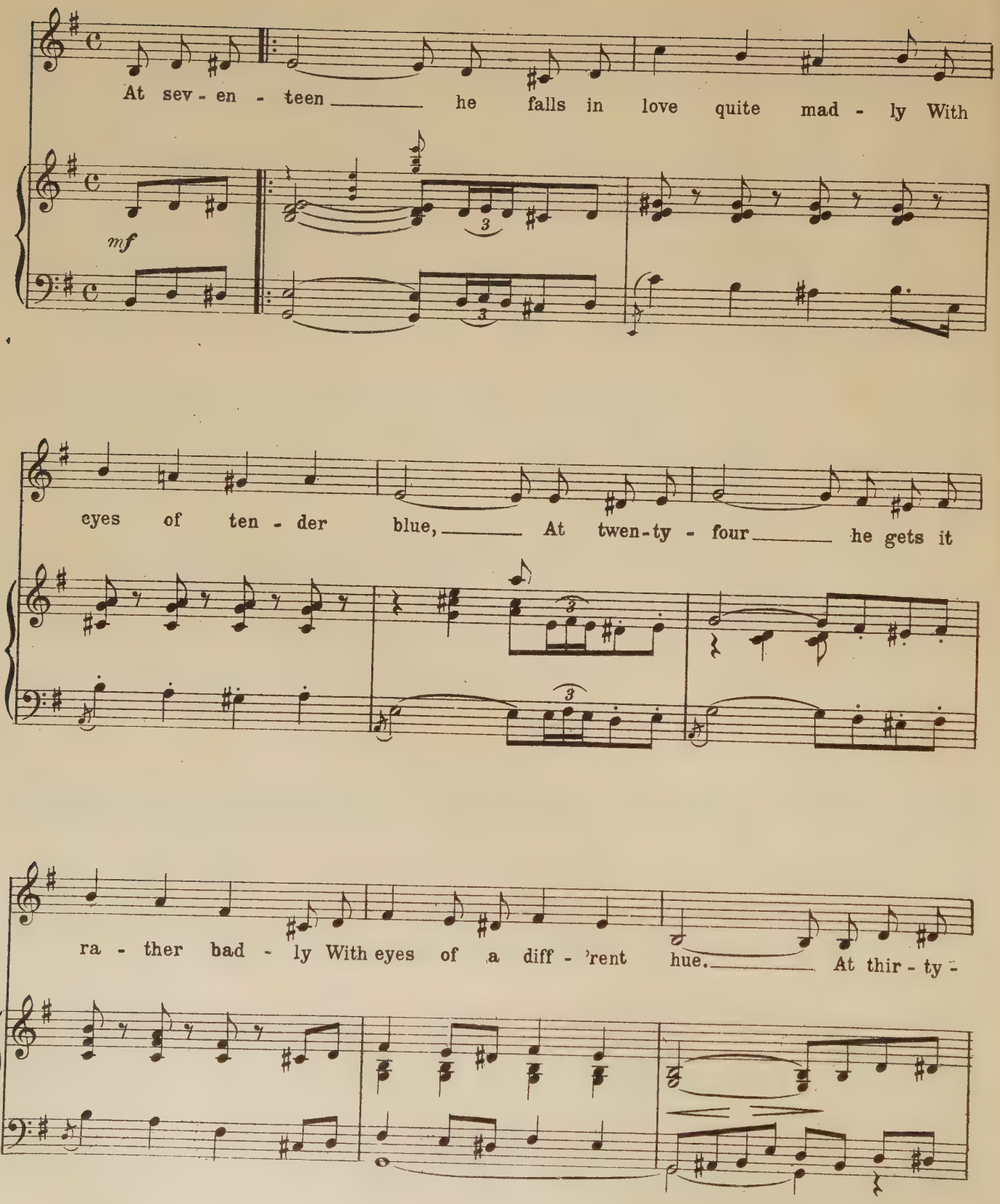
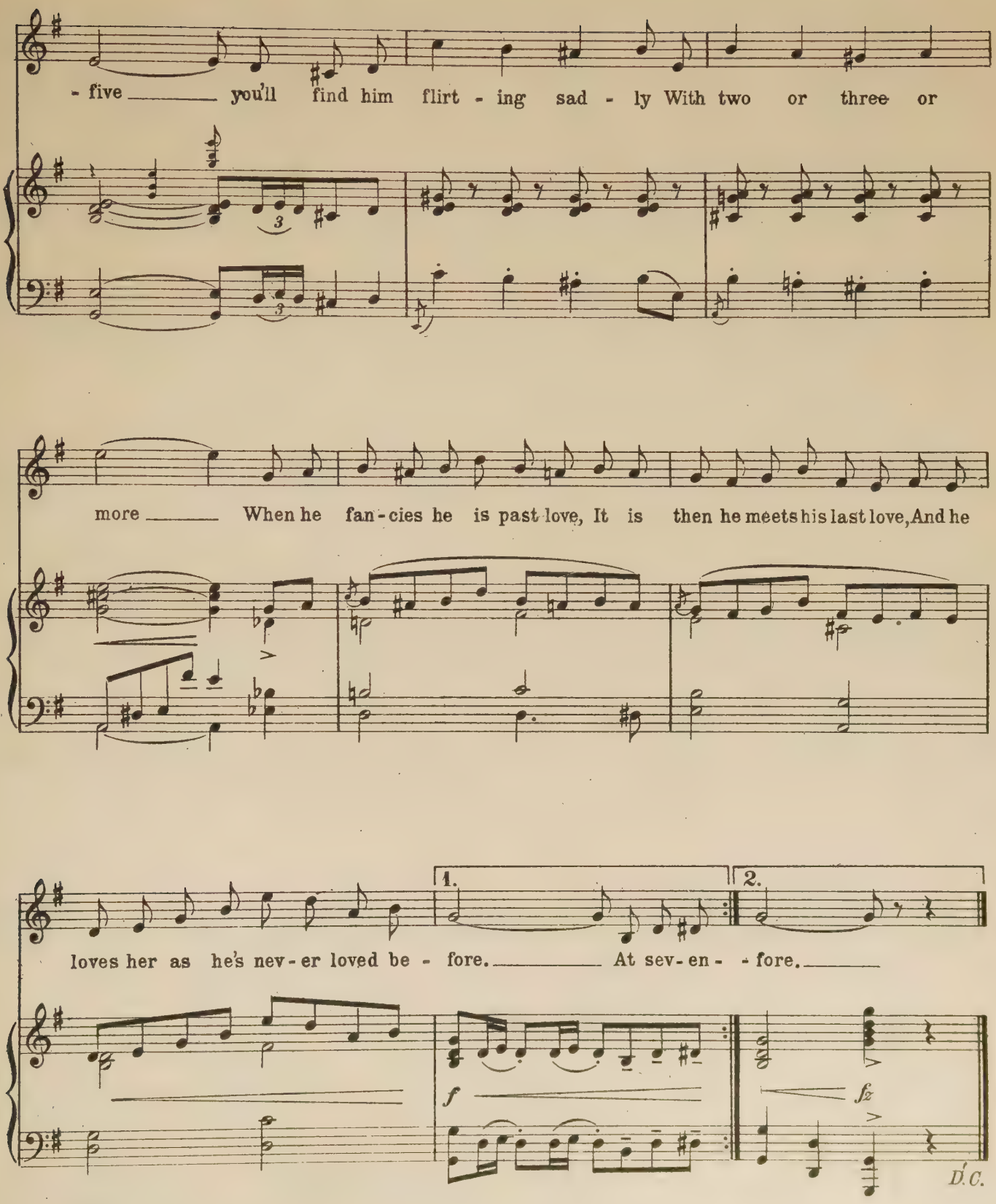

man al-ways loves a girl or two, Tho' the fact must be con-fessed He
man's like a moth a-round a flame, For it's near-ly al-ways found He
al-ways swears the whole way thro' To ev-'ry girl he tries to woo, That
burns his wings but all the same The nic-est part of Cu-pids game Is
a tempo
he loves her far the best.
flut-ter-ing round and round.
He loves her far the best.
Flut-ter-ing round and round.
f

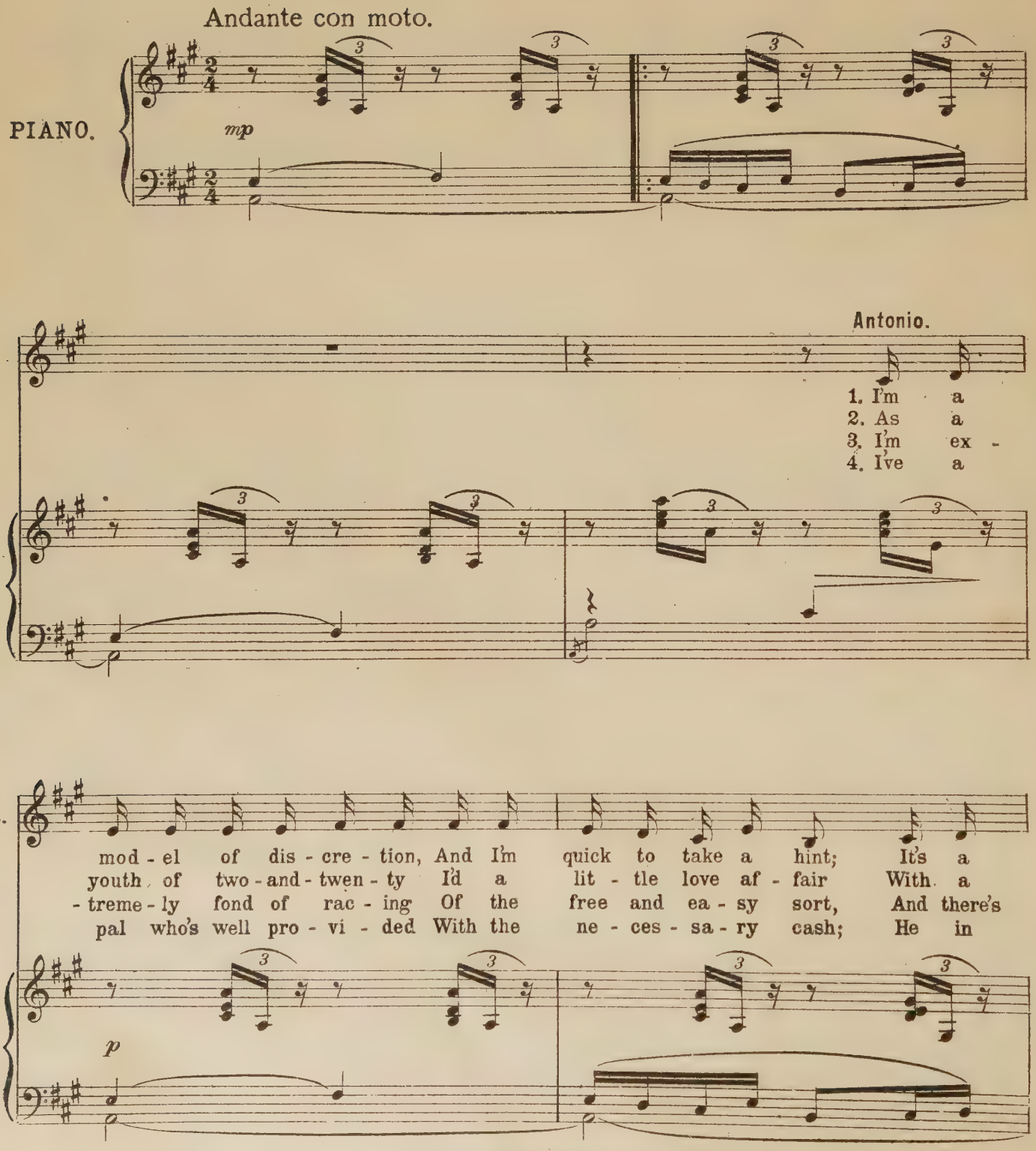

At sev - en - teen he falls in love quite mad - ly With
mf
eyes of ten - der blue, At twen-ty - four he gets it
ra - ther bad - ly With eyes of a diff - 'rent hue. At thir - ty -


- five you'll find him flirt - ing sad - ly With two or three or
more When he fan - cies he is past love, It is then he meets his last love, And he
1.
2.
loves her as he's nev - er loved be - fore. At sev - en - - fore.
f
fz
D.C.

No. 16. SONG:– I UNDERSTOOD.

(ANTONIO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Andante con moto.
PIANO.
mp
Antonio.
1. I'm a
2. As a
3. I'm ex -
4. I've a
Ant.
mod - el of dis - cre - tion, And I'm quick to take a hint; It's a
youth of two - and - twen - ty I'd a lit - tle love af - fair With a
- treme - ly fond of rac - ing Of the free and ea - sy sort, And there's
pal who's well pro - vi - ded With the ne - ces - sa - ry cash; He in
p

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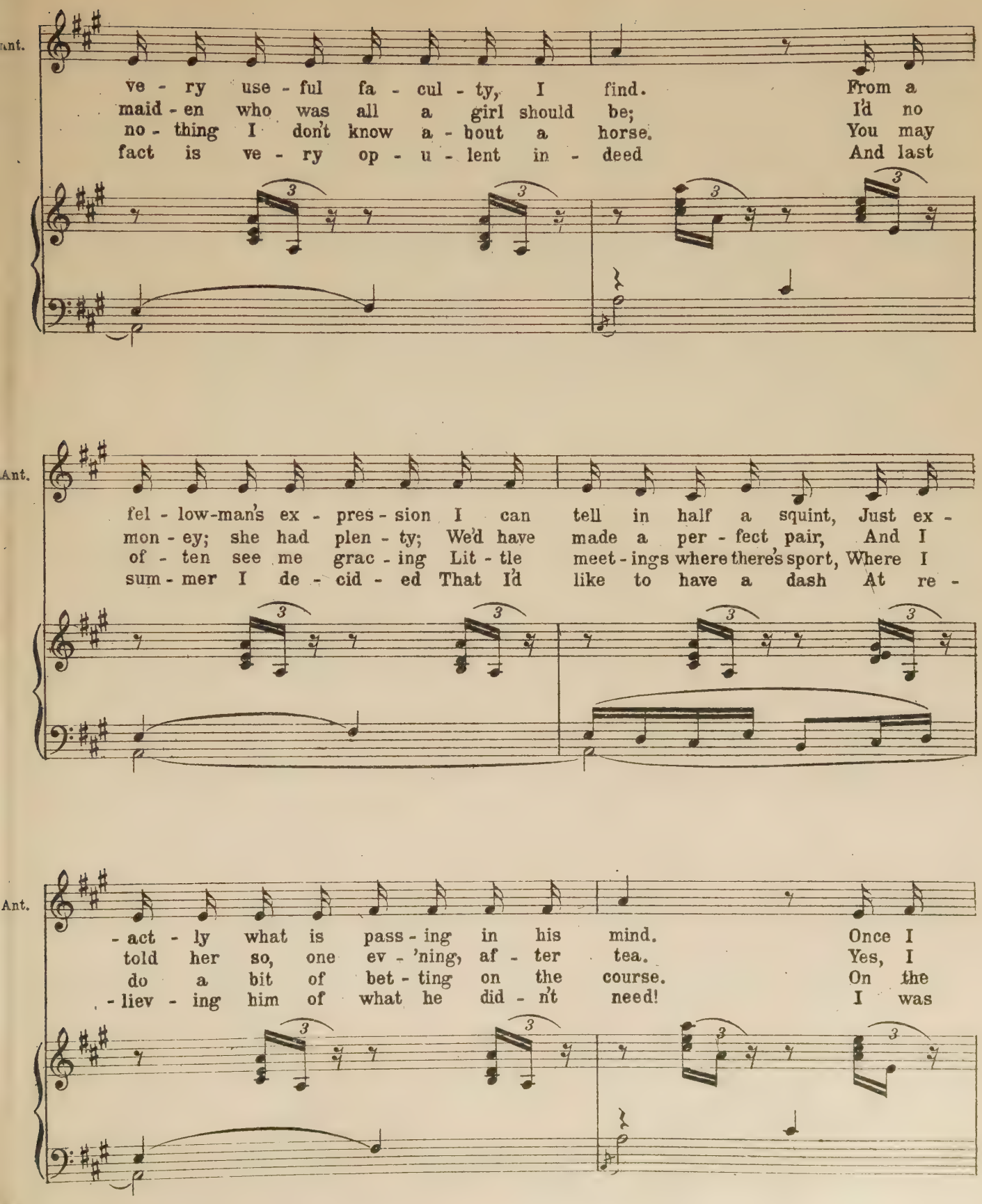
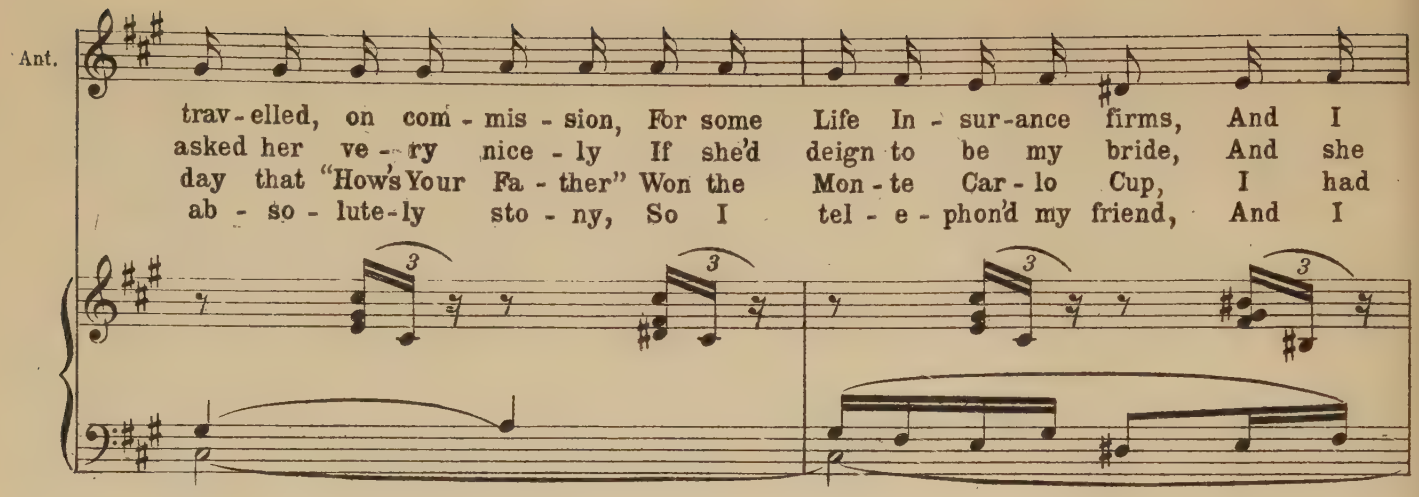
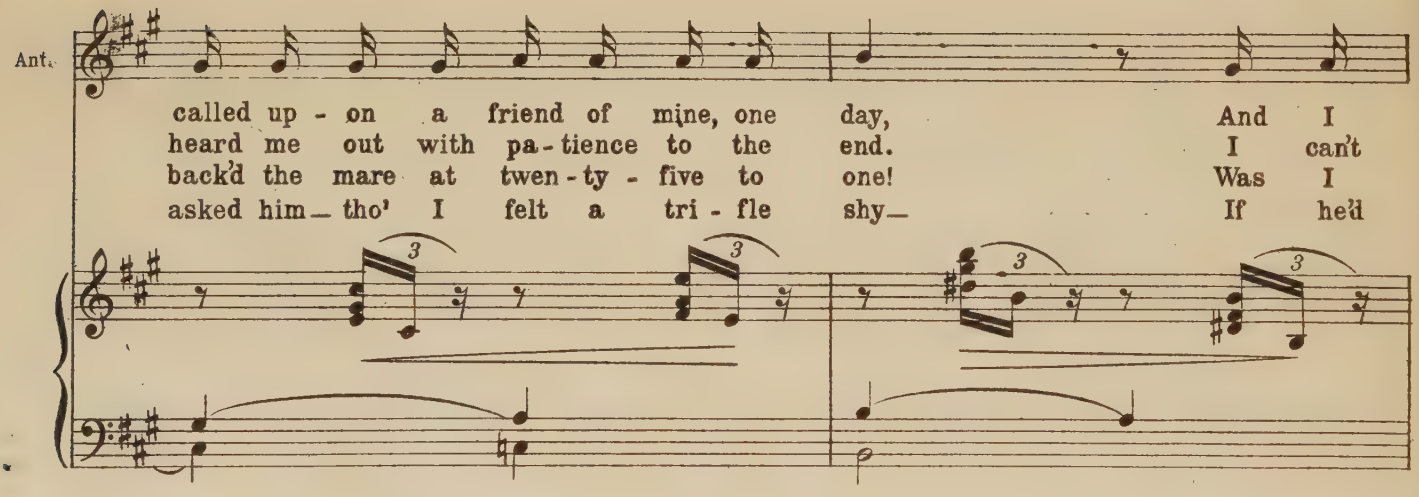
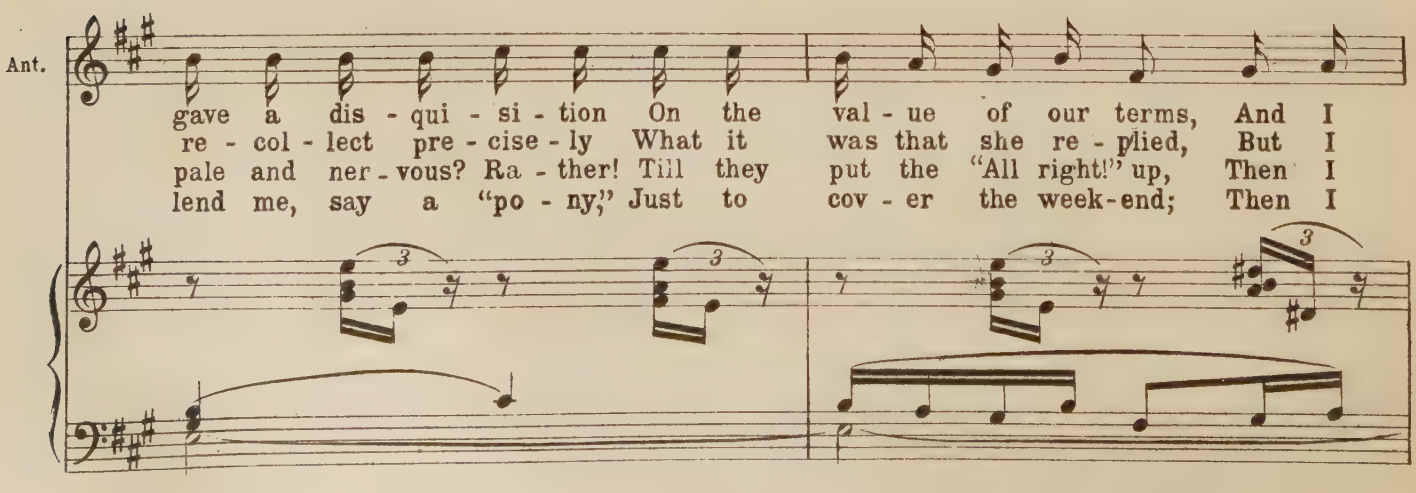
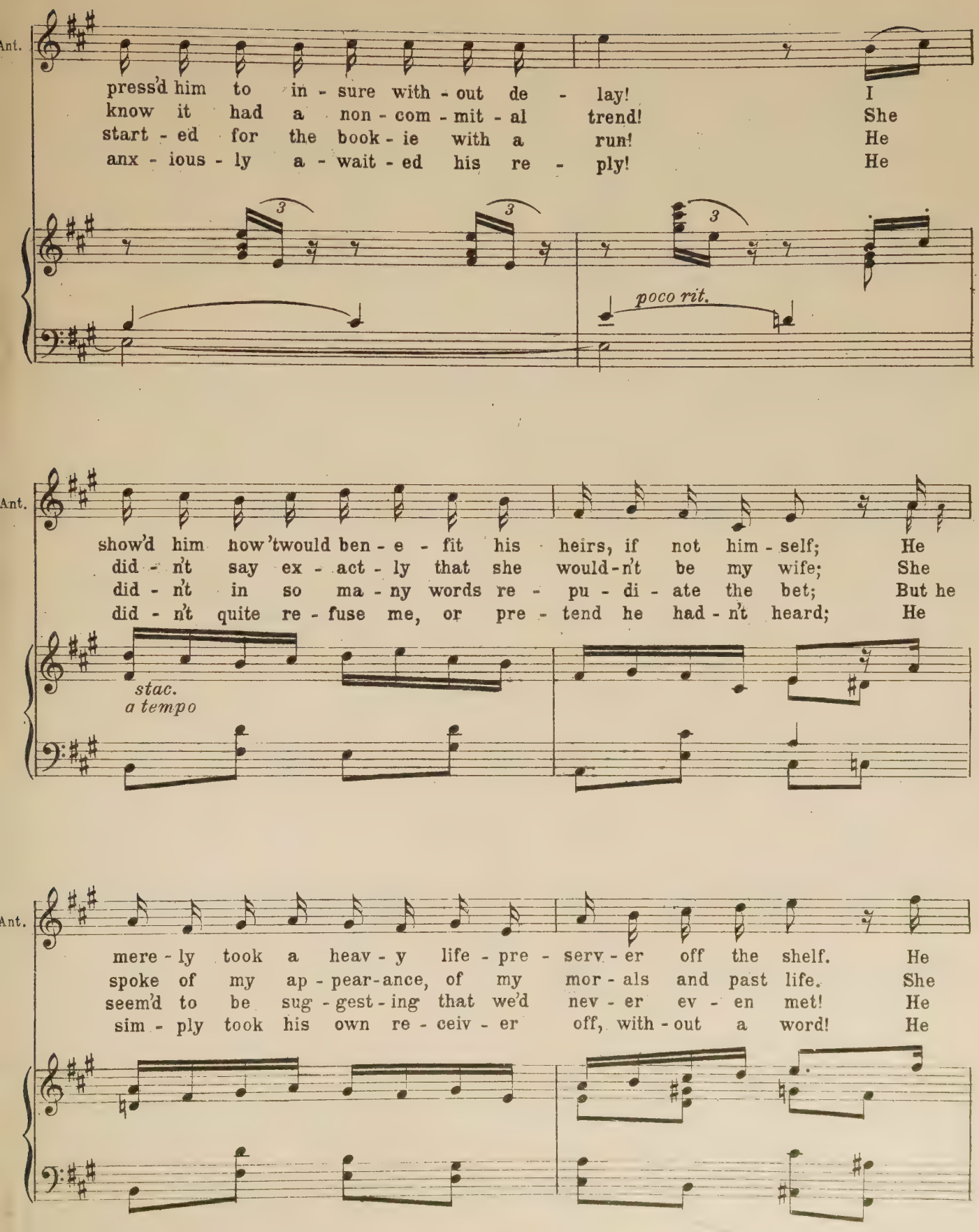
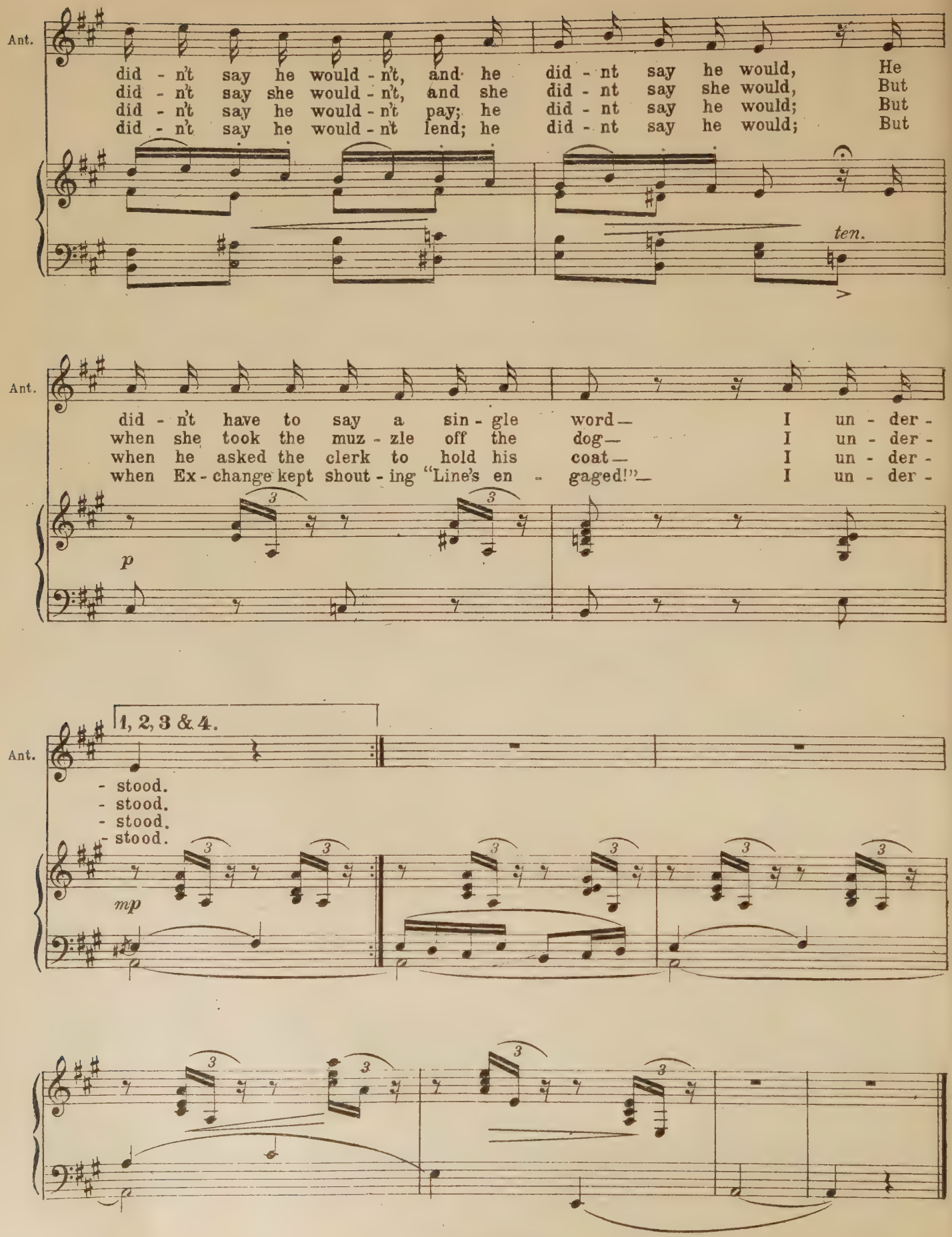

ve - ry use - ful fa - cul - ty, I find. From a
maid - en who was all a girl should be; I'd no
no - thing I don't know a - bout a horse. You may
fact is ve - ry op - u - lent in - deed And last
fel - low-man's ex - pres - sion I can tell in half a squint, Just ex -
mon - ey; she had plen - ty; We'd have made a per - fect pair, And I
of - ten see me grac - ing Lit - tle meet - ings where there's sport, Where I
sum - mer I de - cid - ed That I'd like to have a dash At re -
- act - ly what is pass - ing in his mind. Once I
told her so, one ev - 'ning, af - ter tea. Yes, I
do a bit of bet - ting on the course. On the
- liev - ing him of what he did - n't need! I was

Ant.
trav - elled, on com - mis - sion, For some Life In - sur-ance firms, And I
asked her ve - ry nice - ly If she'd deign to be my bride, And she
day that "How's Your Fa - ther" Won the Mon - te Car - lo Cup, I had
ab - so - lute-ly sto - ny, So I tel - e - phon'd my friend, And I


Ant.
called up - on a friend of mine, one day, And I
heard me out with pa - tience to the end. I can't
back'd the mare at twen - ty - five to one! Was I
asked him— tho' I felt a tri - fle shy— If he'd

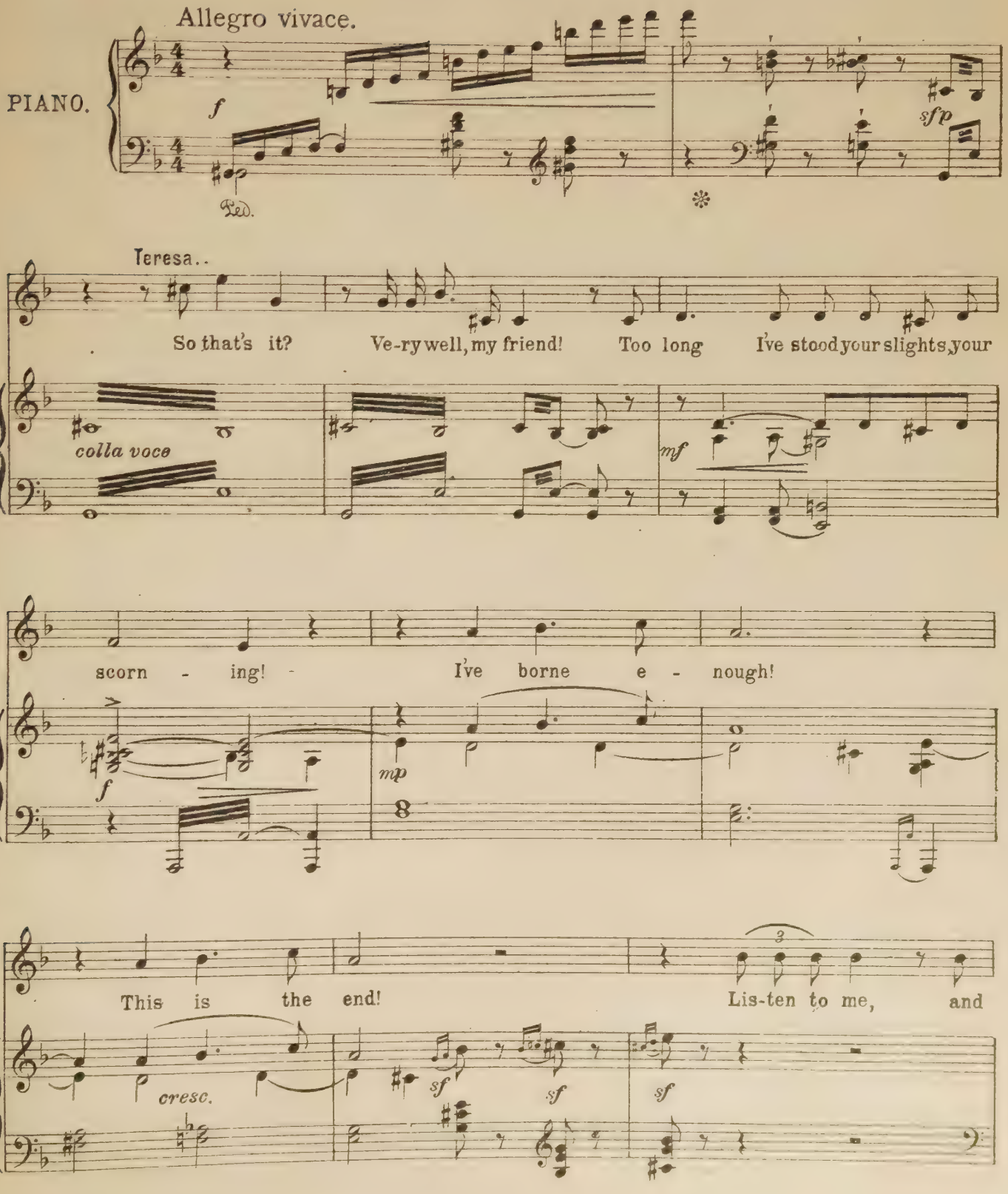

Ant.
gave a dis - qui - si - tion On the val - ue of our terms, And I
re - col - lect pre - cise - ly What it was that she re - plied, But I
pale and ner - vous? Ra - ther! Till they put the "All right!" up, Then I
lend me, say a "po - ny," Just to cov - er the week-end; Then I

Ant.
press'd him to in - sure with - out de - lay! I
know it had a non - com - mit - al trend! She
start - ed for the book - ie with a run! He
anx - ious - ly a - wait - ed his re - ply! He
poco rit.
Ant.
show'd him how 'twould ben - e - fit his heirs, if not him - self; He
did - n't say ex - act - ly that she would - n't be my wife; She
did - n't in so ma - ny words re - pu - di - ate the bet; But he
did - n't quite re - fuse me, or pre - tend he had - n't heard; He
stac.
a tempo
Ant.
mere - ly took a heav - y life - pre - serv - er off the shelf. He
spoke of my ap - pear - ance, of my mor - als and past life. She
seem'd to be sug - gest - ing that we'd nev - er ev - en met! He
sim - ply took his own re - ceiv - er off, with - out a word! He


Ant.
did - n't say he would - n't, and he did - nt say he would, He
did - n't say she would - n't, and she did - nt say she would, But
did - n't say he would - n't pay; he did - nt say he would; But
did - n't say he would - n't lend; he did - nt say he would; But
ten.
Ant.
did - n't have to say a sin - gle word— I un - der -
when she took the muz - zle off the dog— I un - der -
when he asked the clerk to hold his coat— I un - der -
when Ex - change kept shout - ing "Line's en - gaged!"— I un - der -
p
1, 2, 3 & 4.
Ant.
- stood.
- stood.
- stood.
- stood.
mp

No 17. FINALE. ACT II.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON



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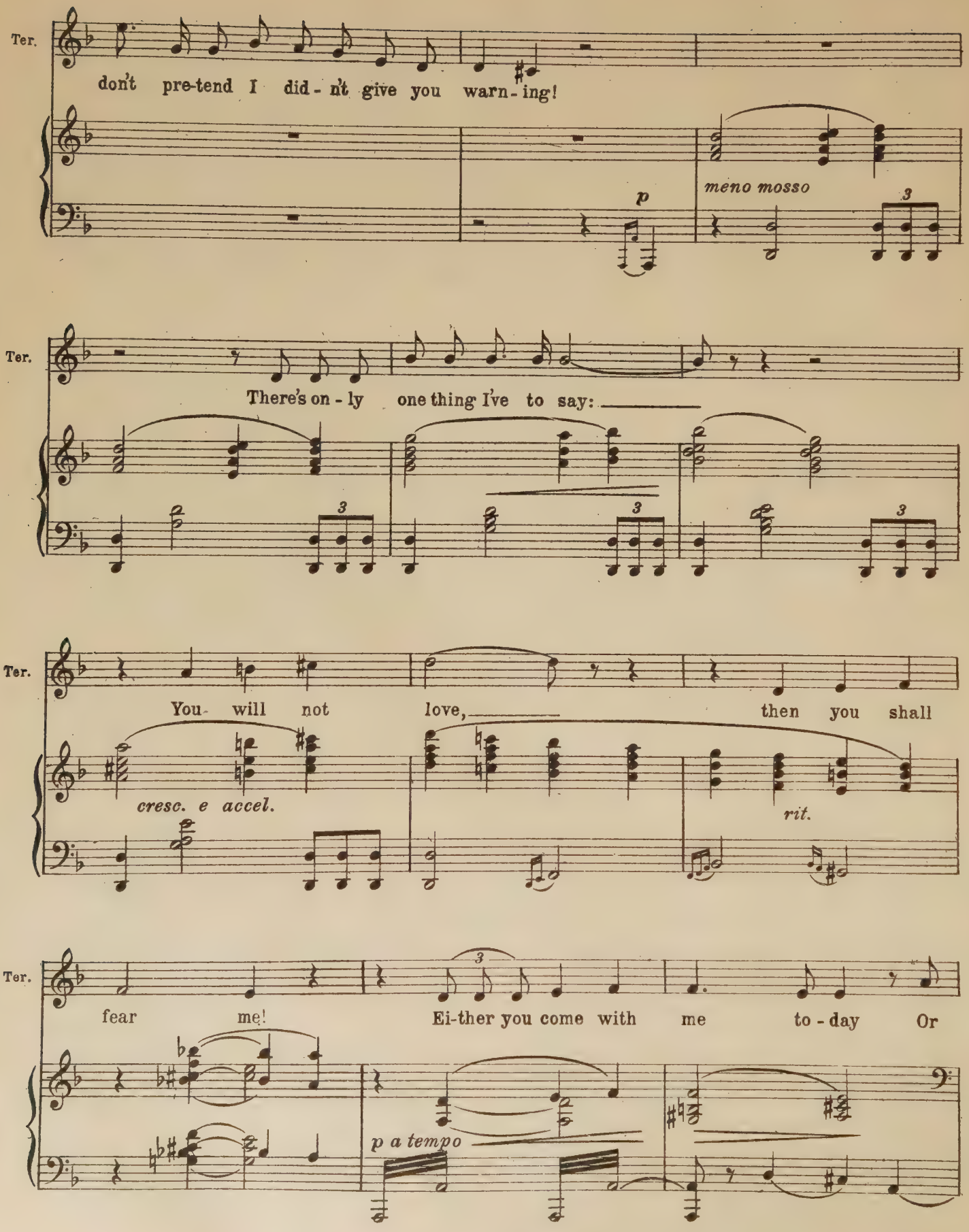
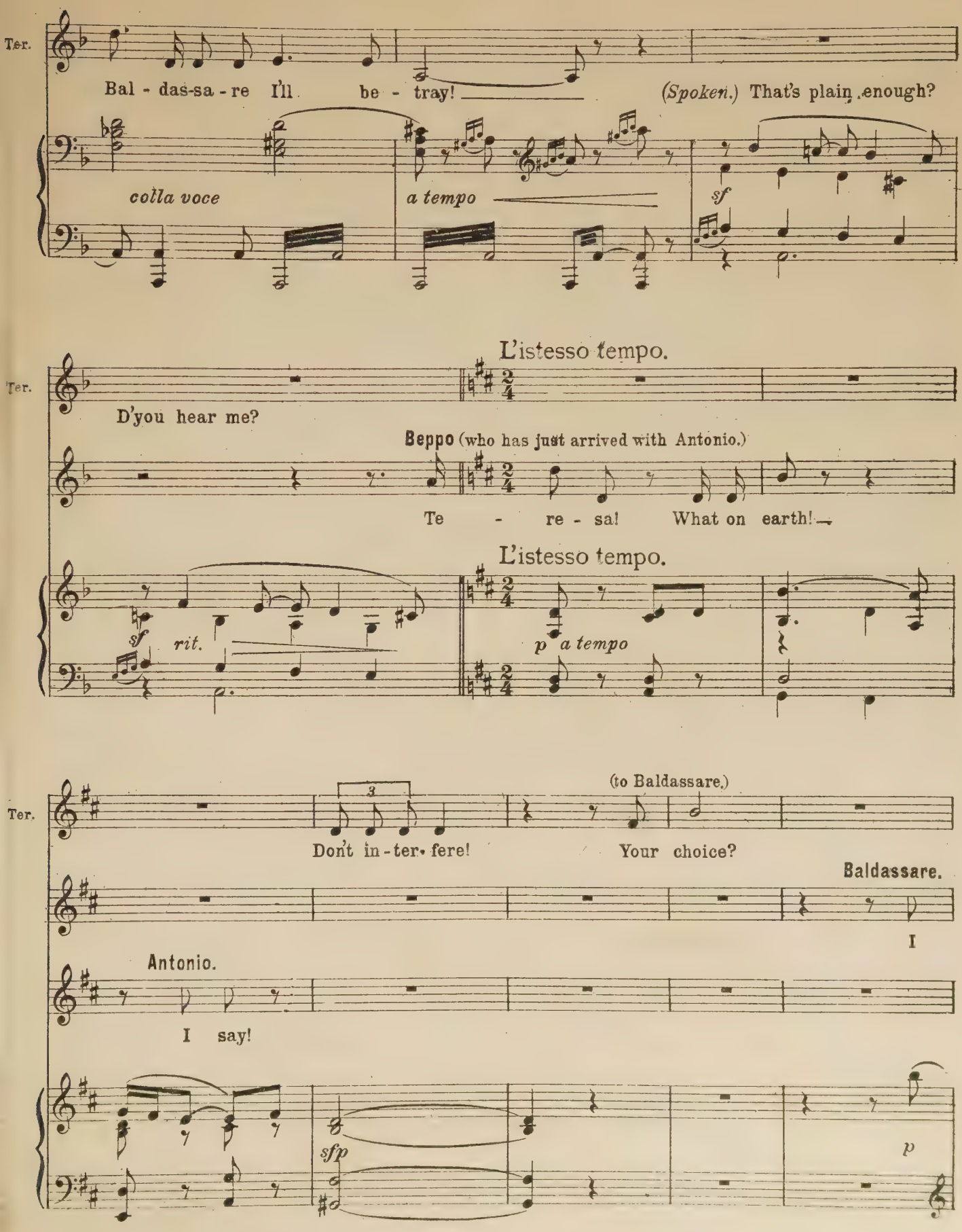
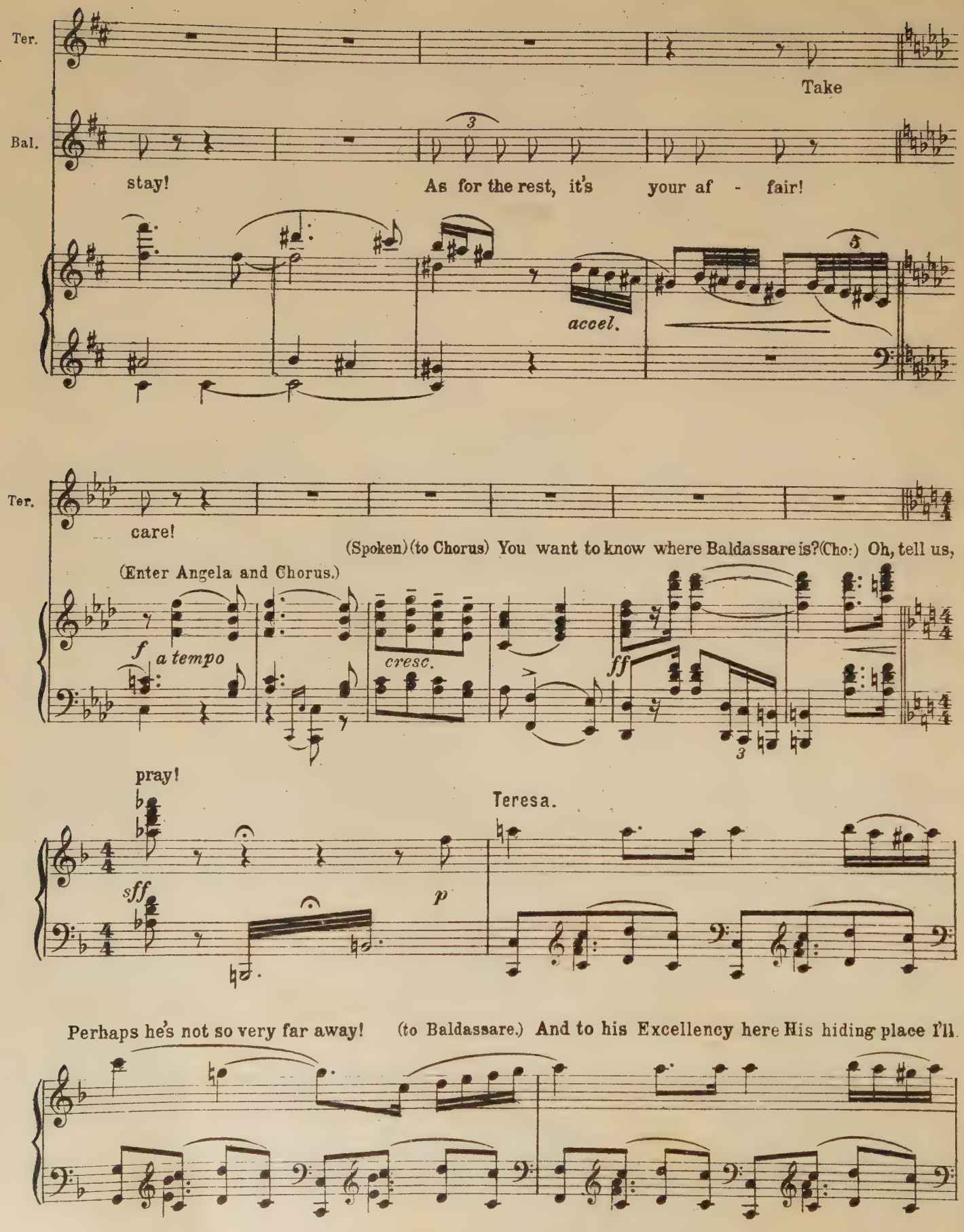

Ter.
don't pre-tend I did - n't give you warn - ing!
p
meno mosso
3
Ter.
There's on - ly one thing I've to say:
3
3
3
Ter.
You will not love, then you shall
cresc. e accel.
rit.
Ter.
3
fear me! Ei-ther you come with me to - day Or
p a tempo


Ter.
Bal - das-sa - re I'll be - tray!
(Spoken.) That's plain enough?
colla voce
a tempo
sf
L'istesso tempo.
Ter.
D'you hear me?
Beppo (who has just arrived with Antonio.)
Te - re - sa! What on earth!
L'istesso tempo.
sf
rit.
p a tempo
Ter.
3
(to Baldassare.)
Don't in-ter-fere!
Your choice?
Baldassare.
I
Antonio.
I say!
sfp
p


Ter.
Take
Bal.
stay!
As for the rest, it's your af - fair!
accel.
Ter.
care!
(Spoken) (to Chorus) You want to know where Baldassare is? (Cho:) Oh, tell us,
(Enter Angela and Chorus.)
f a tempo
cresc.
ff
pray!
Teresa.
sff
p
Perhaps he's not so very far away! (to Baldassare.) And to his Excellency here His hiding place I'll

Bal.

show, If he will be my cavalier And come with me. No!

affret. *cresc.*

Ter. (aside to Bal.) **Bal.** (aside, looking at Ang.) **Ter.** (fiercely aside to Bal.)

No! You must! I cannot go! Think twice ere you refuse! Do you pre-

a tempo

Bal. (aside to Ter.) **Ter.** (with passion.)

- fer your liberty to lose? I will not stir! Then for the last time, choose

p cresc.

'twixt me and her!

sf *p*

Tempo di Valse, molto lento.

Beppo (aside to Ter.)

Te - re - sa! come what may,

p

Bep. *I* trust you still!

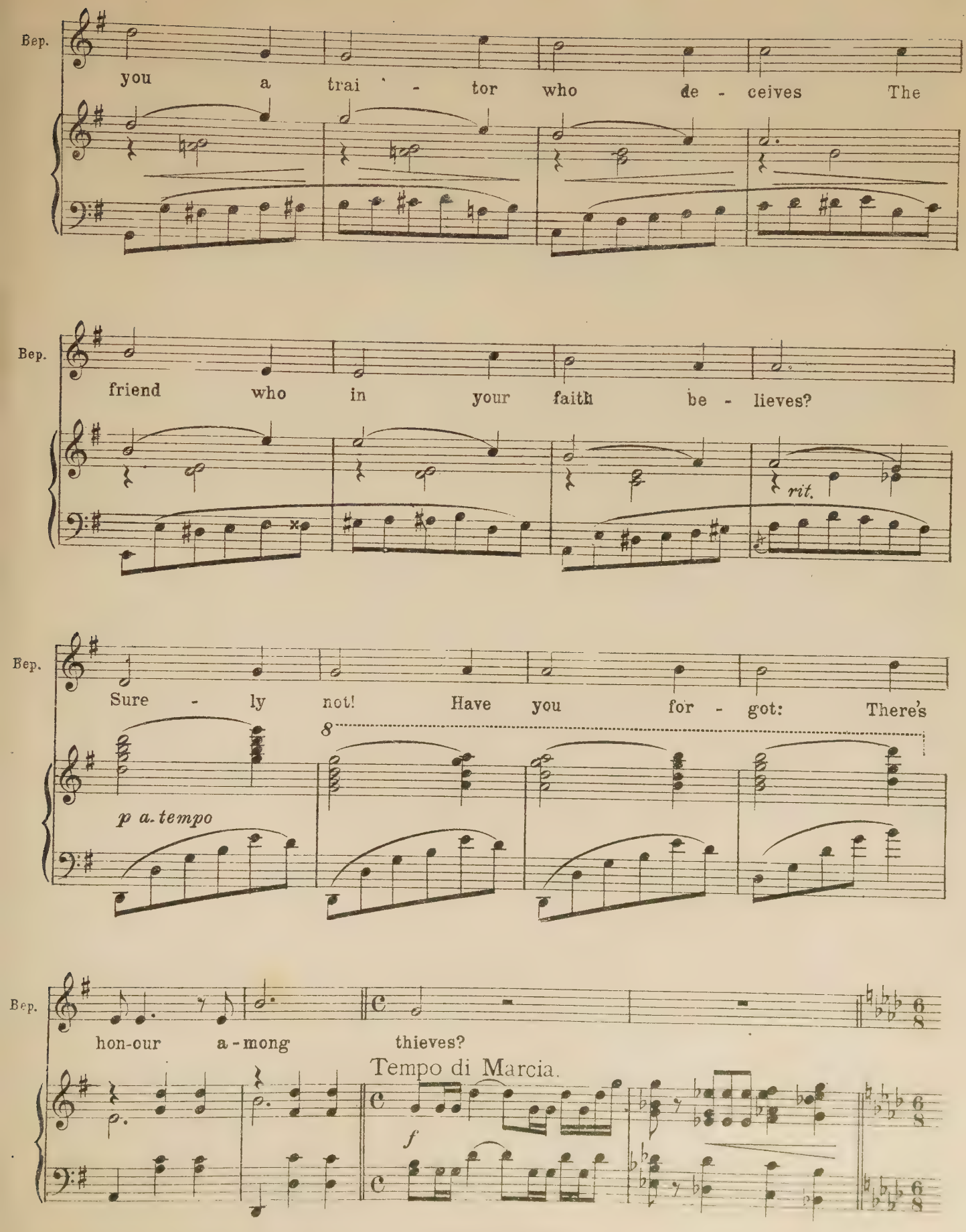
Bep. Your chief you'll not be - tray?

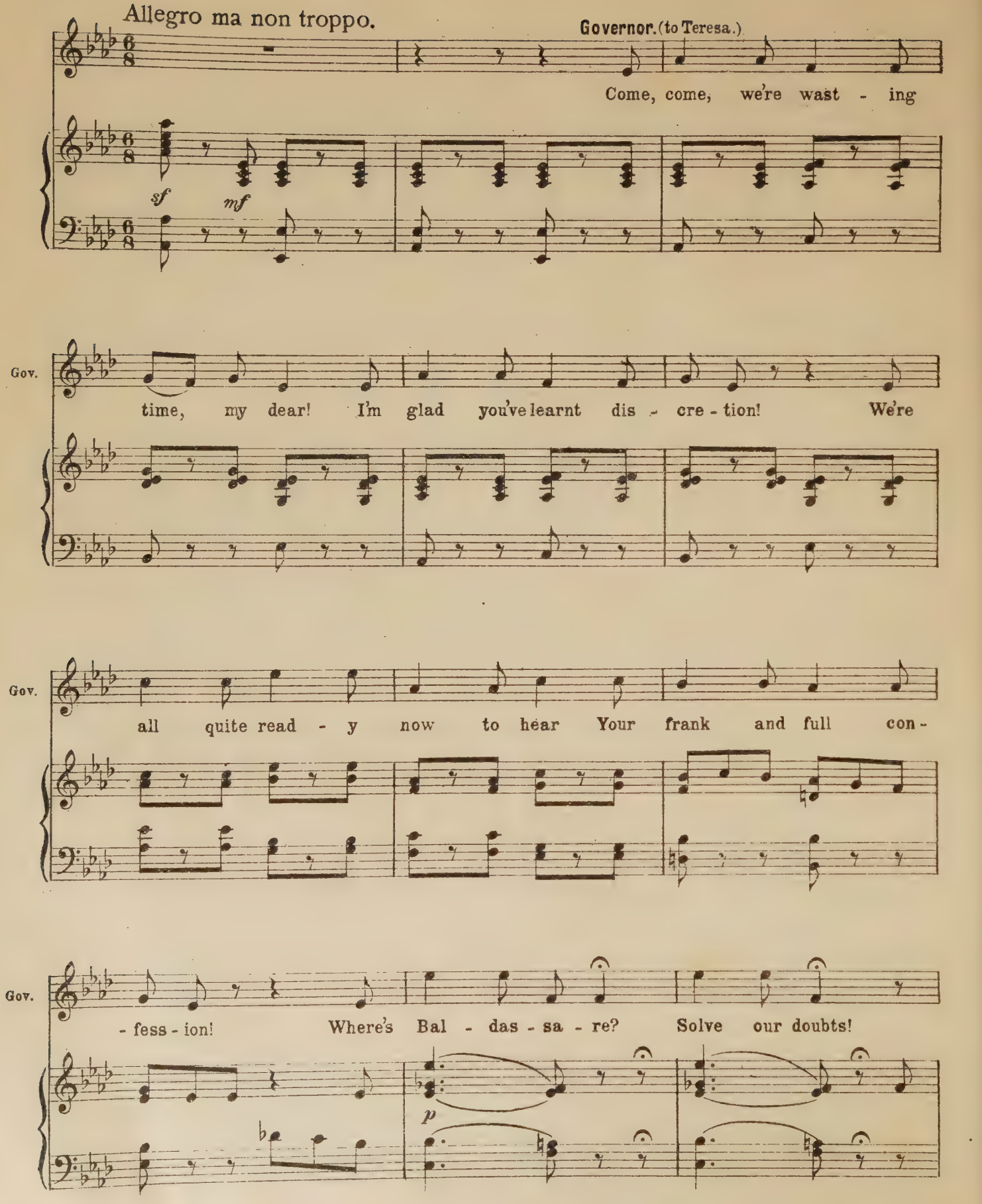
cresc.

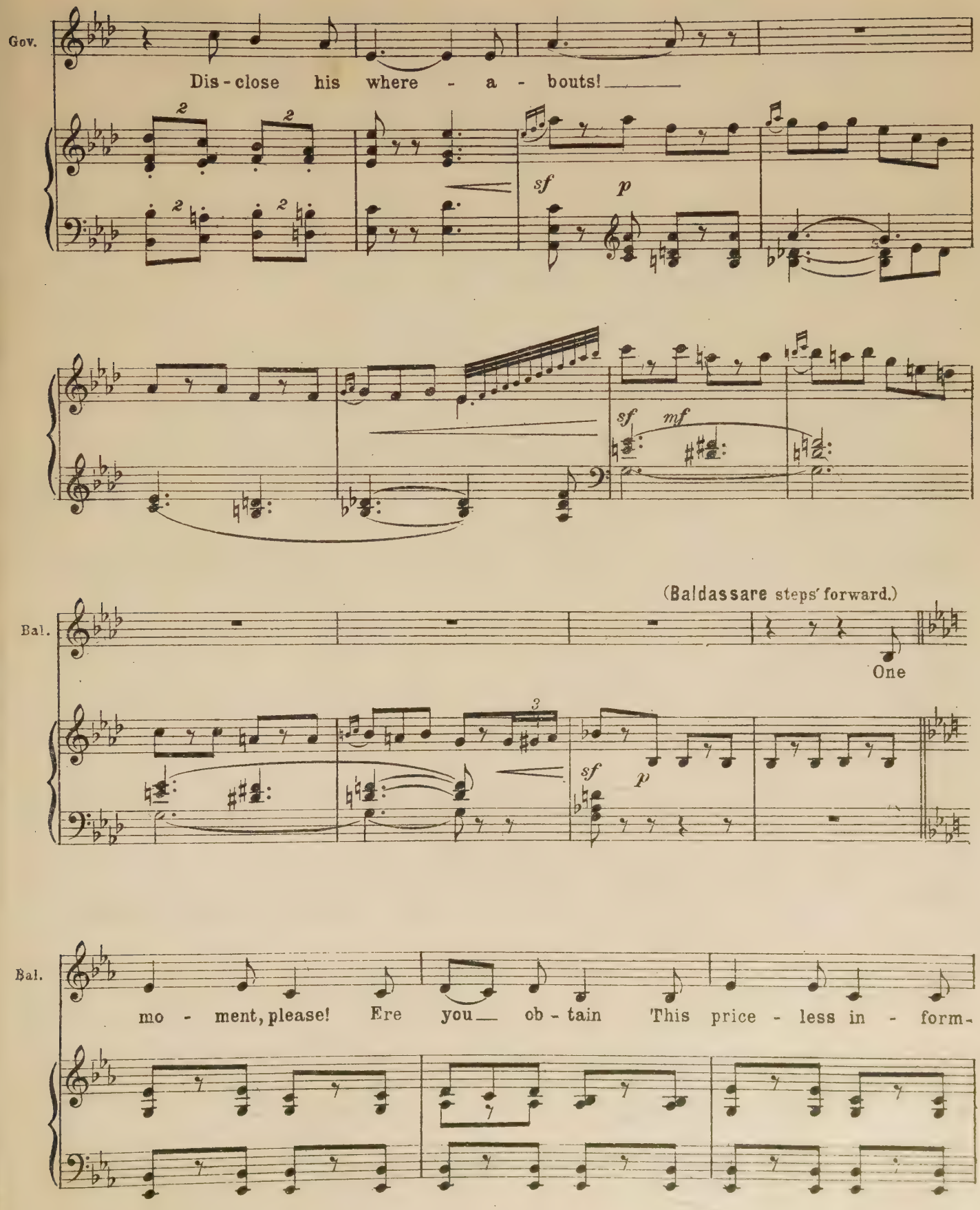
Teresa (looking at Bal. and Ang.)

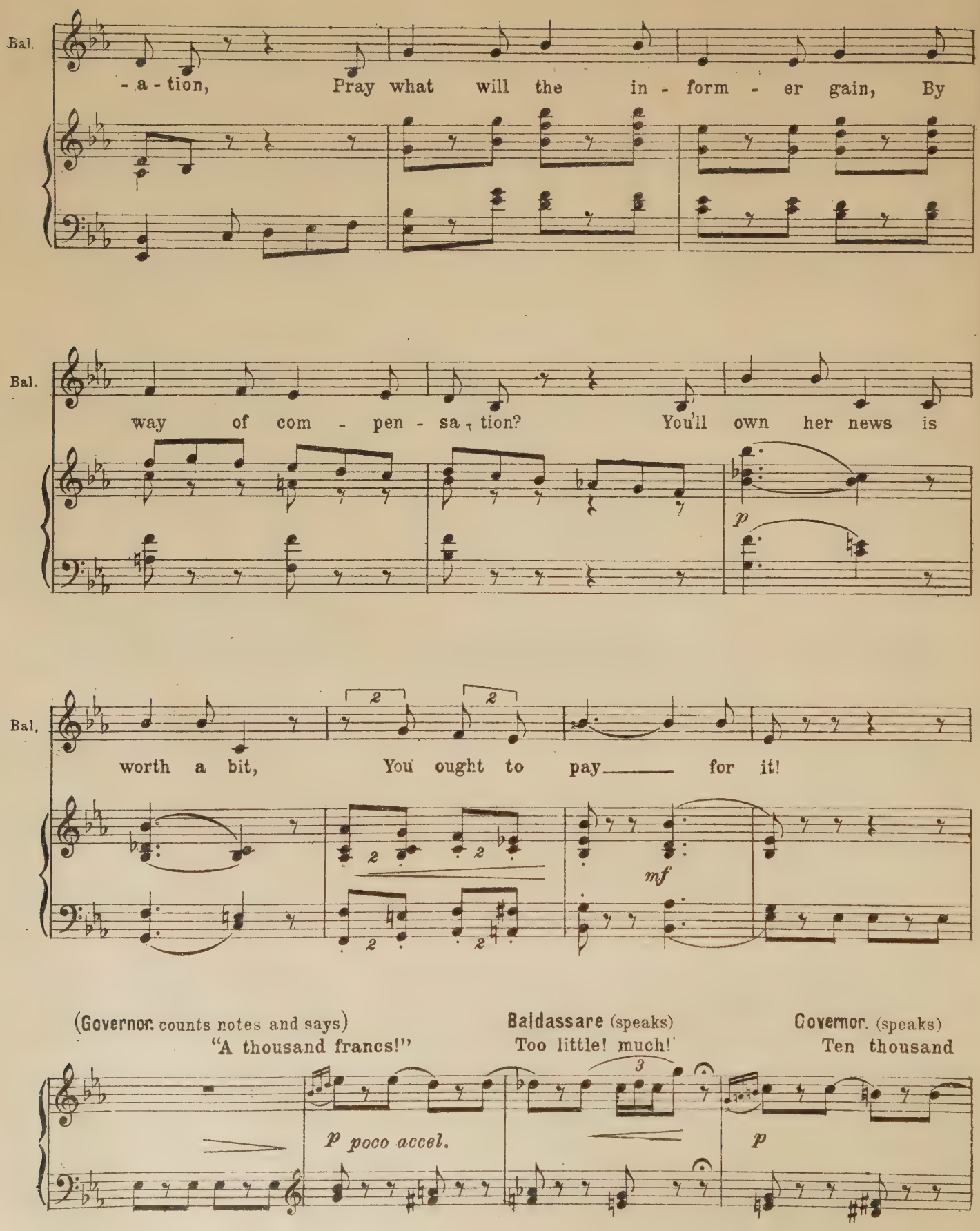
I will!

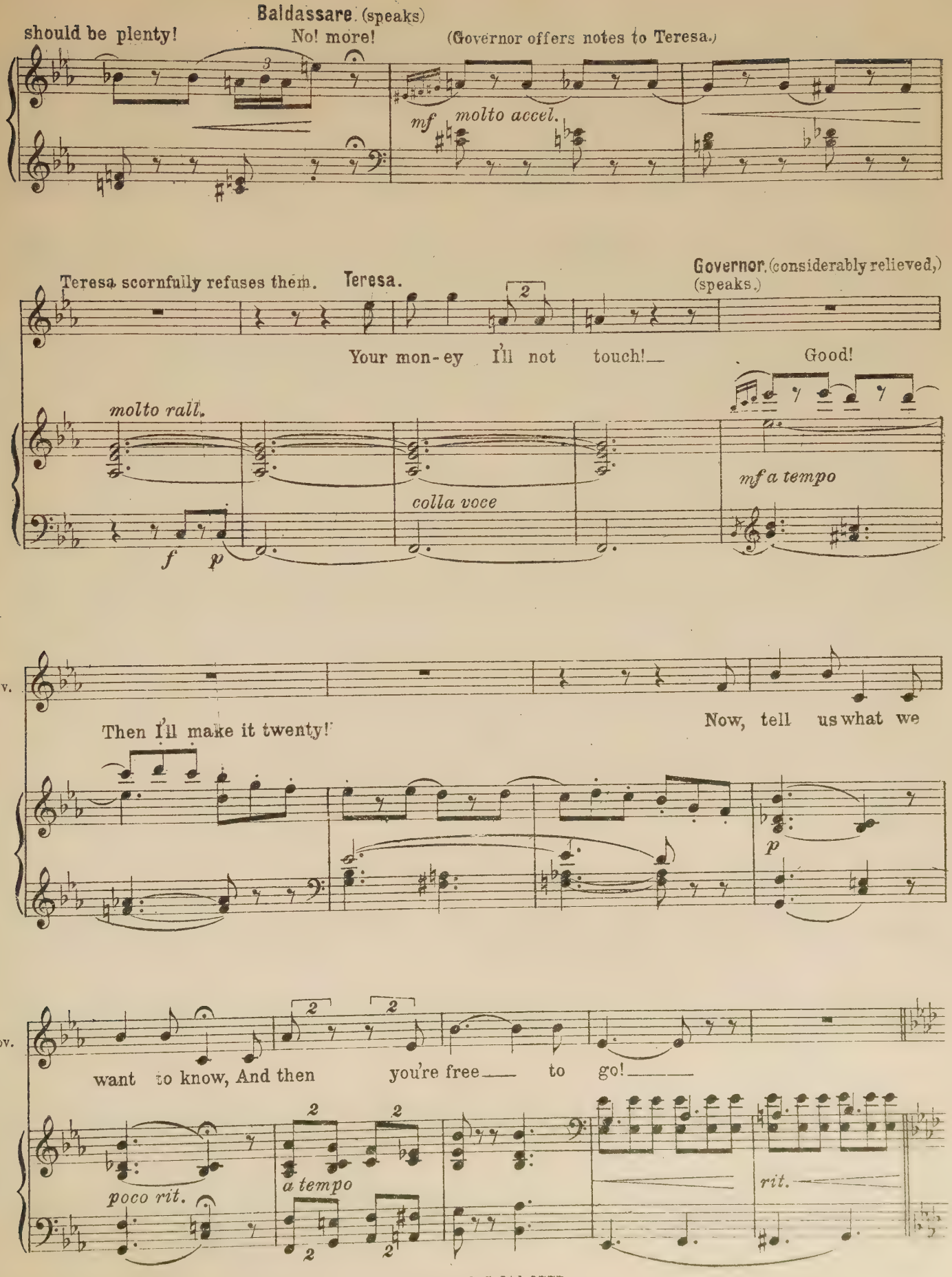
Bep. Are

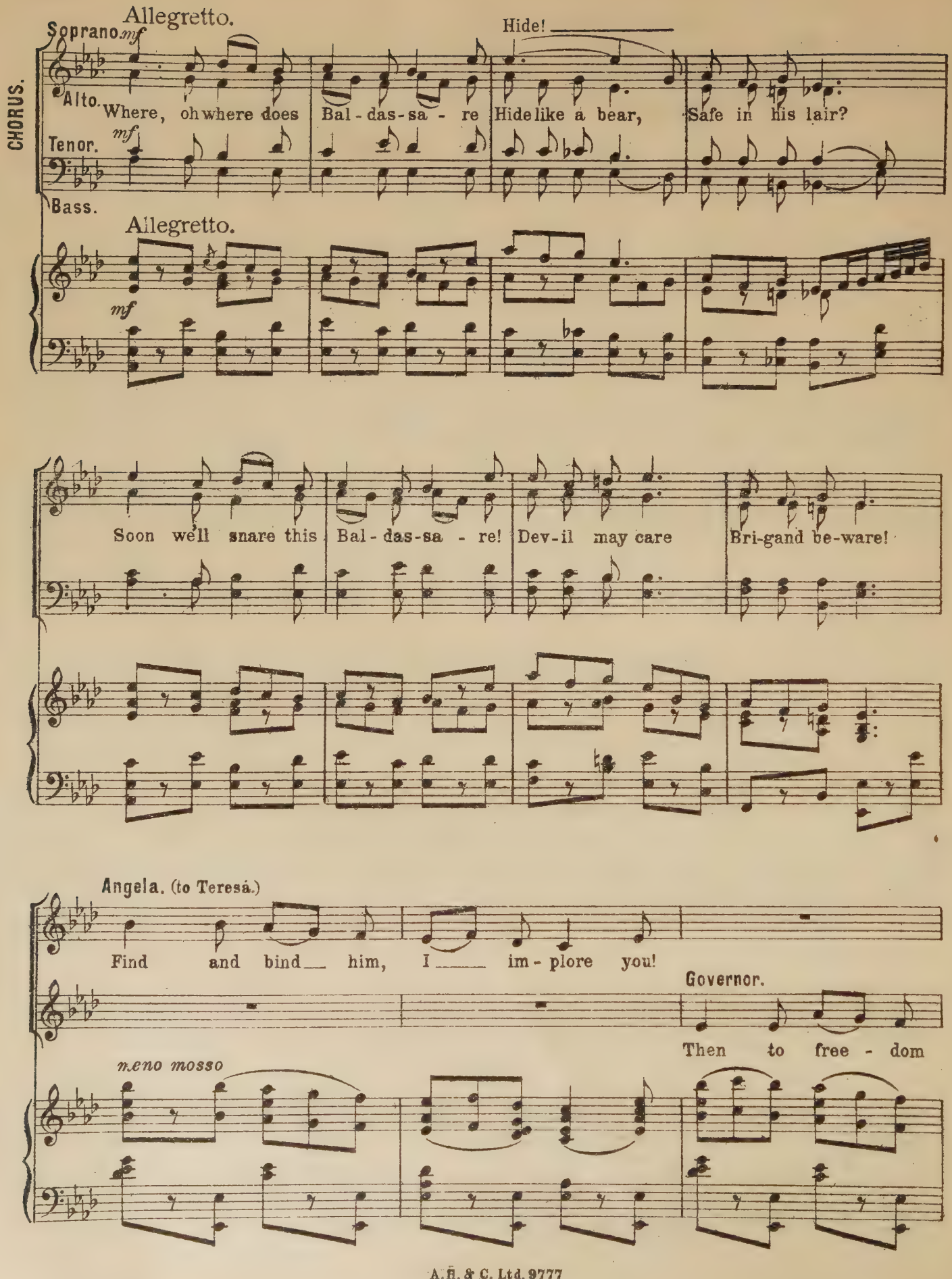

Bep.
you a trai - tor who de - ceives The
Bep.
friend who in your faith be - lieves?
rit.
Bep.
Sure - ly not! Have you for - got: There's
8
p a tempo
Bep.
hon-our a-mong thieves?
Tempo di Marcia.
f

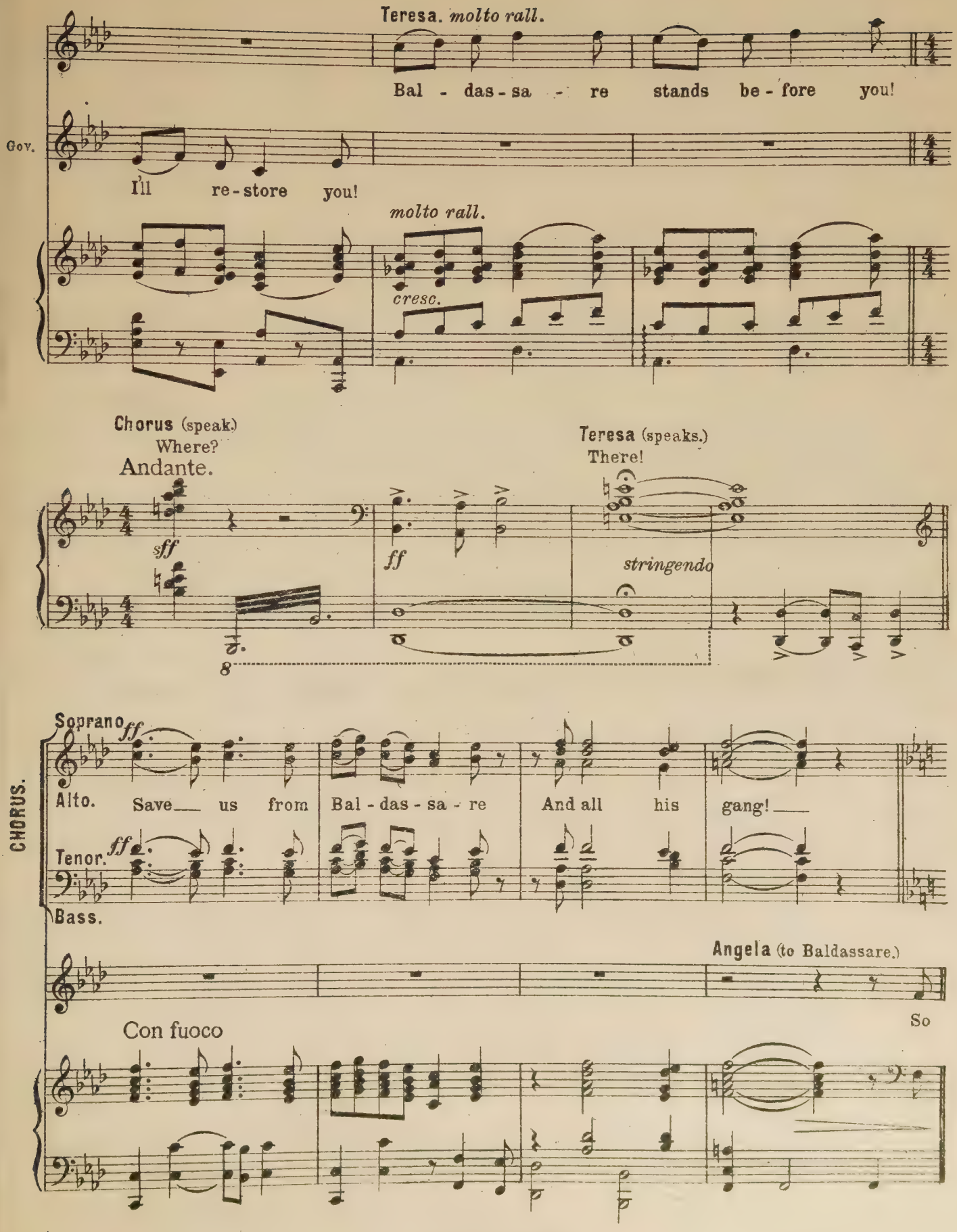

Allegro ma non troppo.
Governor. (to Teresa.)
Come, come, we're wast - ing
sf
mf
Gov.
time, my dear! I'm glad you've learnt dis - cre - tion! We're
Gov.
all quite read - y now to hear Your frank and full con -
Gov.
- fess - ion! Where's Bal - das - sa - re? Solve our doubts!
p

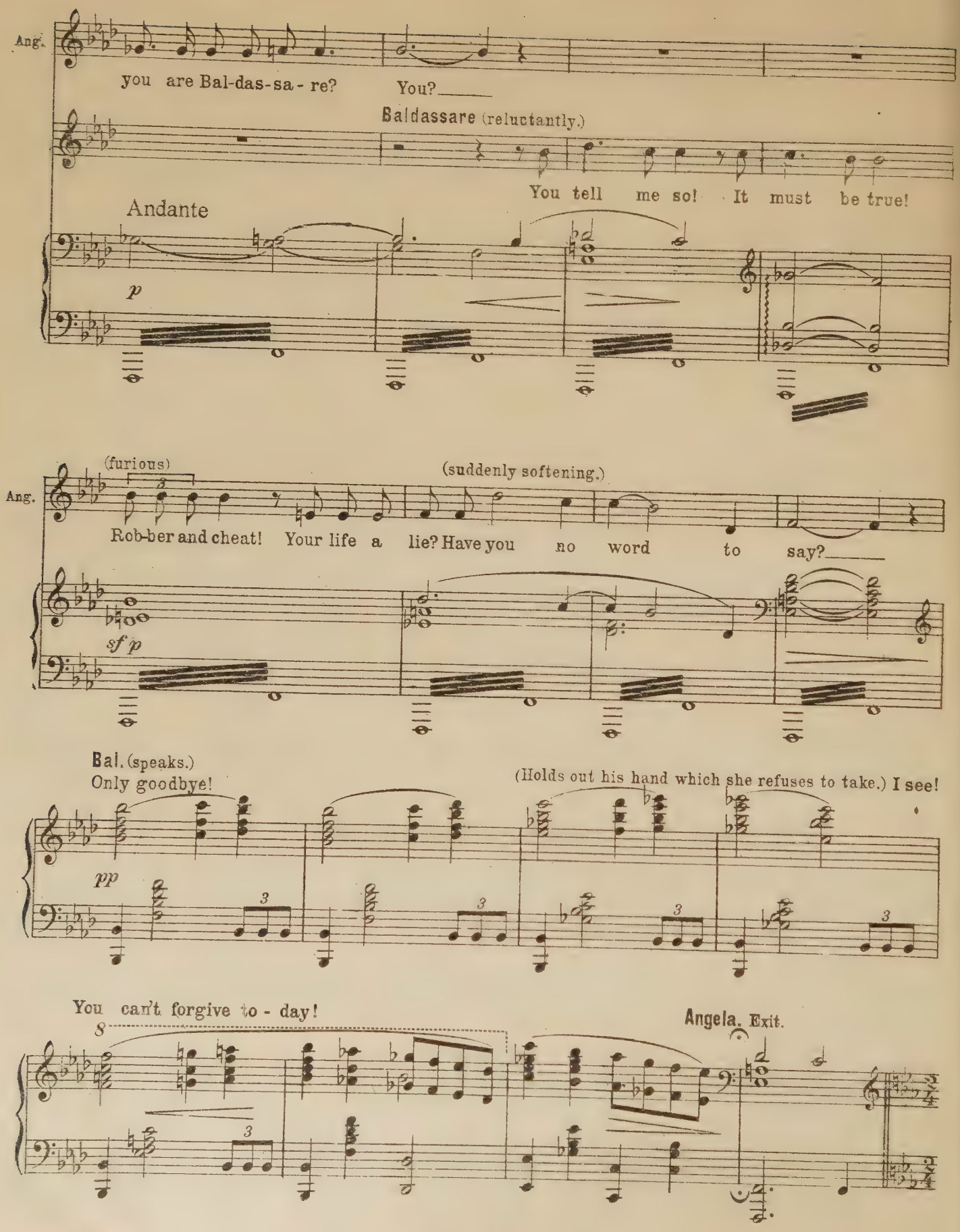

Gov.
Dis - close his where - a - bouts!
sf
p
sf
mf
(Baldassare steps forward.)
Bal.
One
sf
p
Bal.
mo - ment, please! Ere you ob - tain This price - less in - form-

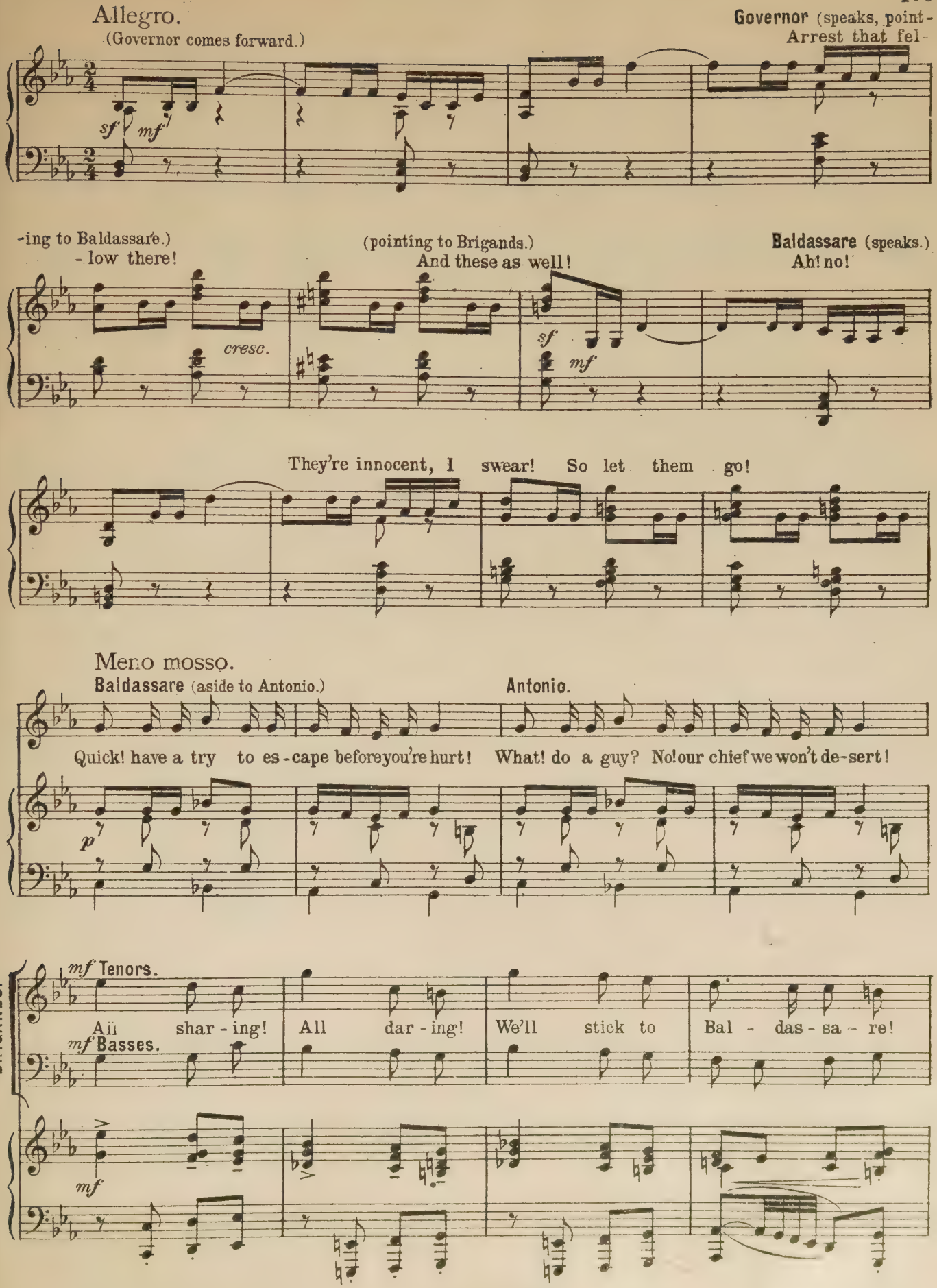

Bal.
- a - tion, Pray what will the in - form - er gain, By
Bal.
way of com - pen - sa - tion? You'll own her news is
p
Bal.
worth a bit, You ought to pay for it!
mf
(Governor. counts notes and says)
"A thousand francs!"
Baldassare (speaks)
Too little! much!
Governor. (speaks)
Ten thousand
p poco accel.
p

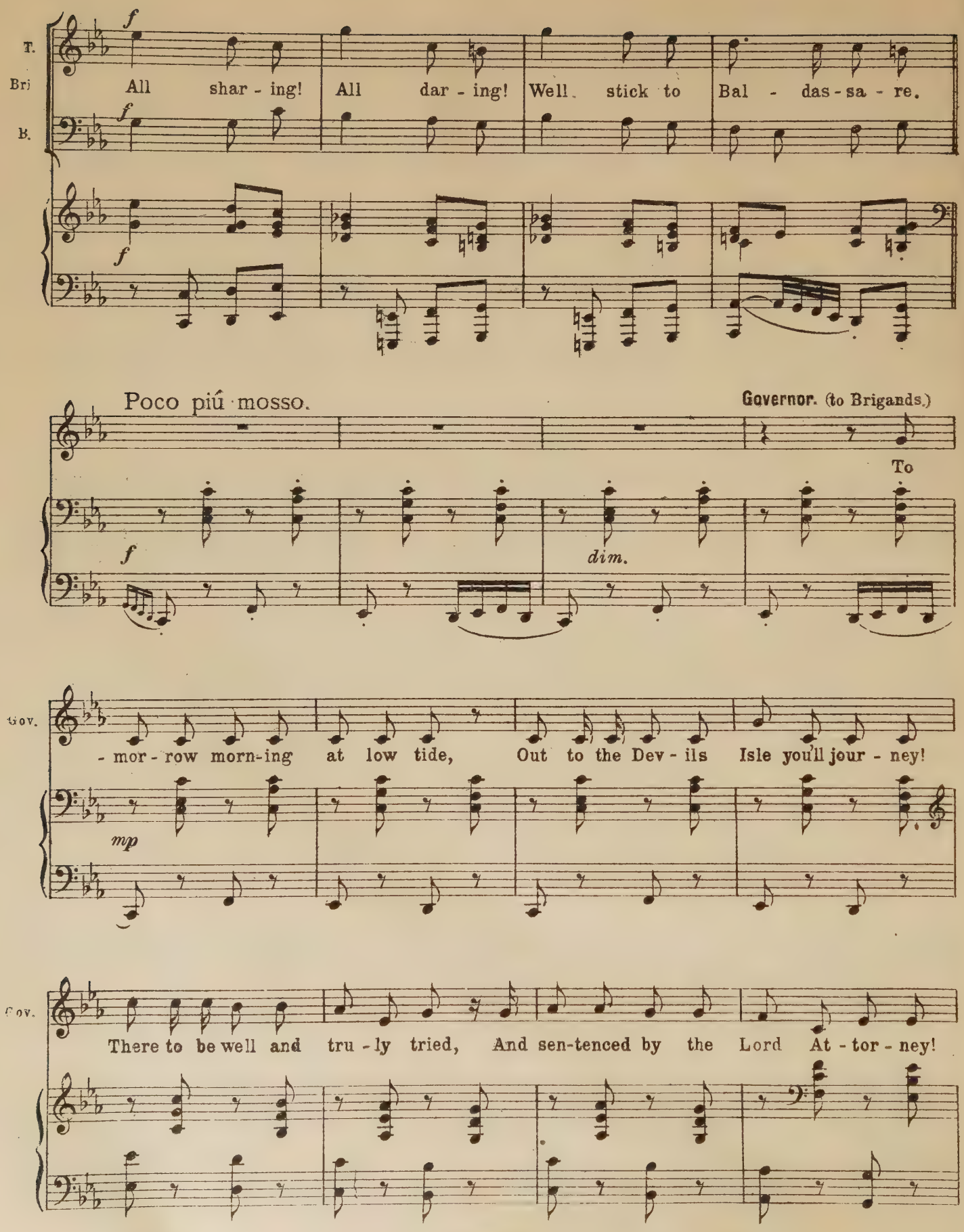

should be plenty!
Baldassare. (speaks)
No! more!
(Governor offers notes to Teresa.)
mf molto accel.
Teresa scornfully refuses them.
Teresa.
Governor. (considerably relieved,) (speaks.)
Your mon-ey I'll not touch!
Good!
molto rall.
colla voce
mf a tempo
f p
Gov.
Then I'll make it twenty!
Now, tell us what we
p
Gov.
want to know, And then you're free to go!
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.

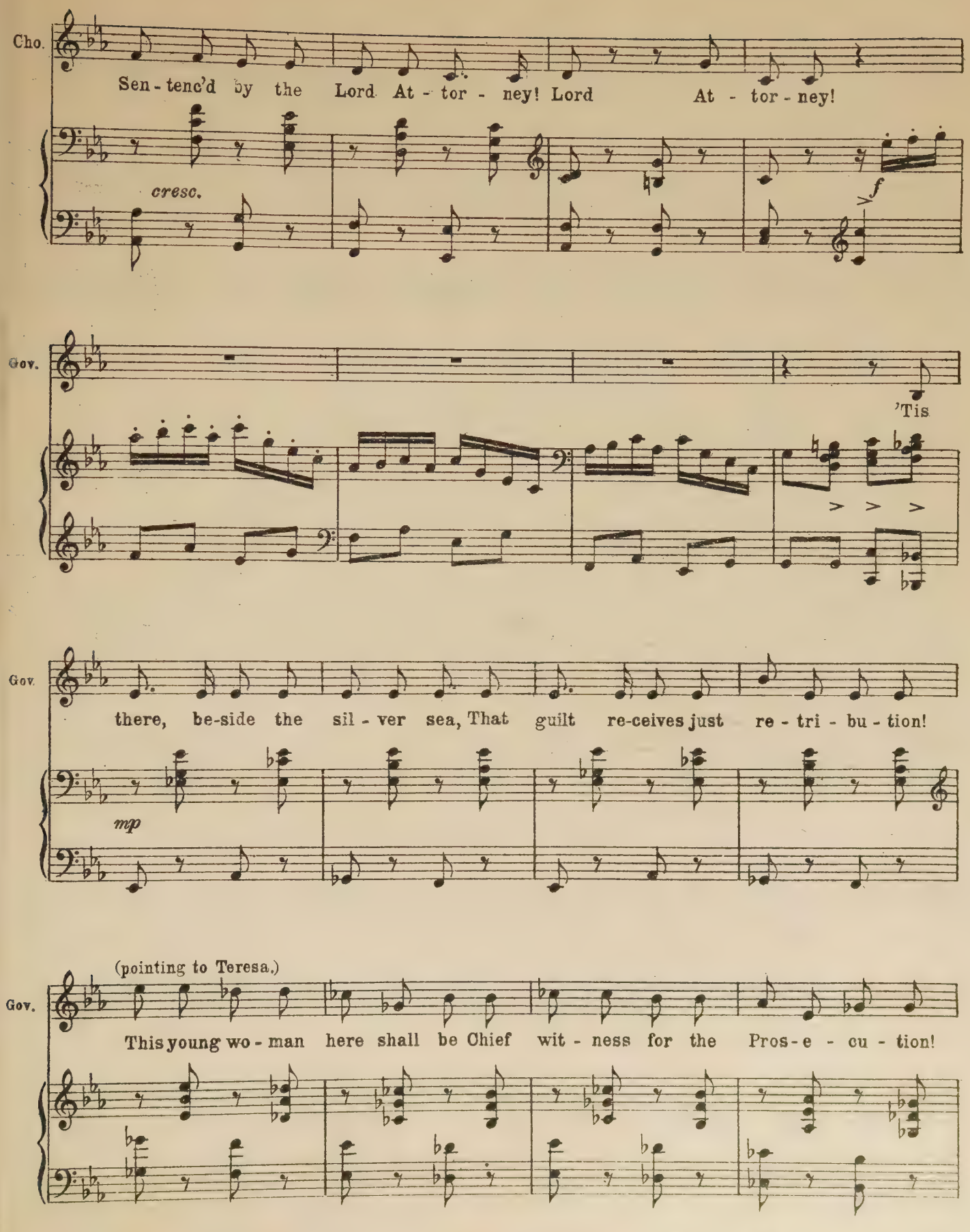

Allegretto.
Soprano.
mf
Hide!
CHORUS.
Alto.
Where, oh where does Bal - das-sa - re Hide like a bear, Safe in his lair?
Tenor.
mf
Bass.
Allegretto.
mf
Soon we'll snare this Bal - das-sa - re! Dev-il may care Bri-gand be-ware!
Angela. (to Teresa.)
Find and bind him, I im - plore you!
Governor.
Then to free - dom
meno mosso

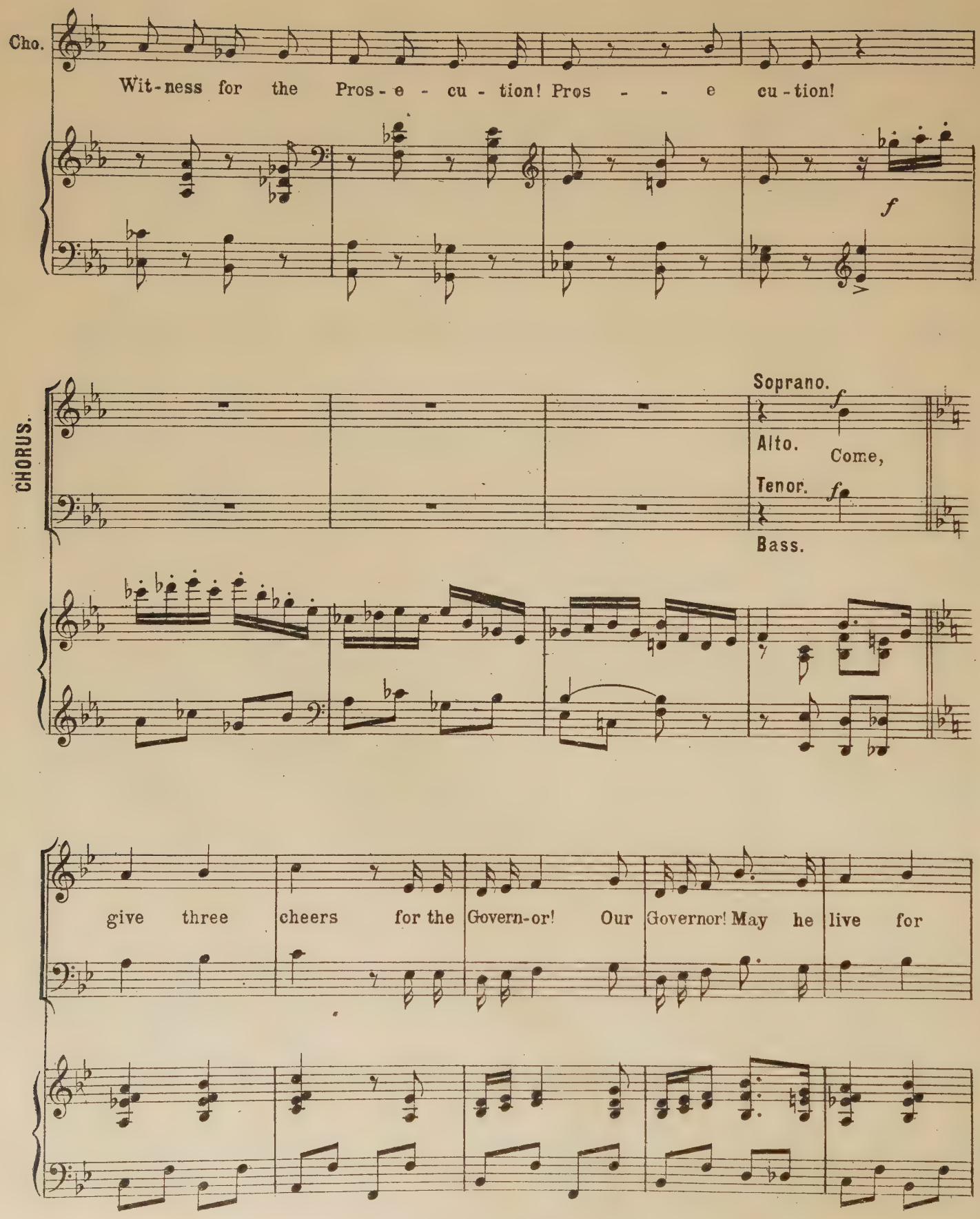

Teresa. molto rall.
Bal - das - sa - re stands be - fore you!
Gov.
I'll re - store you!
molto rall.
cresc.
Chorus (speak.)
Where?
Andante.
sff
ff
Teresa (speaks.)
There!
stringendo
8
CHORUS.
Soprano
ff
Alto.
Save us from Bal - das - sa - re And all his gang!
Tenor.
ff
Bass.
Angela (to Baldassare.)
So
Con fuoco

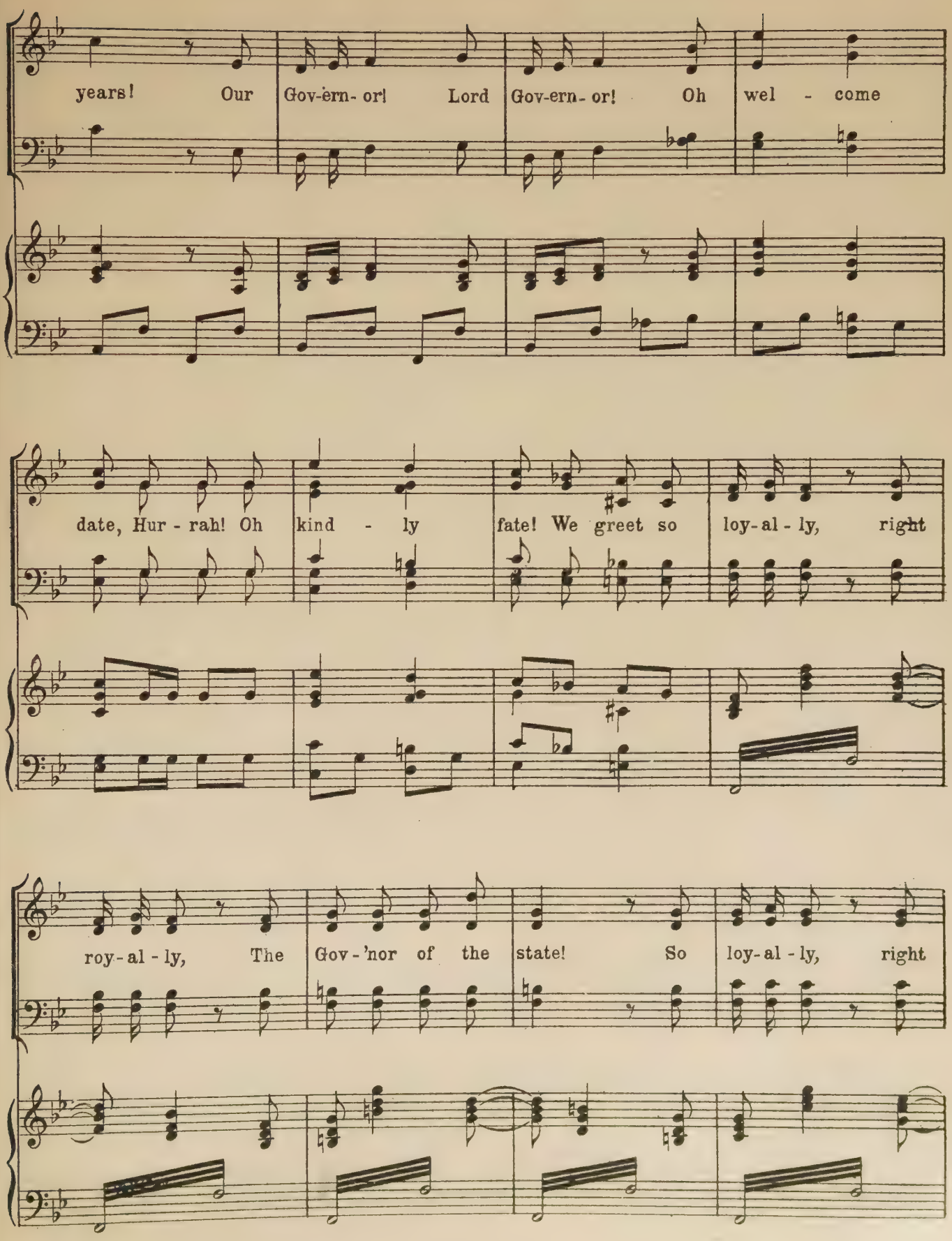

Ang.
you are Bal-das-sa-re?
You?
Baldassare (reluctantly.)
You tell me so! It must be true!
Andante
p
(furious)
(suddenly softening.)
Ang.
Rob-ber and cheat! Your life a lie? Have you no word to say?
sf p
Bal. (speaks.)
Only goodbye!
(Holds out his hand which she refuses to take.) I see!
pp
You can't forgive to-day!
Angela. Exit.

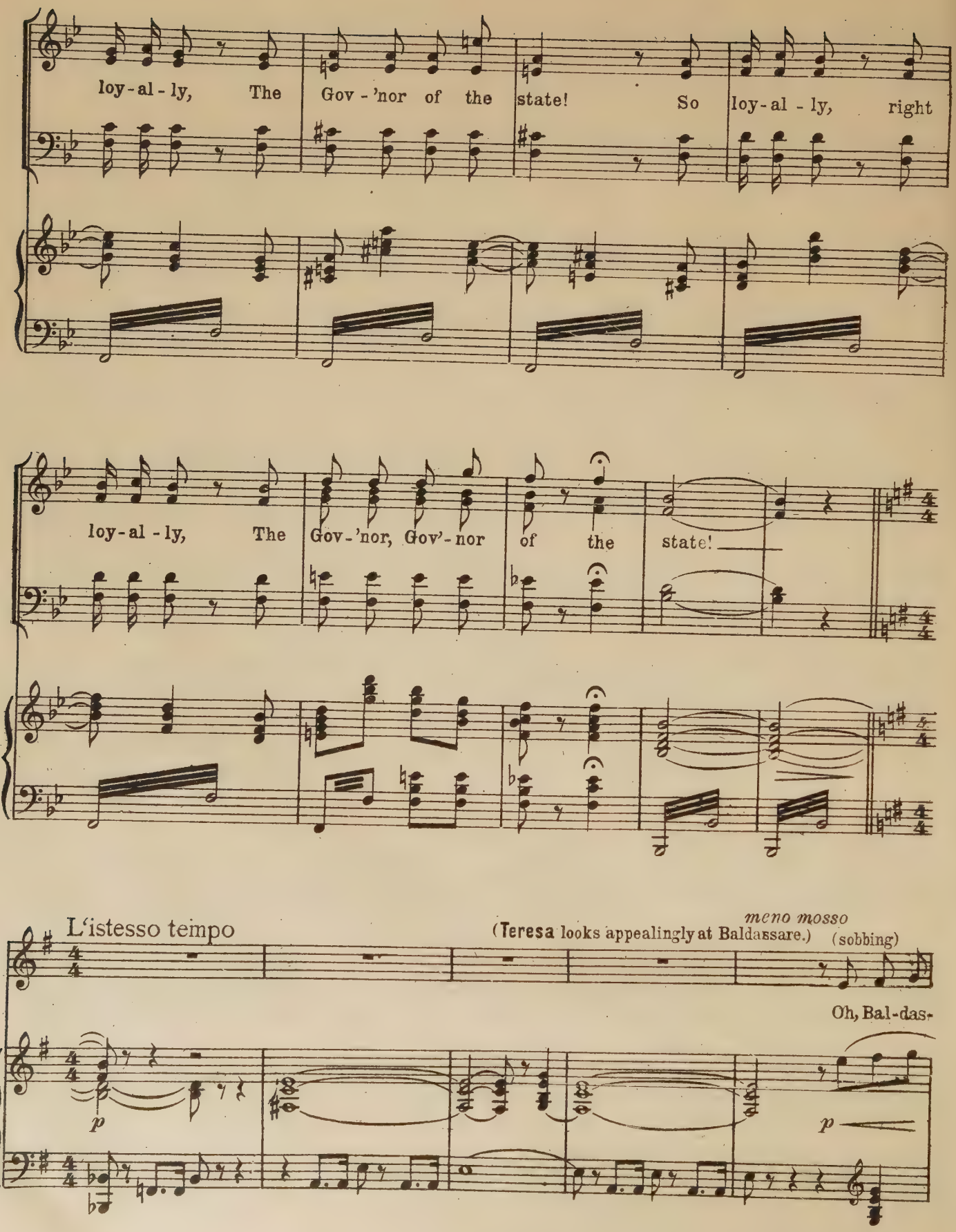

Allegro.
(Governor comes forward.)
Governor (speaks, point-
Arrest that fel-
sf
mf
-ing to Baldassare.)
- low there!
(pointing to Brigands.)
And these as well!
Baldassare (speaks.)
Ah! no!
cresc.
sf
mf
They're innocent, I swear! So let them go!
Meno mosso.
Baldassare (aside to Antonio.)
Antonio.
Quick! have a try to es-cape before you're hurt! What! do a guy? No! our chief we won't de-sert!
p
BRIGANDS.
mf Tenors.
All shar-ing! All dar-ing! We'll stick to Bal-das-sa-re!
mf Basses.
mf

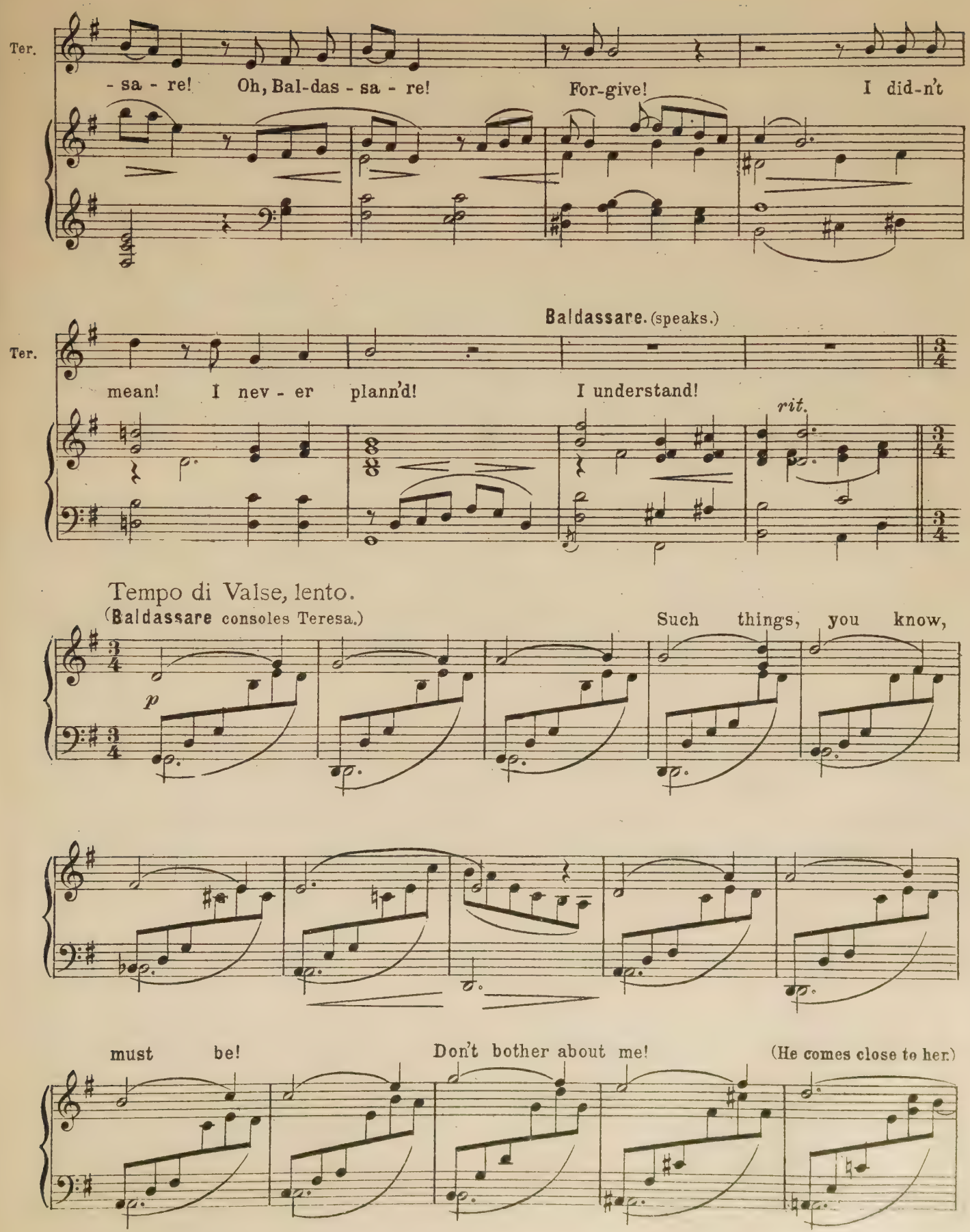

T.
Bri
B.
All shar - ing! All dar - ing! Well stick to Bal - das - sa - re.
Poco più mosso.
Governor. (to Brigands.)
To
dim.
Gov.
- mor - row morn-ing at low tide, Out to the Dev - ils Isle you'll jour - ney!
mp
Gov.
There to be well and tru - ly tried, And sen-tenced by the Lord At - tor - ney!

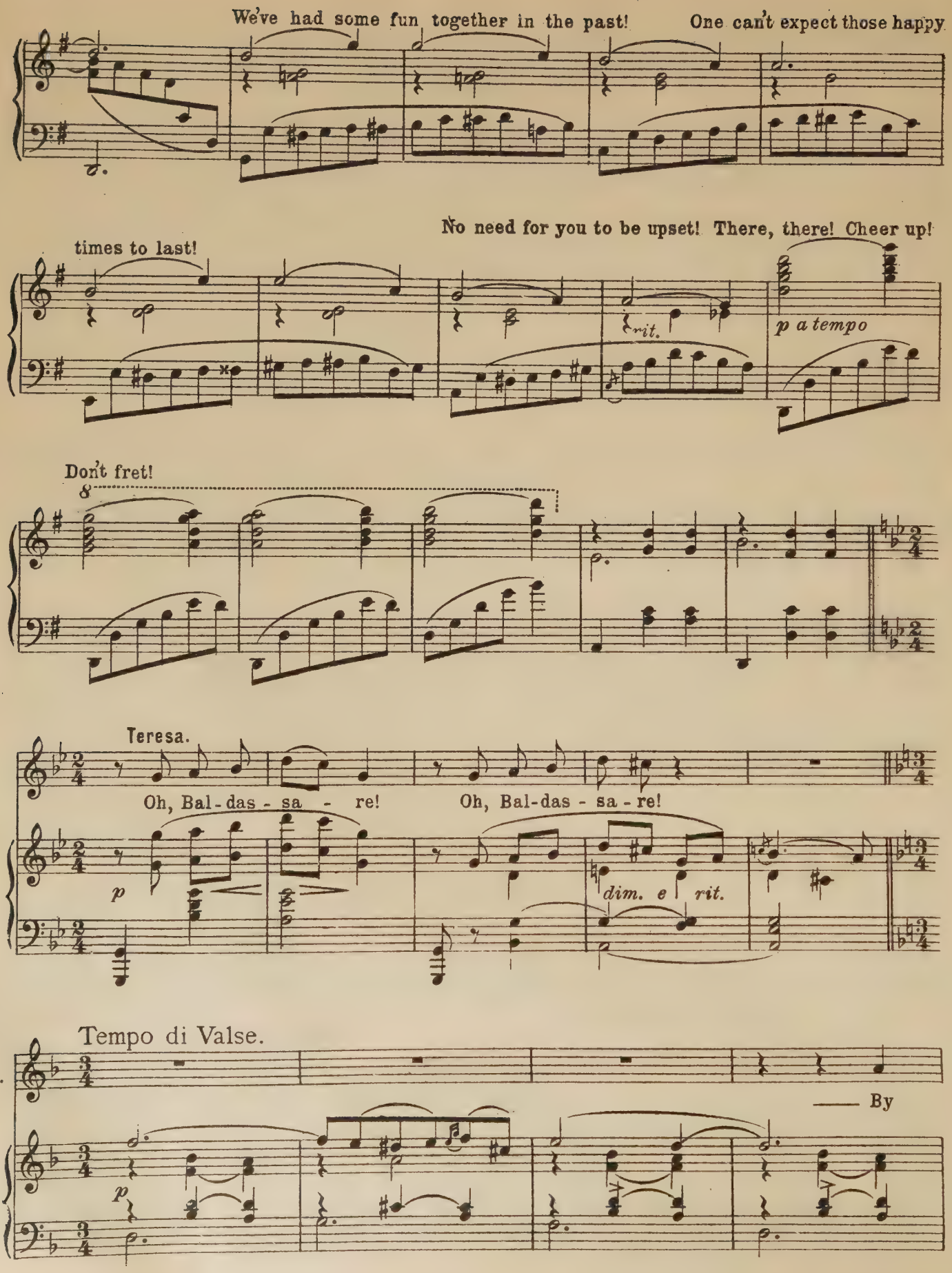

Cho.
Sen - tenc'd by the Lord At - tor - ney! Lord At - tor - ney!
cresc.
f
Gov.
'Tis
Gov.
there, be-side the sil - ver sea, That guilt re-ceives just re - tri - bu - tion!
mp
(pointing to Teresa.)
Gov.
This young wo - man here shall be Chief wit - ness for the Pros - e - cu - tion!

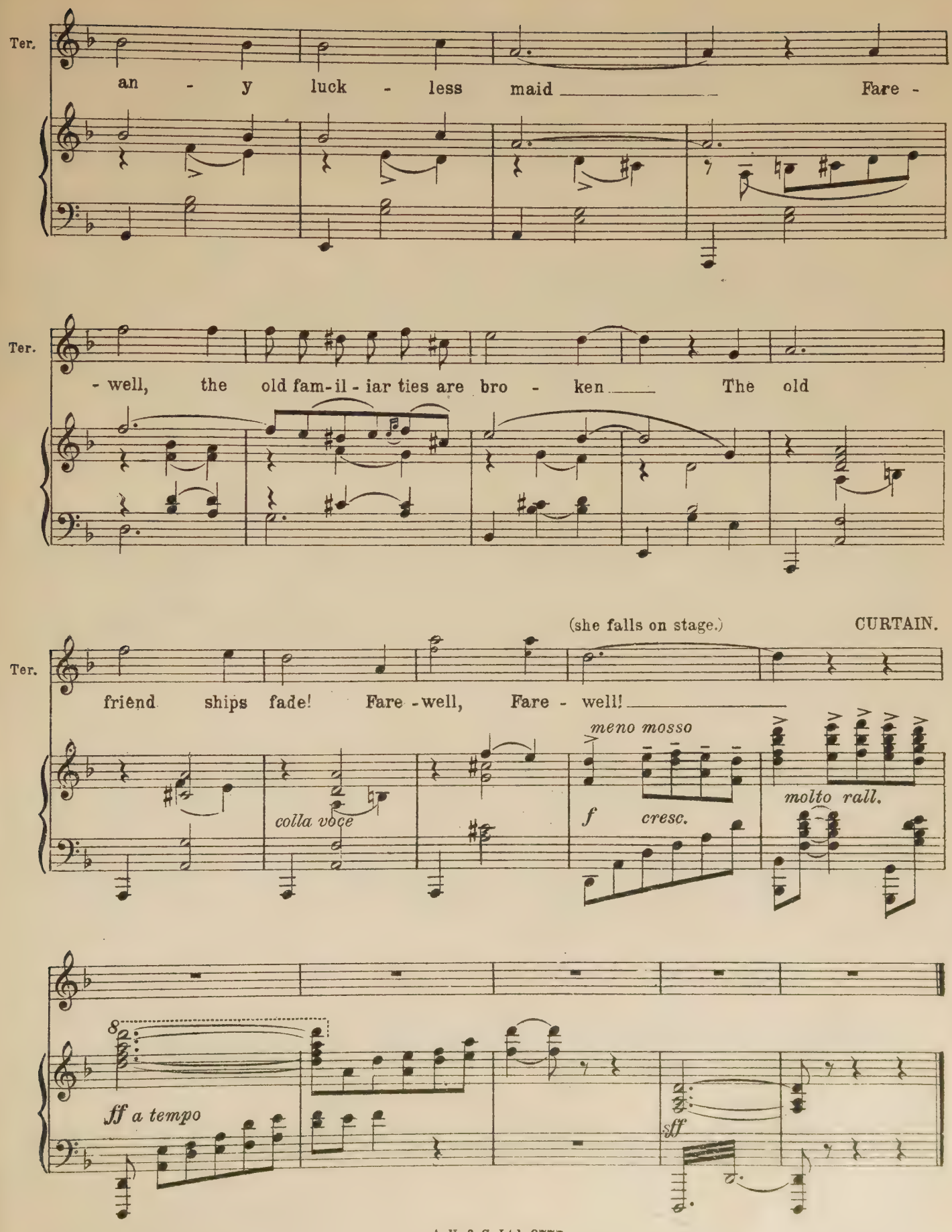

Cho.
Wit-ness for the Pros-e - cu - tion! Pros - - e cu-tion!
f
CHORUS.
Soprano.
f
Alto.
Come,
Tenor.
f
Bass.
give three cheers for the Govern-or! Our Governor! May he live for


years! Our Gov-ern-or! Lord Gov-ern-or! Oh wel - come
date, Hur - rah! Oh kind - ly fate! We greet so loy-al - ly, right
roy-al - ly, The Gov-'nor of the state! So loy-al - ly, right


loy-al-ly, The Gov-'nor of the state! So loy-al-ly, right
loy-al-ly, The Gov-'nor, Gov'-nor of the state!
L'istesso tempo
meno mosso
(Teresa looks appealingly at Baldassare.)
(sobbing)
Oh, Bal-das-
p
p


Ter.
- sa - re! Oh, Bal-das - sa - re!
For-give!
I did-n't
Ter.
Baldassare. (speaks.)
mean! I nev - er plann'd!
I understand!
rit.
Tempo di Valse, lento.
(Baldassare consoles Teresa.)
p
Such things, you know,
must be!
Don't bother about me!
(He comes close to her.)


We've had some fun together in the past!
One can't expect those happy
times to last!
No need for you to be upset! There, there! Cheer up!
rit.
p a tempo
Don't fret!
8
Teresa.
Oh, Bal-das-sa-re!
Oh, Bal-das-sa-re!
p
dim. e rit.
Tempo di Valse.
Ter.
By
p


Ter.
an - y luck - less maid Fare -
Ter.
- well, the old fam-il - iar ties are bro - ken The old
(she falls on stage.)
CURTAIN.
Ter.
friend ships fade! Fare - well, Fare - well!
colla voce
meno mosso
f cresc.
molto rall.
ff a tempo
sff

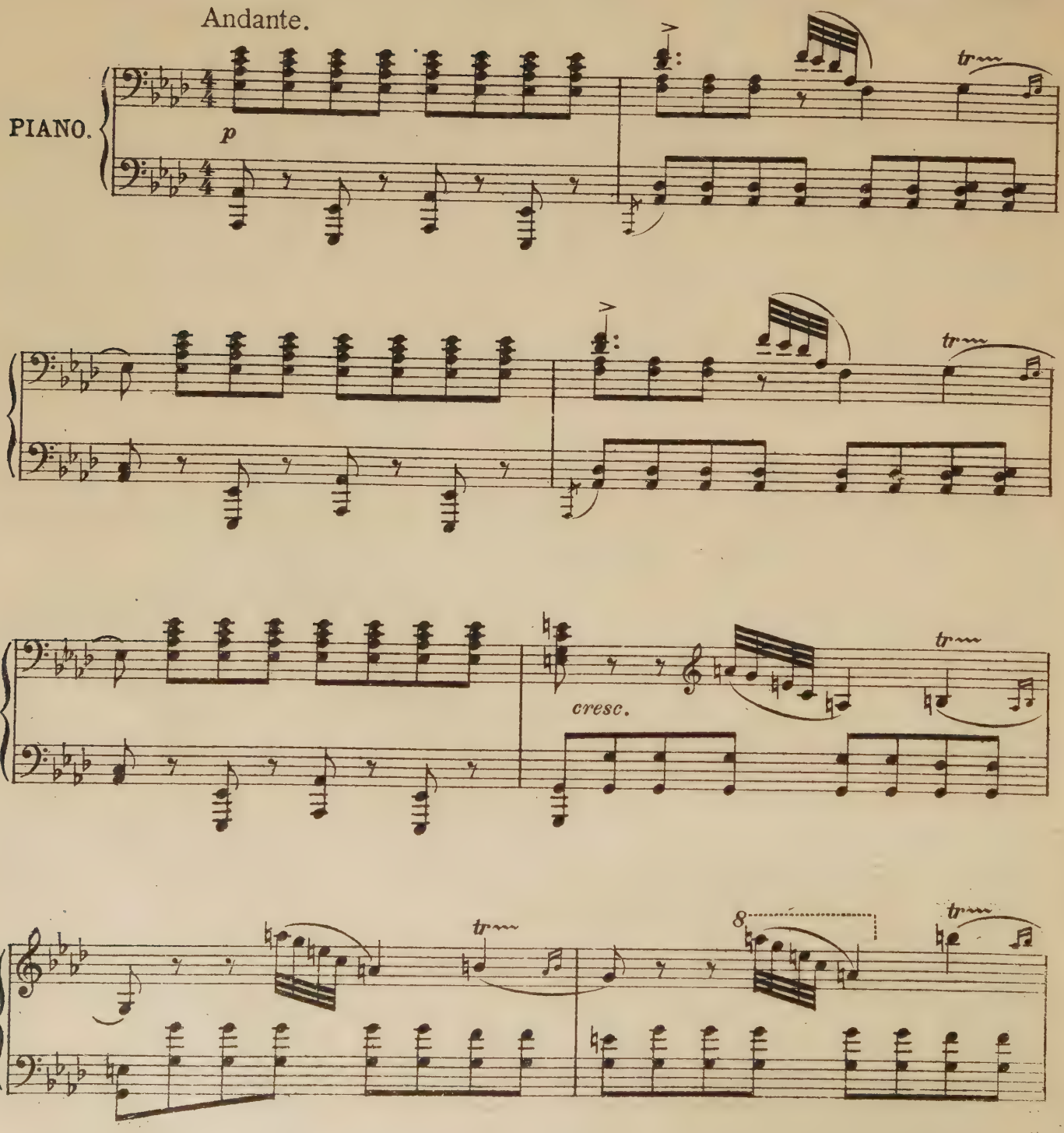
Act III.

No 18. OPENING CHORUS.

(CHORUS OF FISHERFOLK).

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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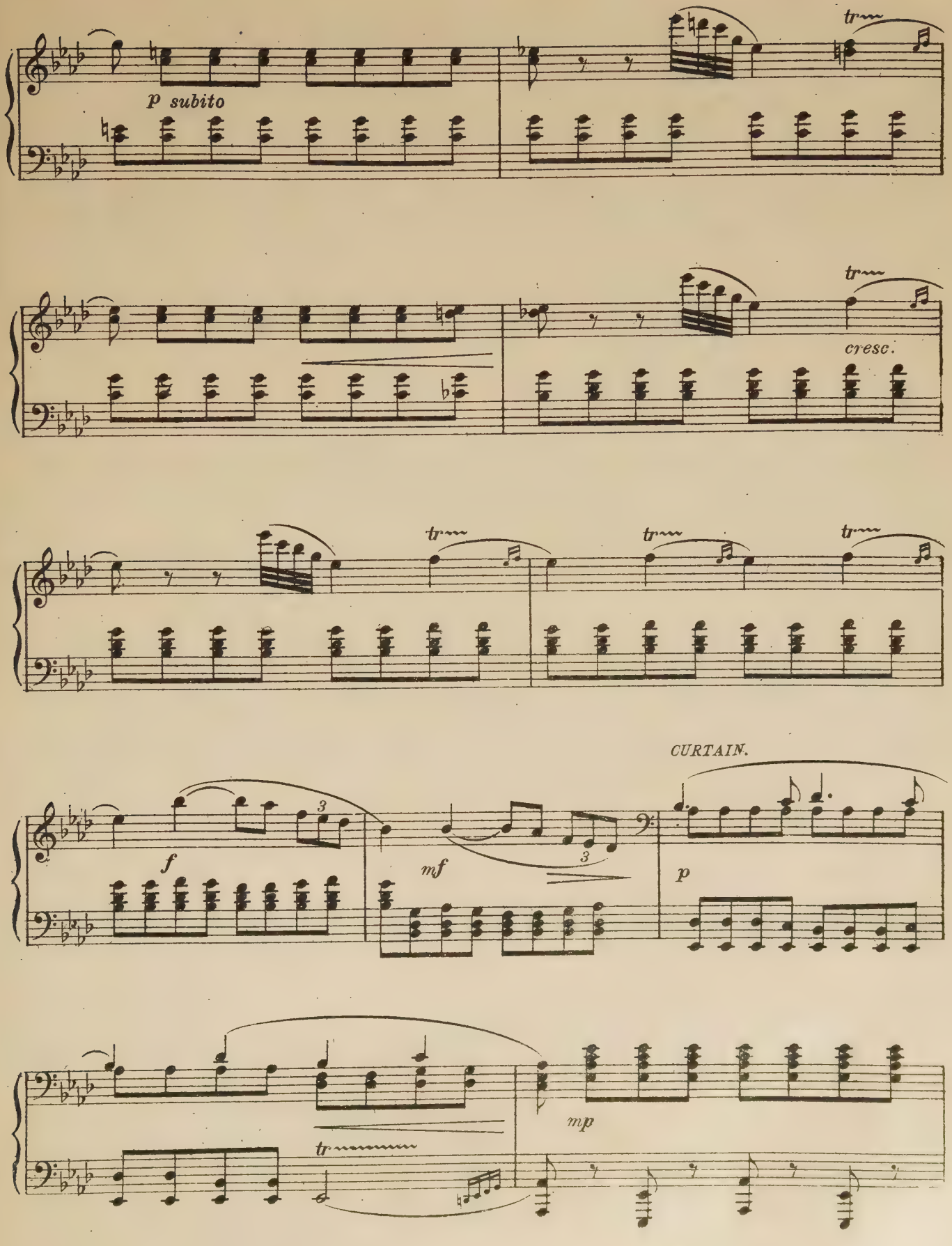
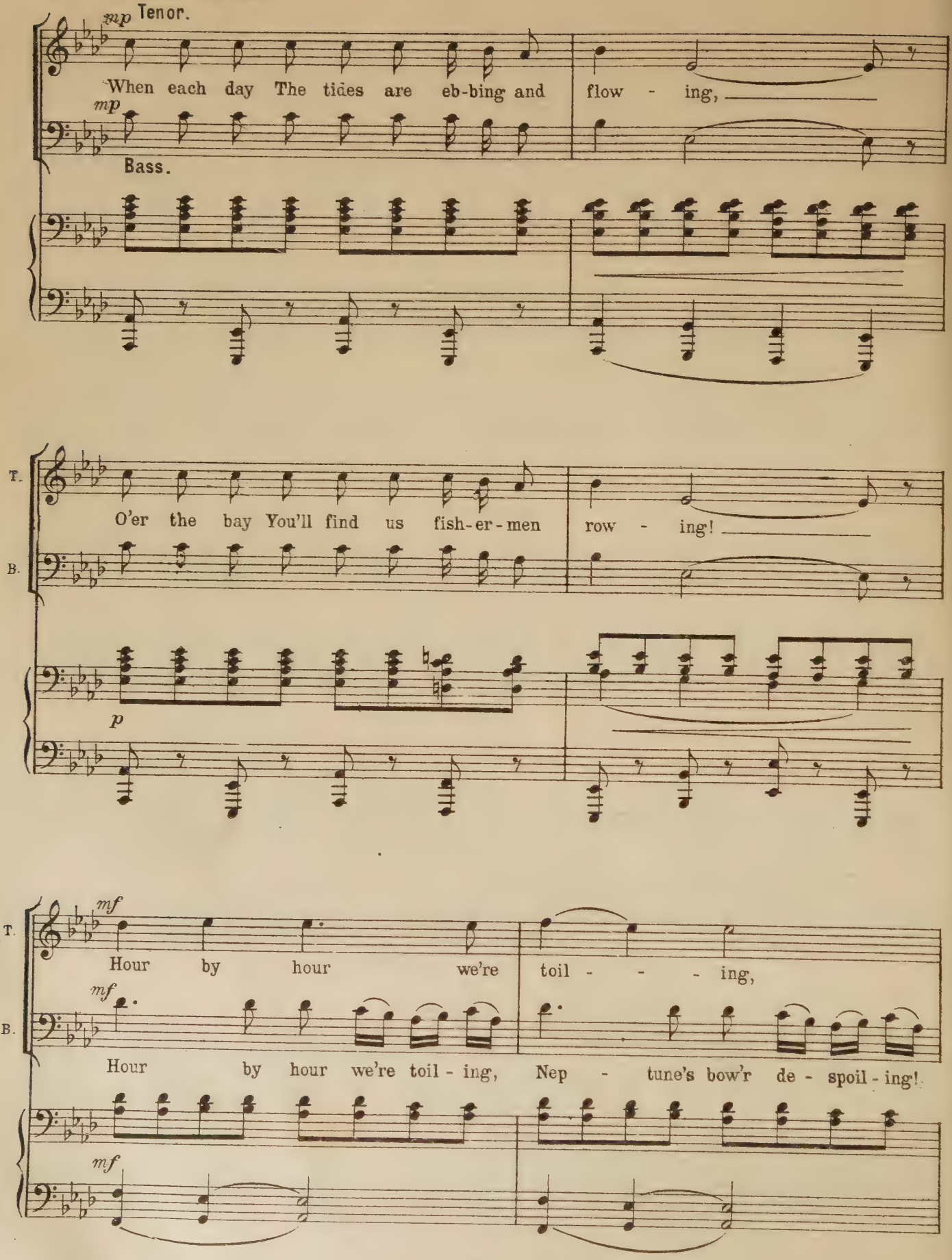
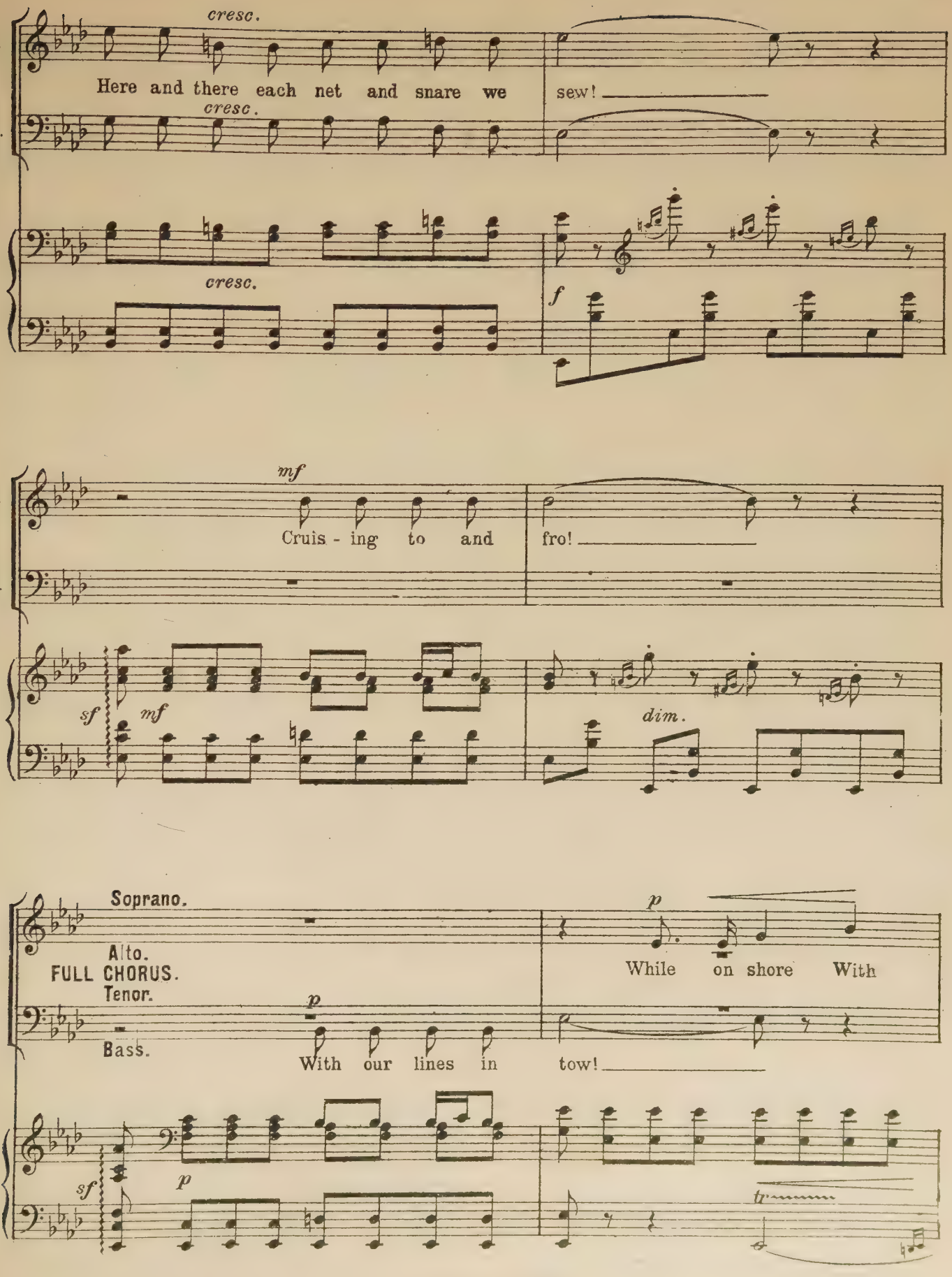
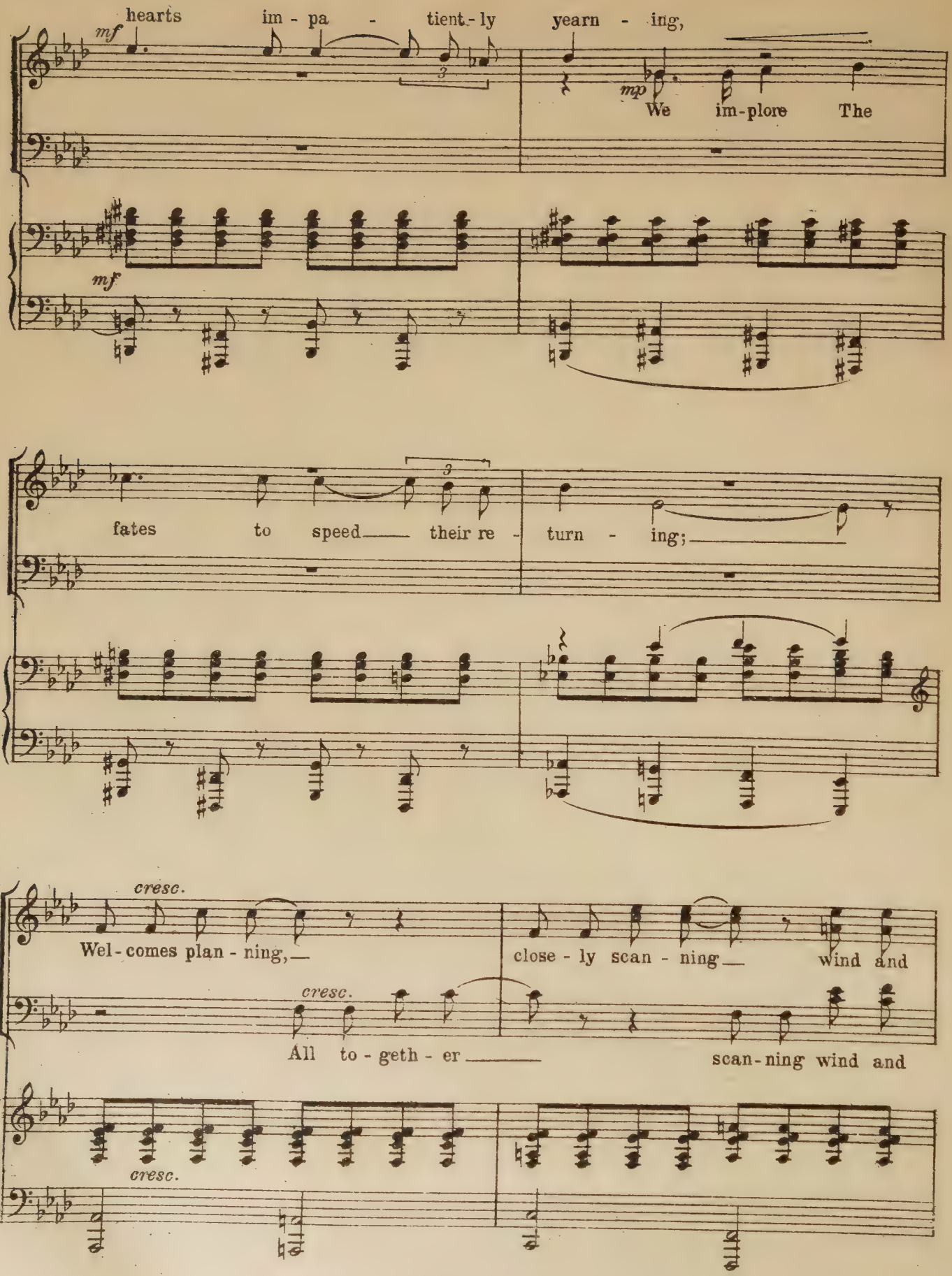
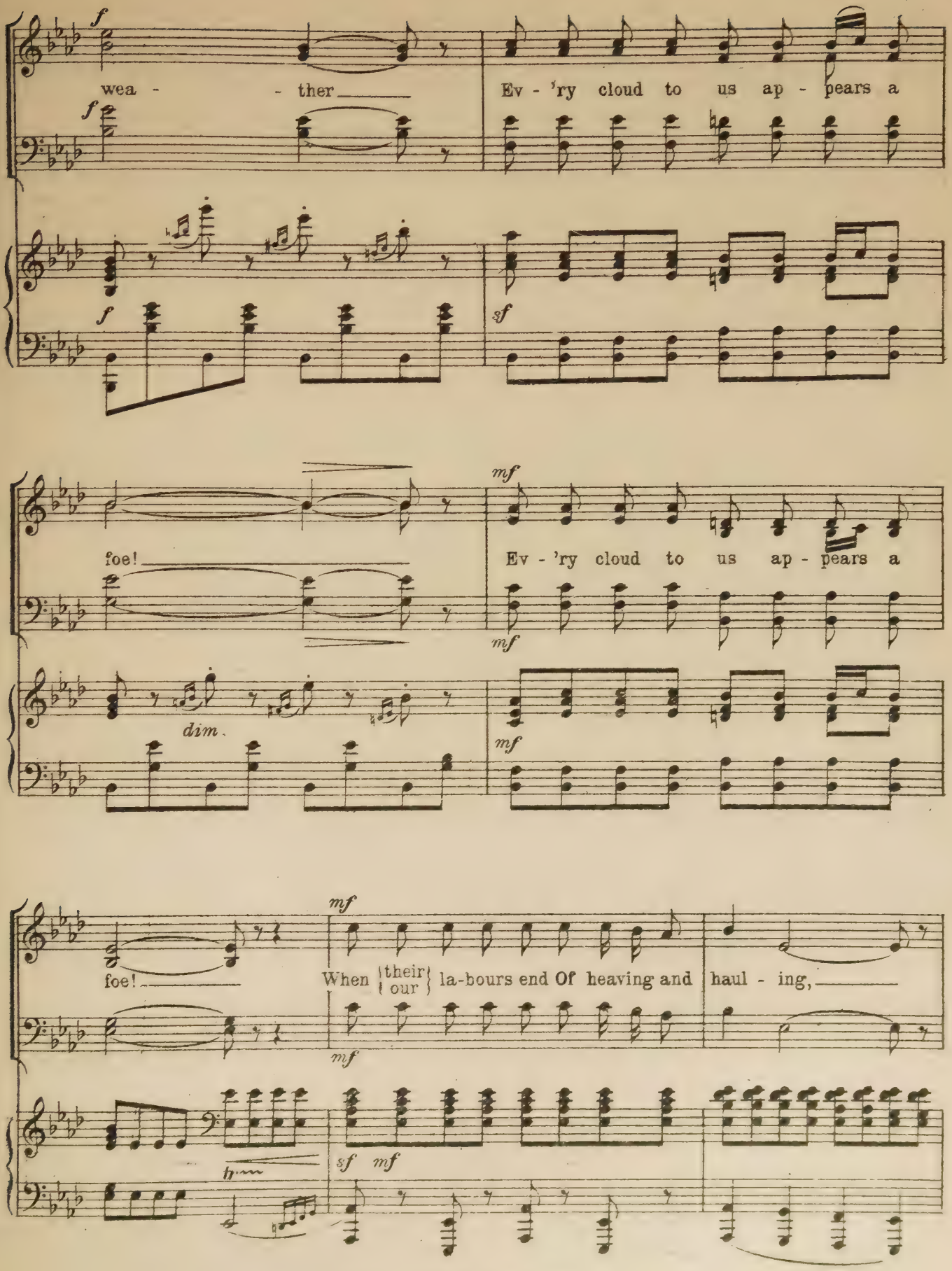

p subito
tr
tr
cresc.
tr
tr
tr
CURTAIN.
f
3
mf
3
p
tr
mp

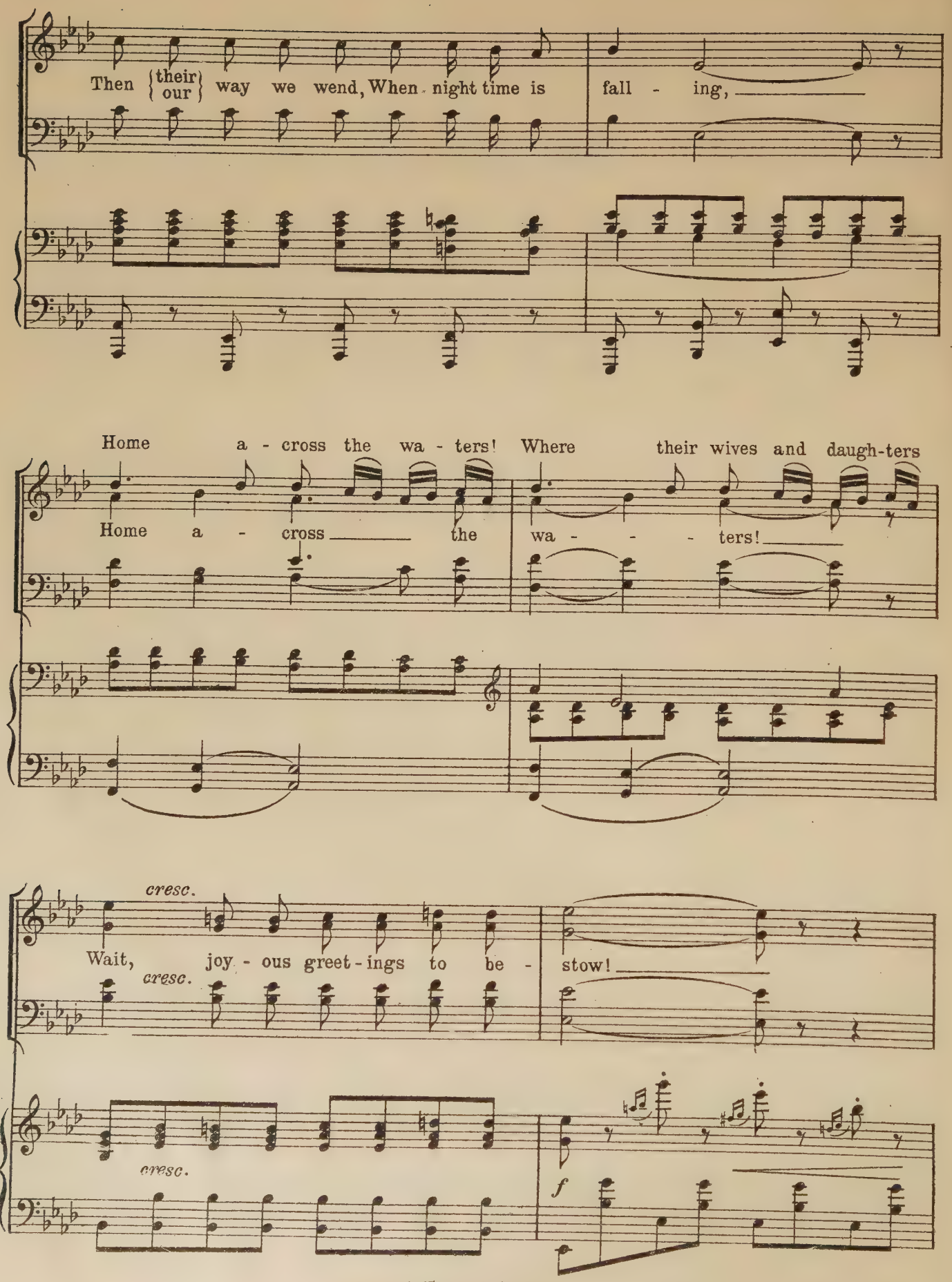
CHORUS of MEN.

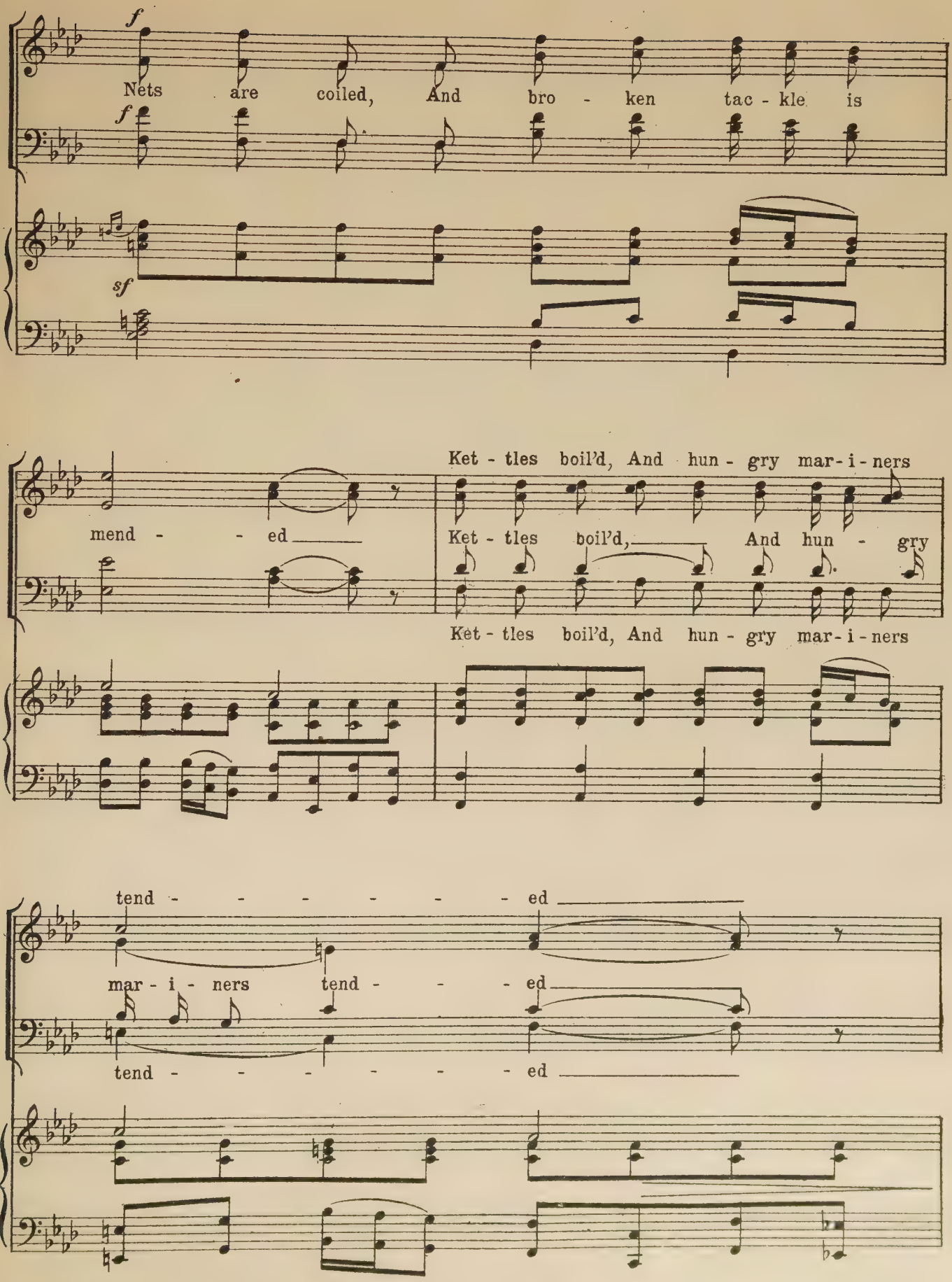


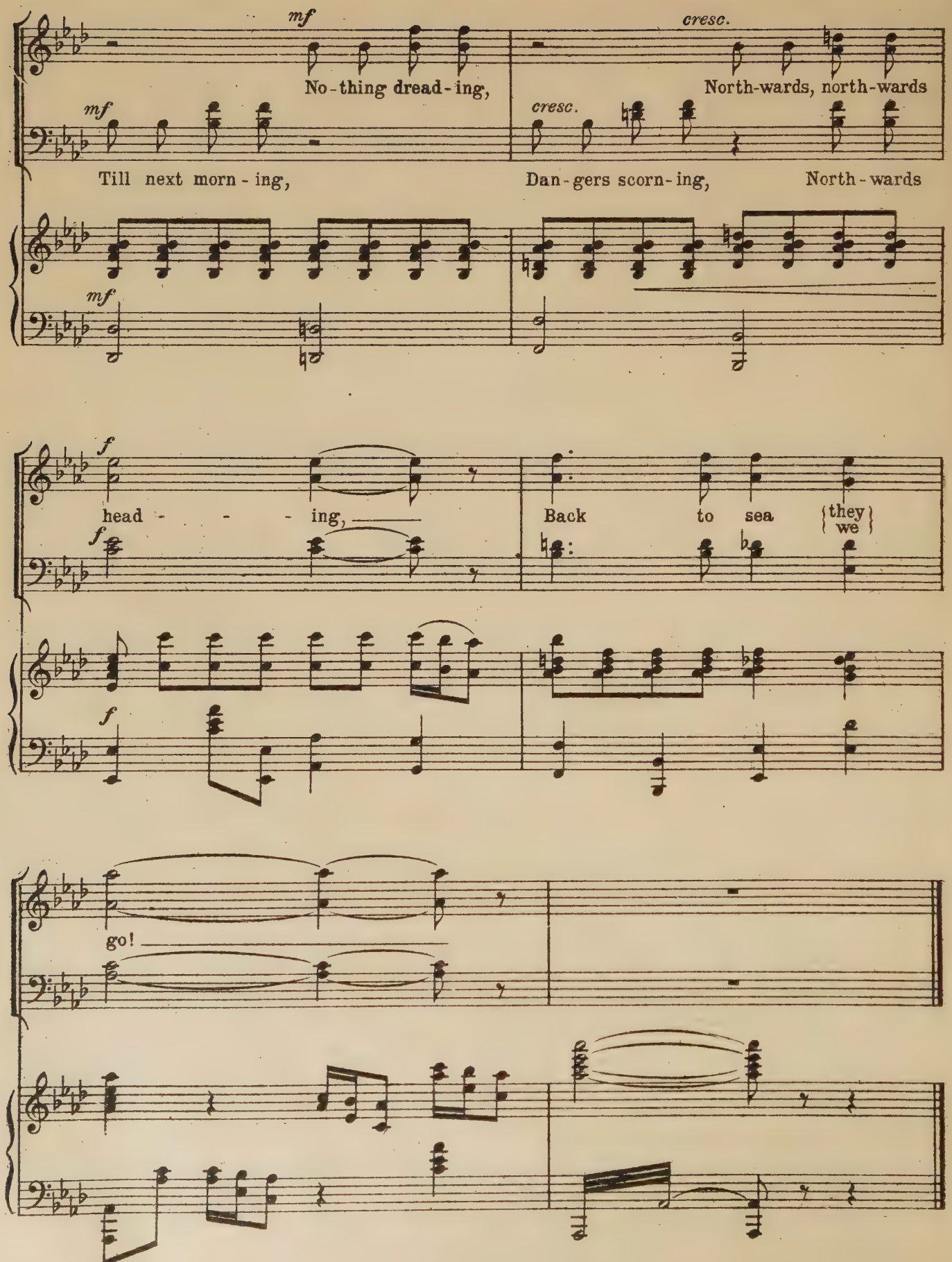

T.
B.
cresc.
Here and there each net and snare we
sew!
cresc.
cresc.
f
mf
Cruis - ing to and
fro!
sf
mf
dim.
Soprano.
Alto.
FULL CHORUS.
Tenor.
Bass.
p
With our lines in
tow!
p
While on shore With
sf
p
tr


hearts im - pa - tient - ly yearn - ing,
We im-plore The
fates to speed their re - turn - ing;
cresc.
Wel - comes plan - ning,
close - ly scan - ning wind and
All to - geth - er
scan - ning wind and


f
wea - - ther
Ev - 'ry cloud to us ap - pears a
sf
mf
foe!
dim.
When {their / our} la-bours end Of heaving and haul - ing,
sf mf


Then {their / our} way we wend, When night time is fall - ing,
Home a - cross the wa - ters! Where their wives and daugh-ters
Home a - cross the wa - - - ters!
cresc.
Wait, joy - ous greet - ings to be - stow!
cresc.
cresc.
f


f
Nets are coiled, And bro - ken tac - kle is
f
sf
mend - - ed
Ket - tles boil'd, And hun - gry mar-i-ners
Ket - tles boil'd, And hun - gry
Ket - tles boil'd, And hun - gry mar-i-ners
tend - - - - - - ed
mar - i - ners tend - - - ed
tend - - - - - - ed

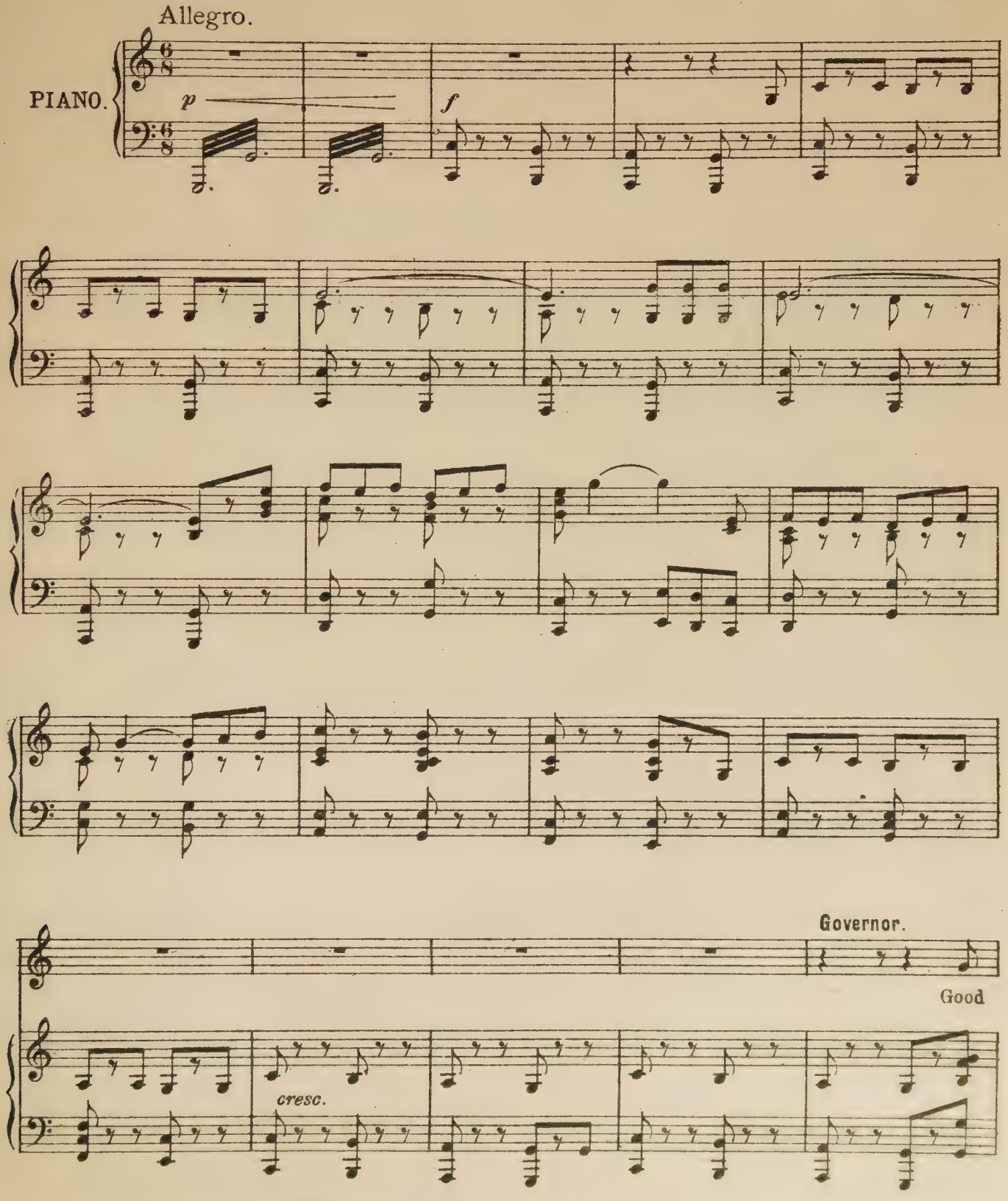

mf
No-thing dread-ing,
cresc.
North-wards, north-wards
mf
Till next morn-ing,
cresc.
Dan-gers scorn-ing,
North-wards
mf
f
head - - - ing,
Back to sea
they
we
f
f
go!

No 19. SOLI & CHORUS.

(GOVERNOR, TERESA and CHORUS.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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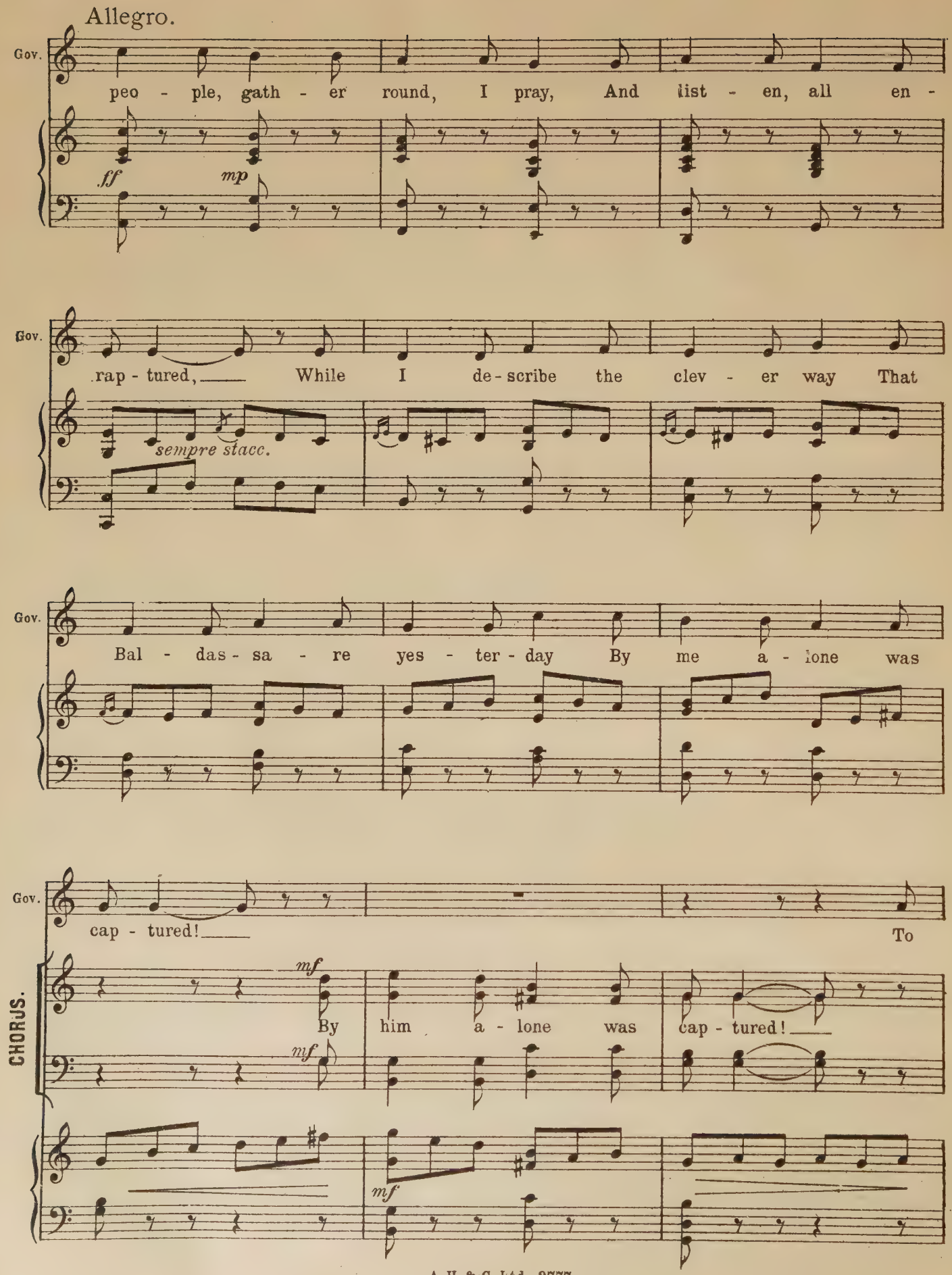
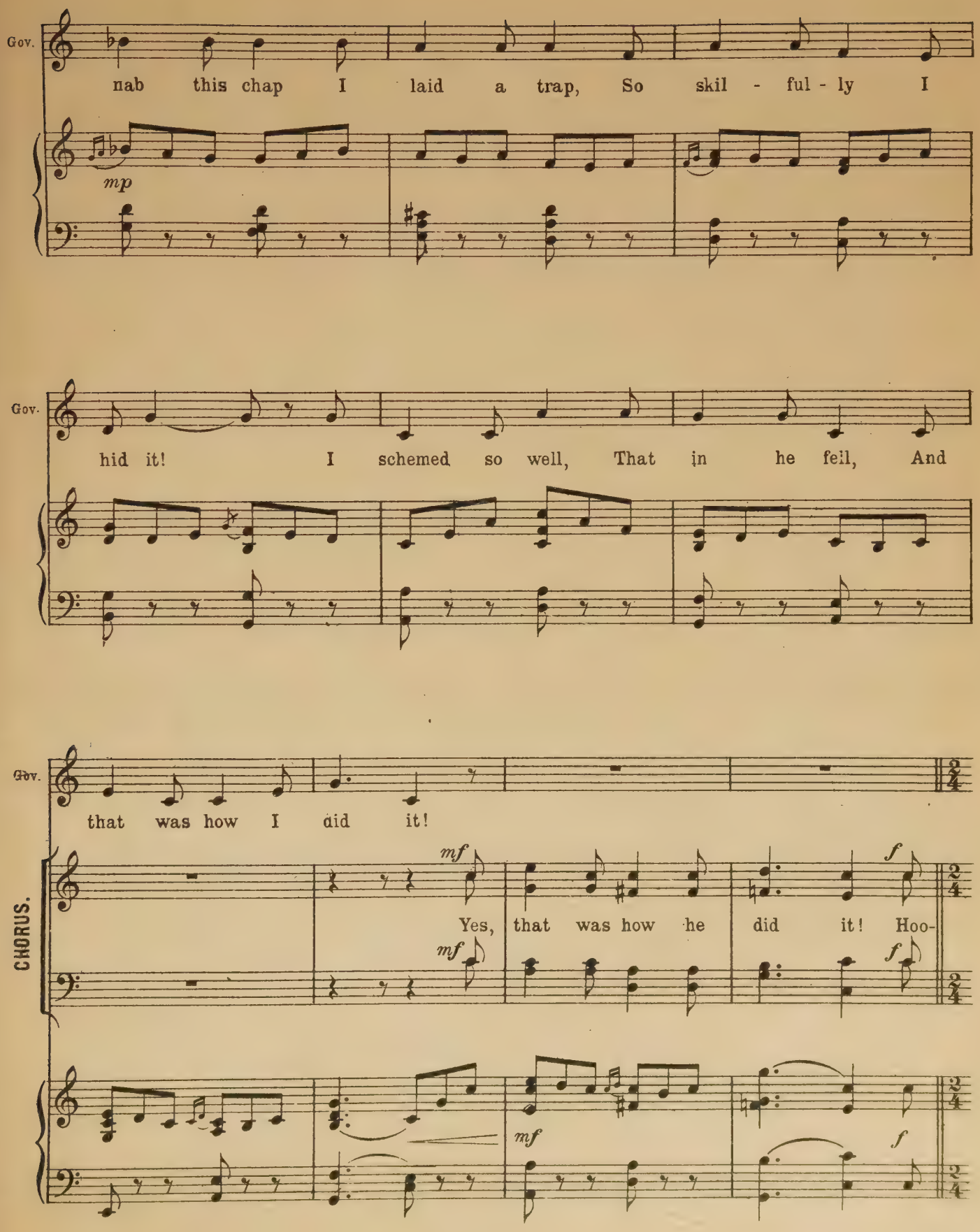
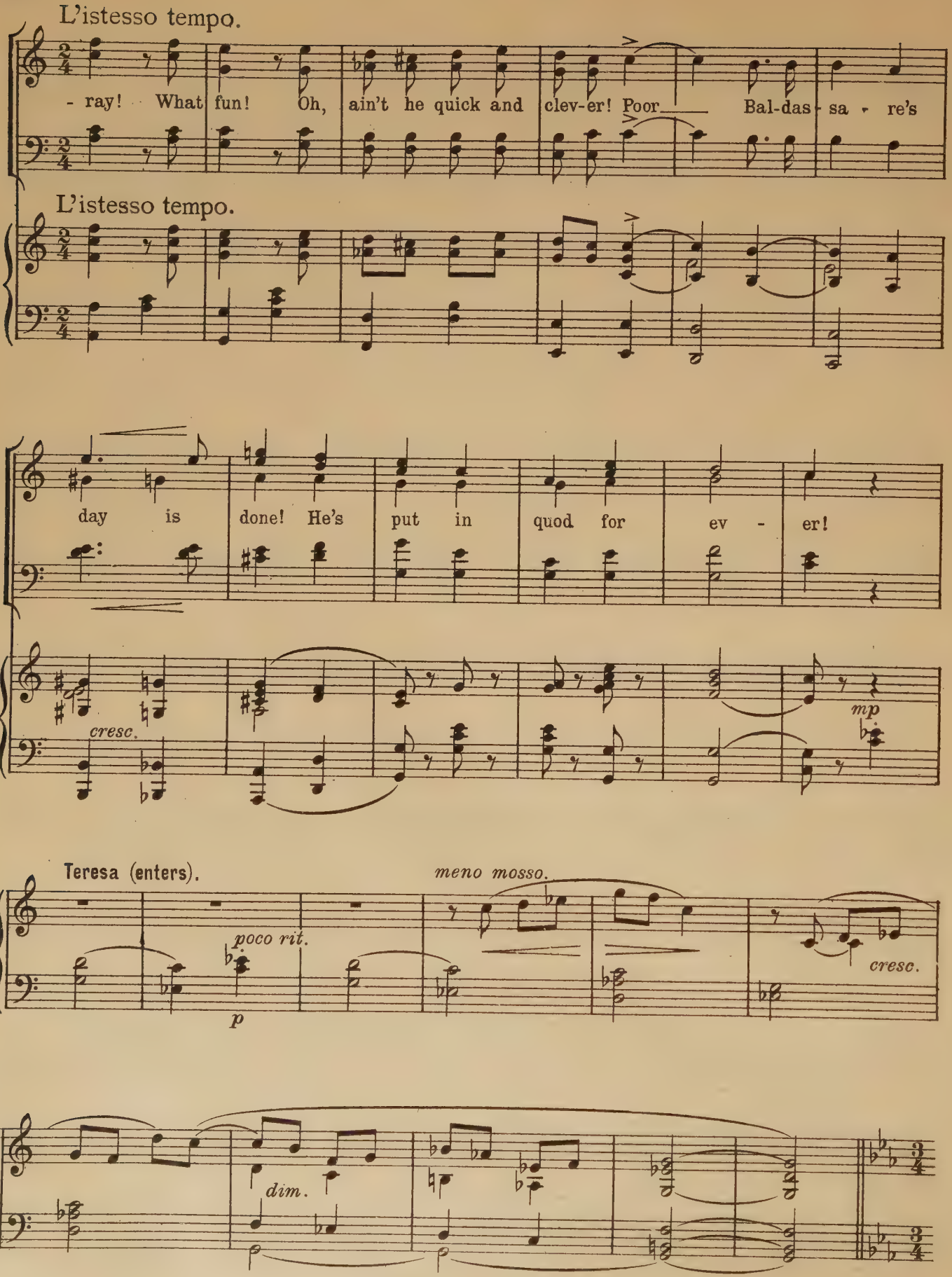
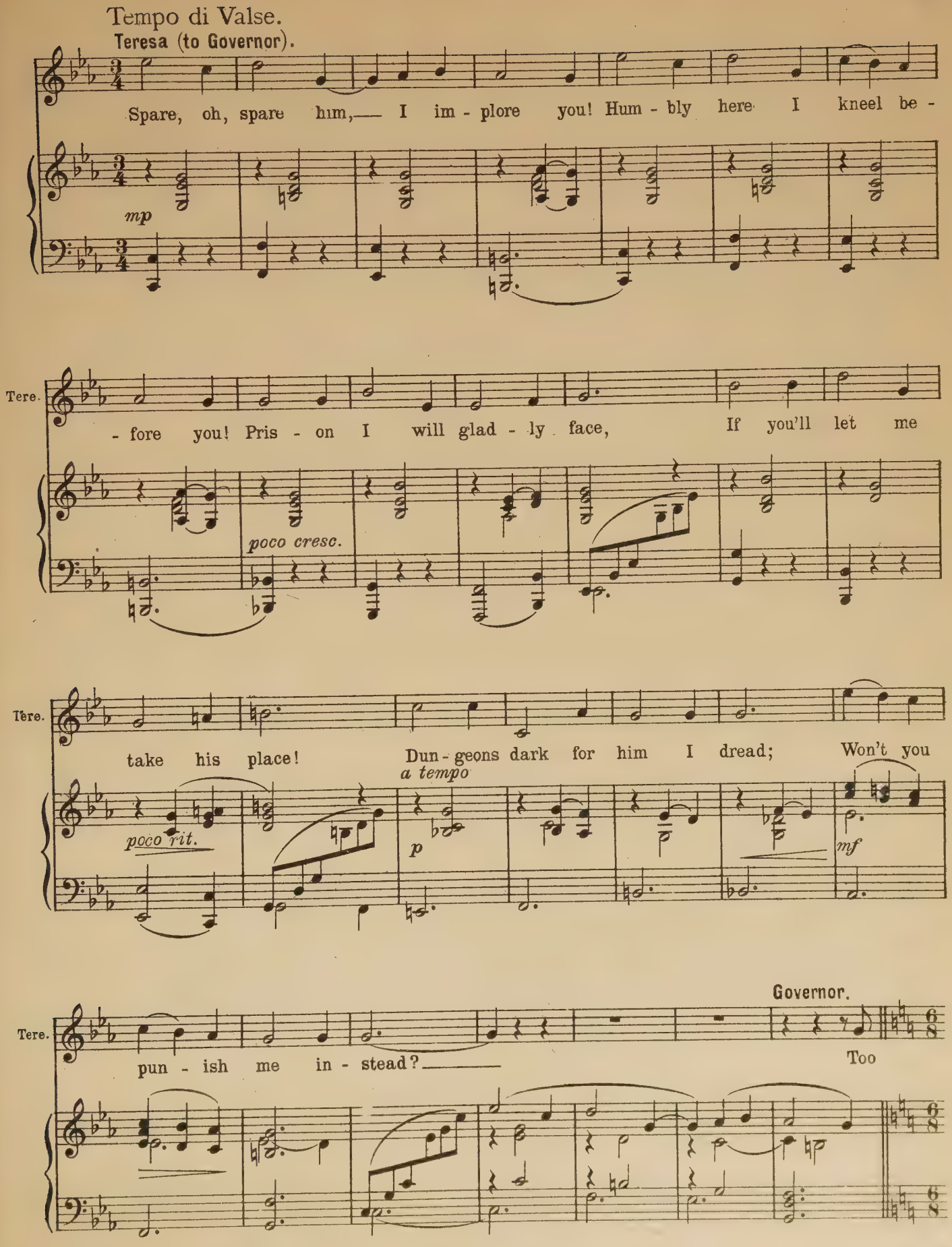
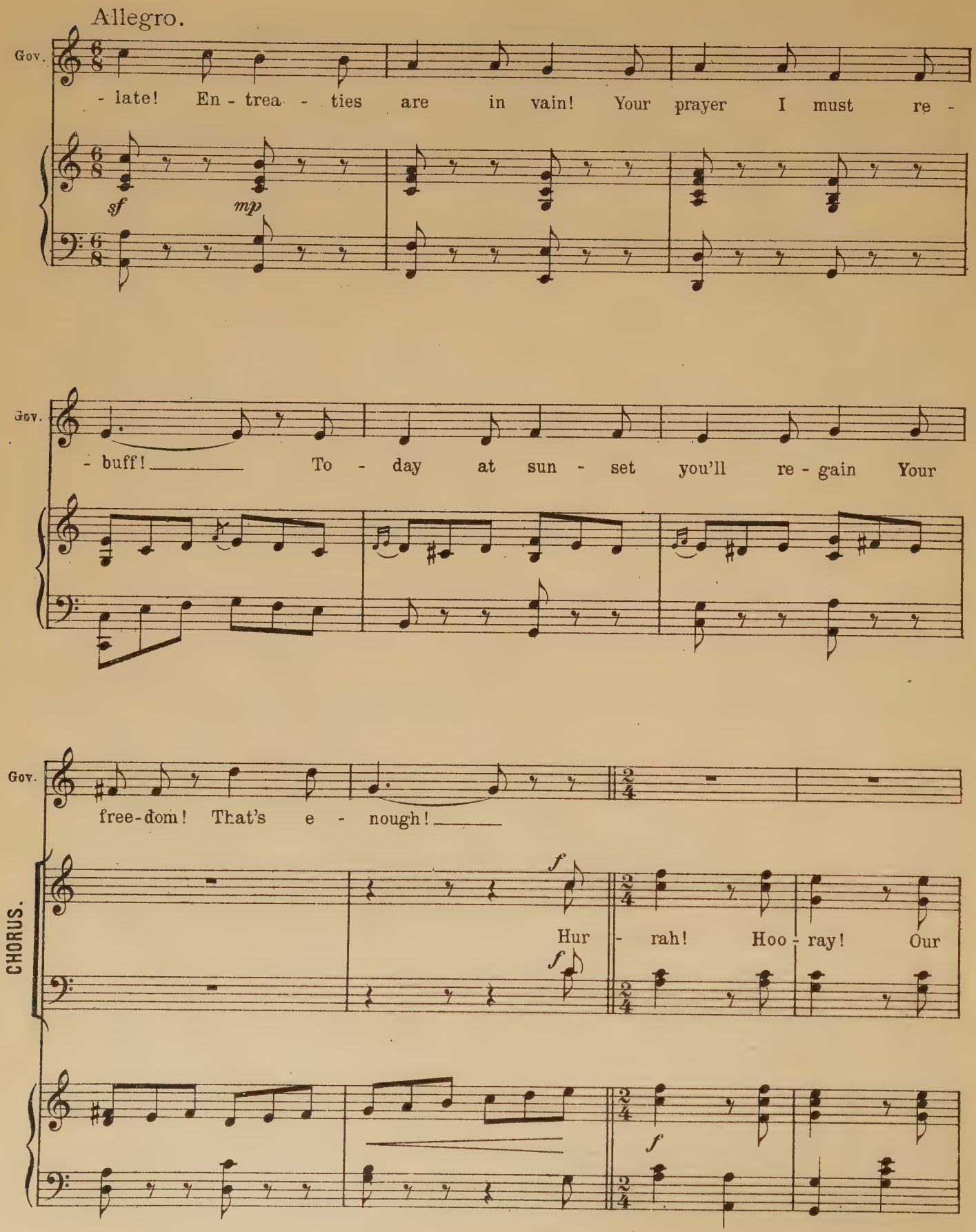
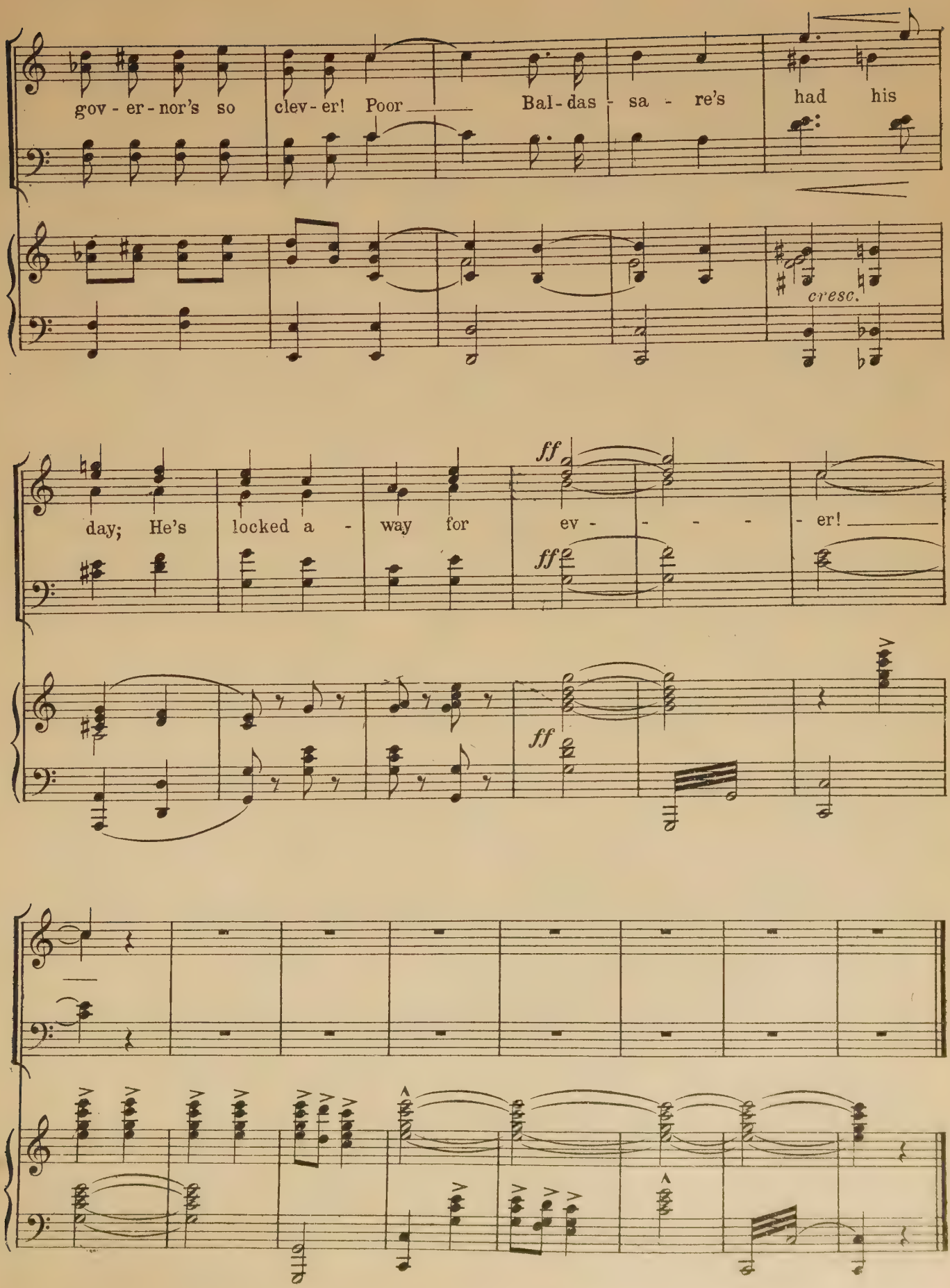

Allegro.
Gov.
peo - ple, gath - er round, I pray, And list - en, all en -
ff
mp
Gov.
rap - tured, While I de - scribe the clev - er way That
sempre stacc.
Gov.
Bal - das - sa - re yes - ter - day By me a - lone was
Gov.
cap - tured! To
CHORUS.
mf
By him a - lone was cap - tured!
mf
mf


Gov.
nab this chap I laid a trap, So skil - ful - ly I
mp
Gov.
hid it! I schemed so well, That in he fell, And
Gov.
that was how I did it!
CHORUS.
mf
Yes, that was how he did it! Hoo-
mf
f
f
mf
f


L'istesso tempo.
- ray! What fun! Oh, ain't he quick and clev-er! Poor Bal-das- sa - re's
L'istesso tempo.
day is done! He's put in quod for ev - er!
cresc.
mp
Teresa (enters).
meno mosso.
poco rit.
p
cresc.
dim.


Tempo di Valse.
Teresa (to Governor).
Spare, oh, spare him,— I im - plore you! Hum - bly here I kneel be -
mp
Tere.
- fore you! Pris - on I will glad - ly face, If you'll let me
poco cresc.
Tere.
take his place! Dun - geons dark for him I dread; Won't you
poco rit.
a tempo
p
mf
Governor.
Tere.
pun - ish me in - stead?
Too


Allegro.
Gov.
- late! En - trea - ties are in vain! Your prayer I must re -
sf
mp
Gov.
- buff! To - day at sun - set you'll re - gain Your
Gov.
free-dom! That's e - nough!
CHORUS.
f
Hur - rah! Hoo - ray! Our
f
f

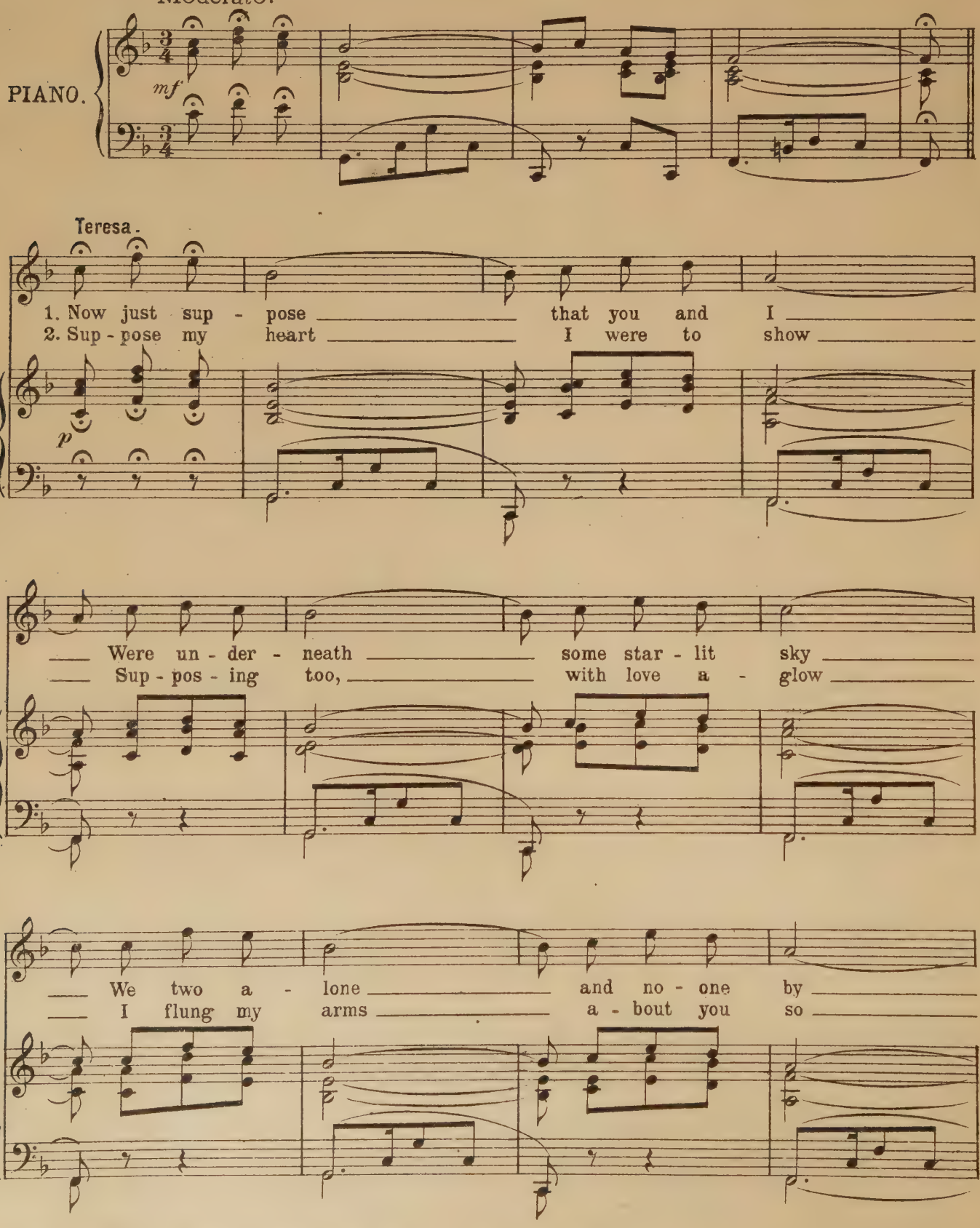

gov - er - nor's so clev - er! Poor Bal - das - sa - re's had his
cresc.
day; He's locked a - way for ev - - - - - er!
ff
ff
ff

No 20. DUET:- WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE.

Written by
CLIFFORD HARRIS and VALENTINE.

Music by
JAS. W. TATE.

Moderato.


PIANO.
mf
Teresa.
1. Now just sup - pose that you and I
2. Sup - pose my heart I were to show
p
Ter.
Were un - der - neath some star - lit sky
Sup - pos - ing too, with love a - glow
Ter.
We two a - lone and no - one by
I flung my arms a - bout you so

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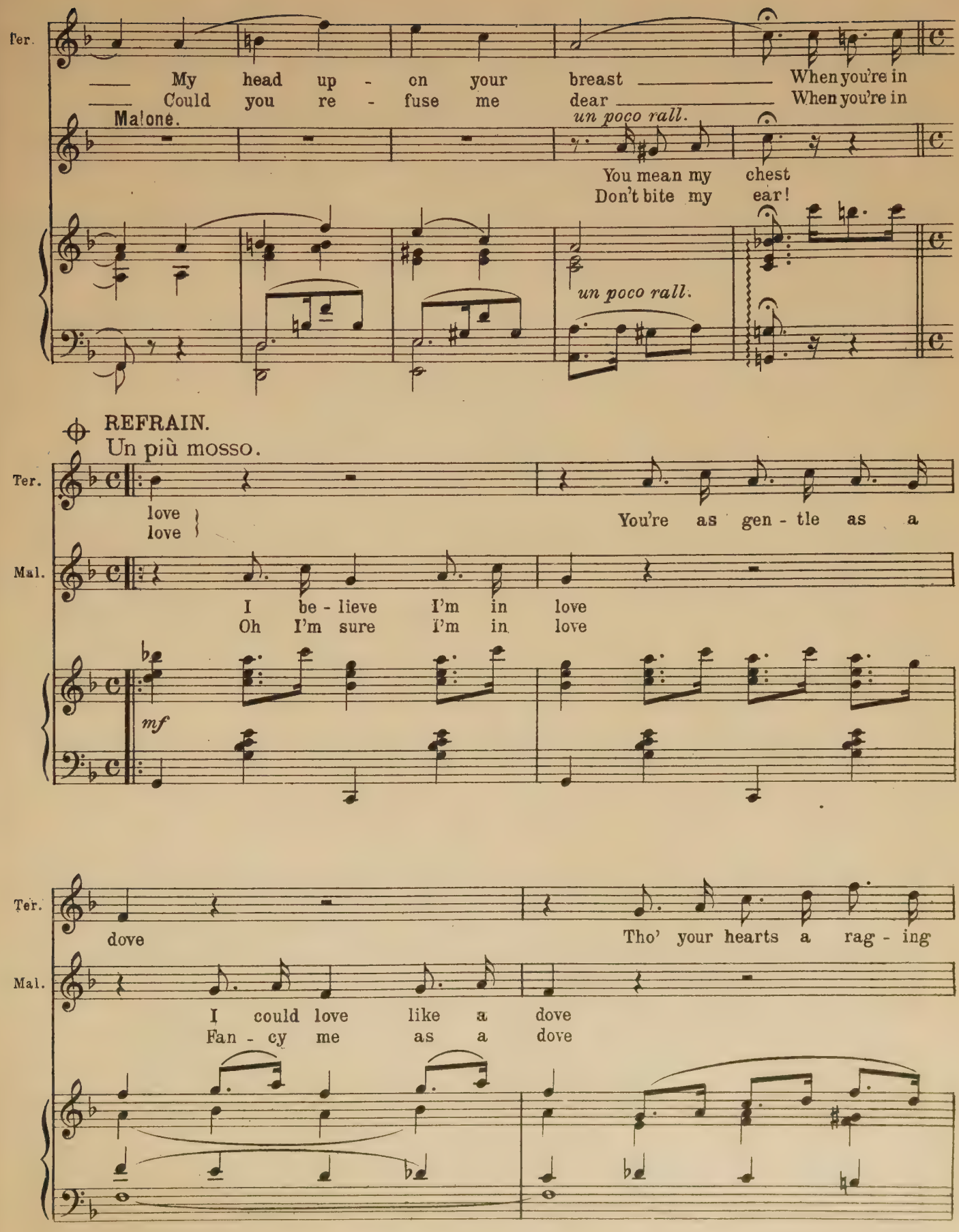
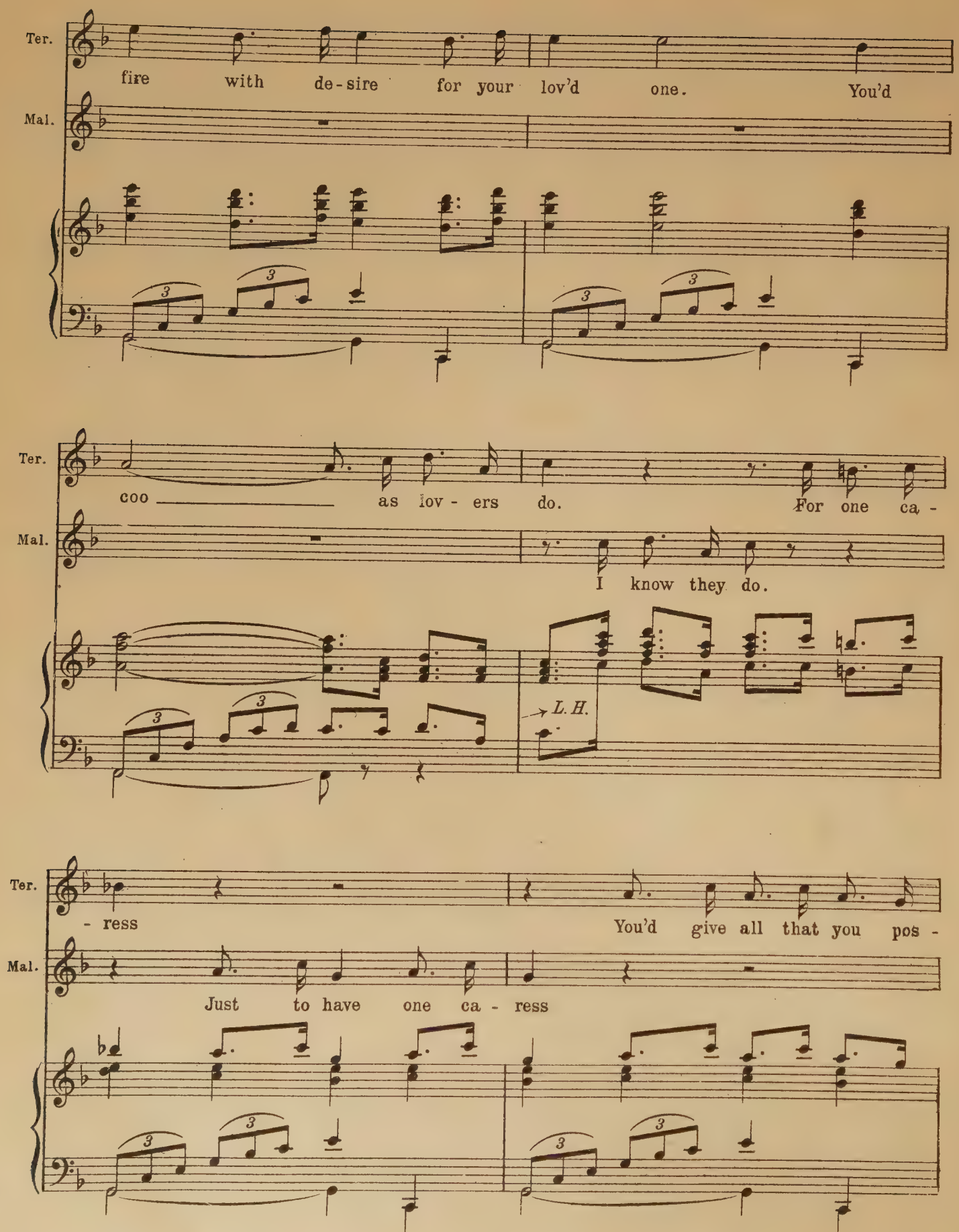
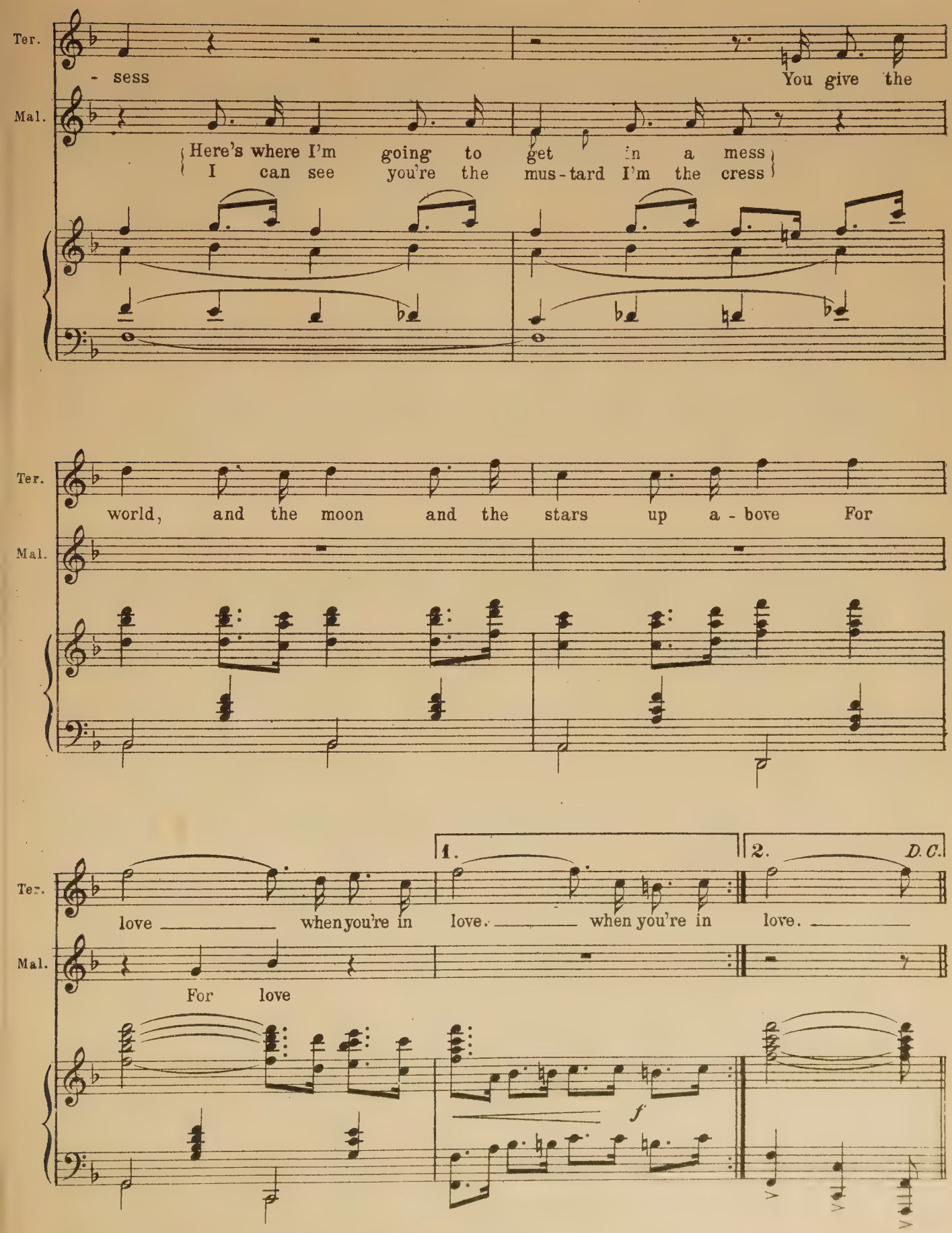
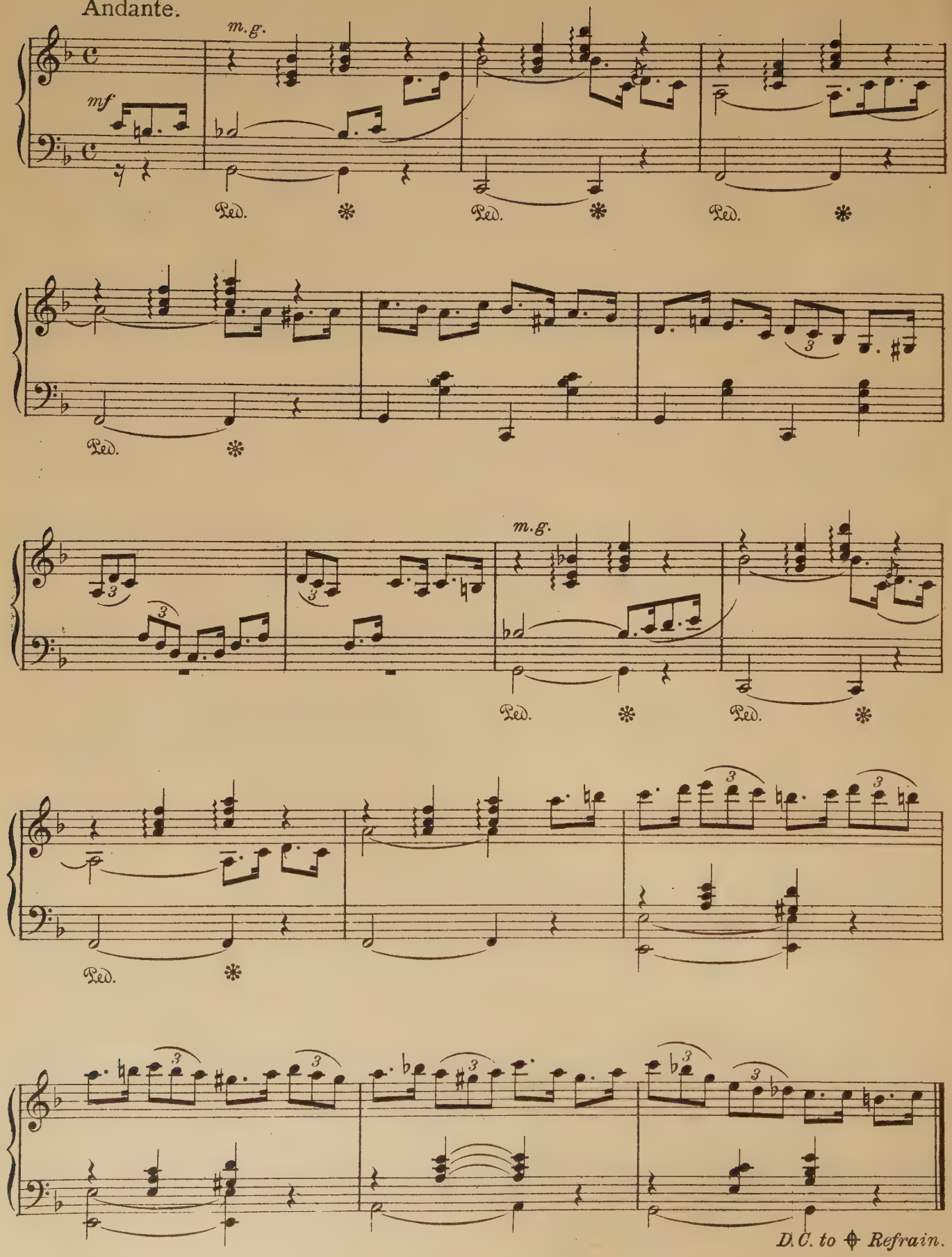

Ter.
My head up - on your breast When you're in
Could you re - fuse me dear When you're in
Malone.
un poco rall.
You mean my chest
Don't bite my ear!
un poco rall.
REFRAIN.
Un più mosso.
Ter.
love
love
You're as gen - tle as a
Mal.
I be - lieve I'm in love
Oh I'm sure I'm in love
mf
Ter.
dove
Tho' your hearts a rag - ing
Mal.
I could love like a dove
Fan - cy me as a dove


Ter.
fire with de-sire for your lov'd one. You'd
Mal.
Ter.
coo as lov-ers do. For one ca-
Mal.
I know they do.
L.H.
Ter.
-ress You'd give all that you pos-
Mal.
Just to have one ca-ress


Ter.
- sess
You give the
Mal.
Here's where I'm going to get in a mess
I can see you're the mus-tard I'm the cress
Ter.
world, and the moon and the stars up a-bove For
Mal.
1.
2.
D.C.
Ter.
love when you're in love. when you're in love.
Mal.
For love
f

DANCE. *After 2nd Verse.*

Andante.

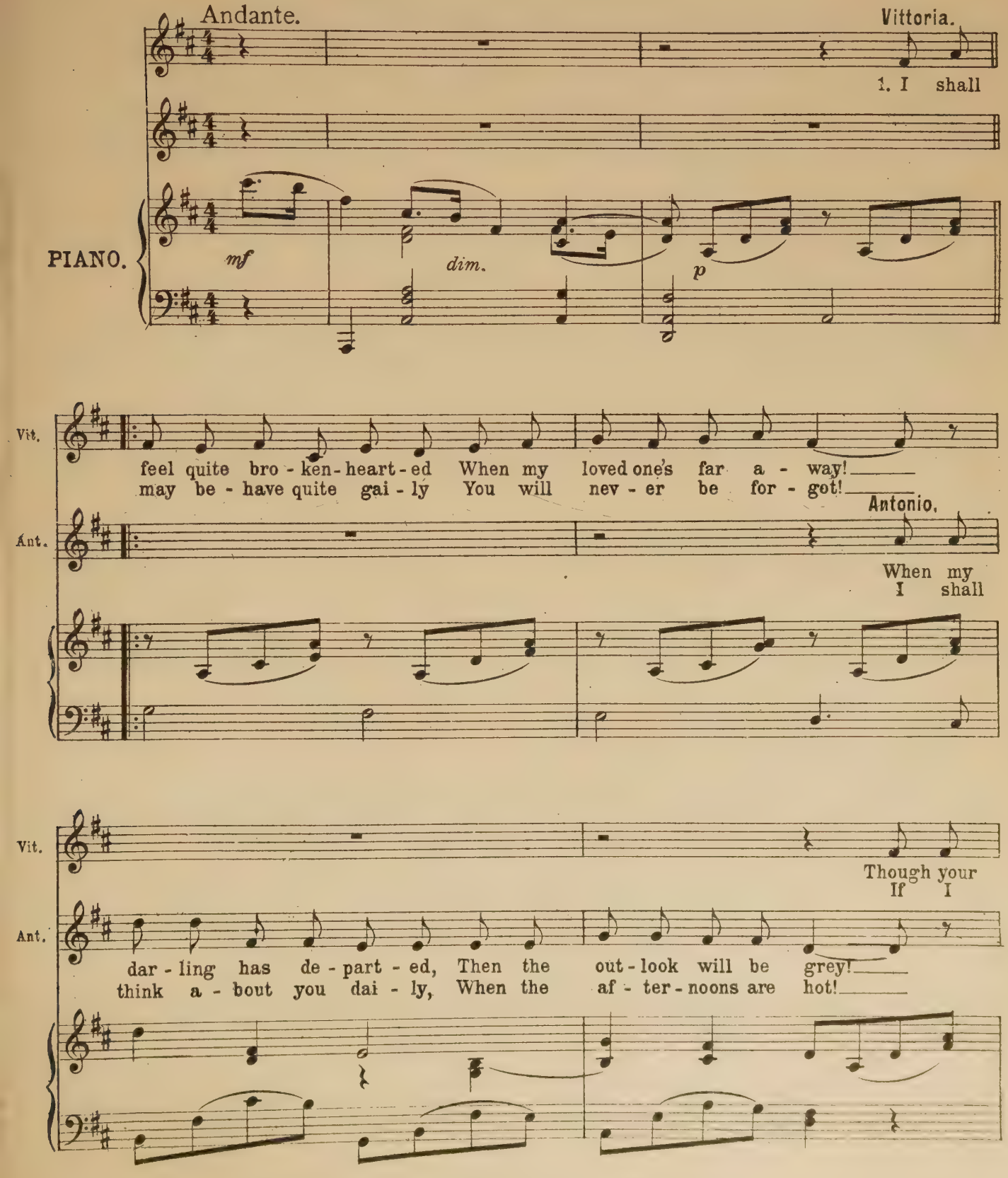


No 21. DUET:– OVER THERE AND OVER HERE!

(VITTORIA and ANTONIO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.


Andante.
Vittoria.
1. I shall
PIANO.
mf
dim.
p
Vit.
feel quite bro - ken - heart - ed When my loved one's far a - way!
may be - have quite gai - ly You will nev - er be for - got!
Ant.
Antonio.
When my
I shall
Vit.
Though your
If I
Ant.
dar - ling has de - part - ed, Then the out - look will be grey!
think a - bout you dai - ly, When the af - ter - noons are hot!

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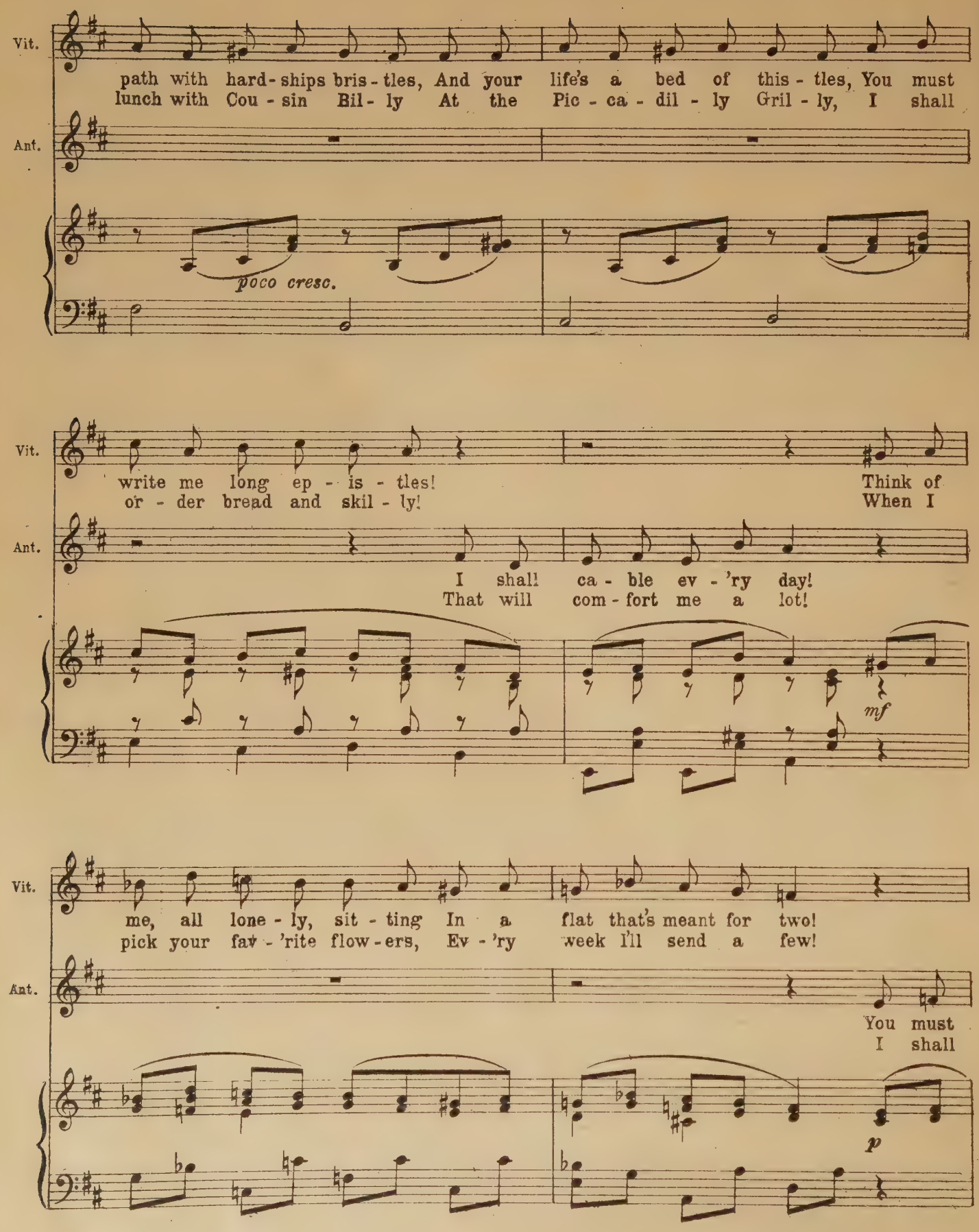
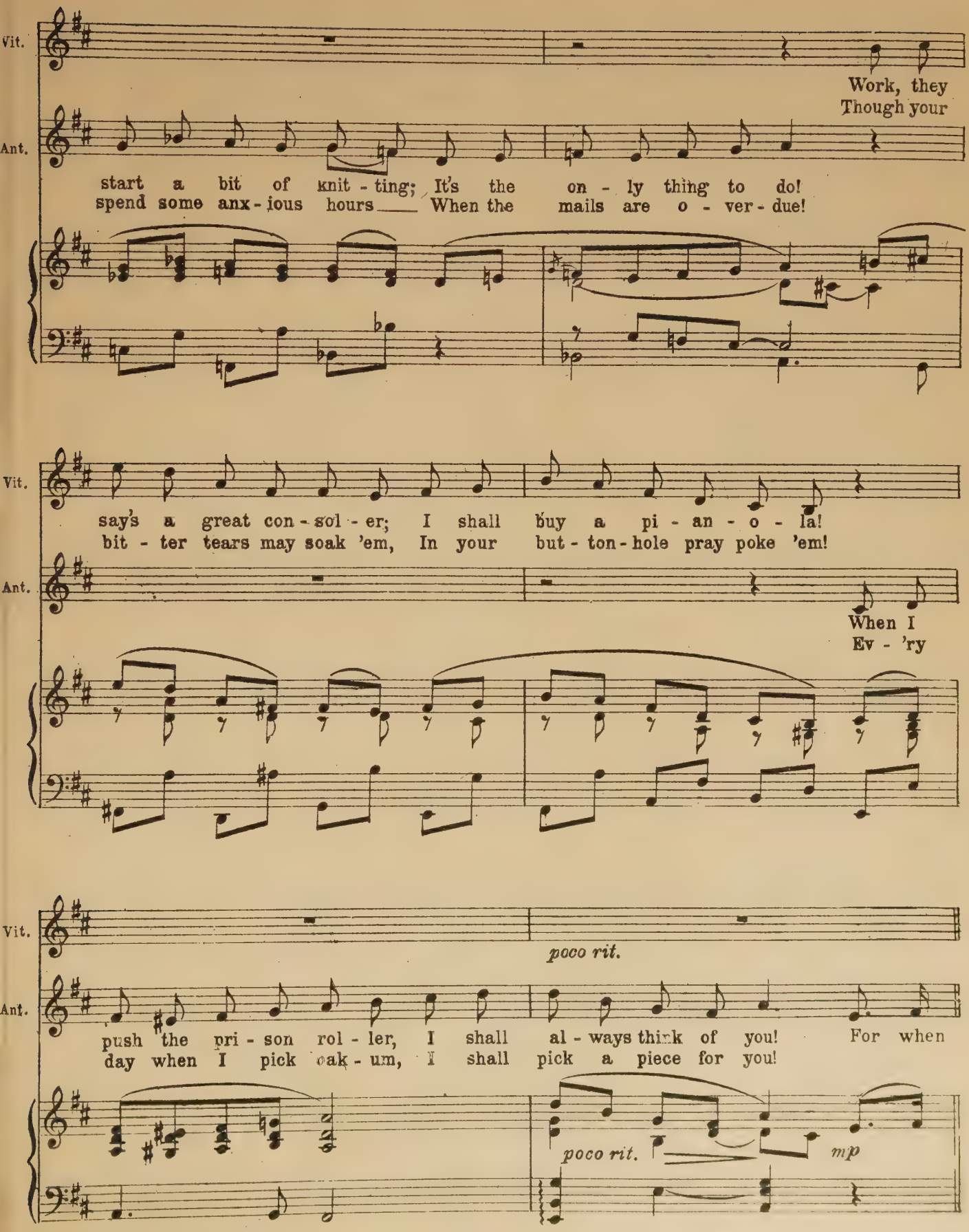
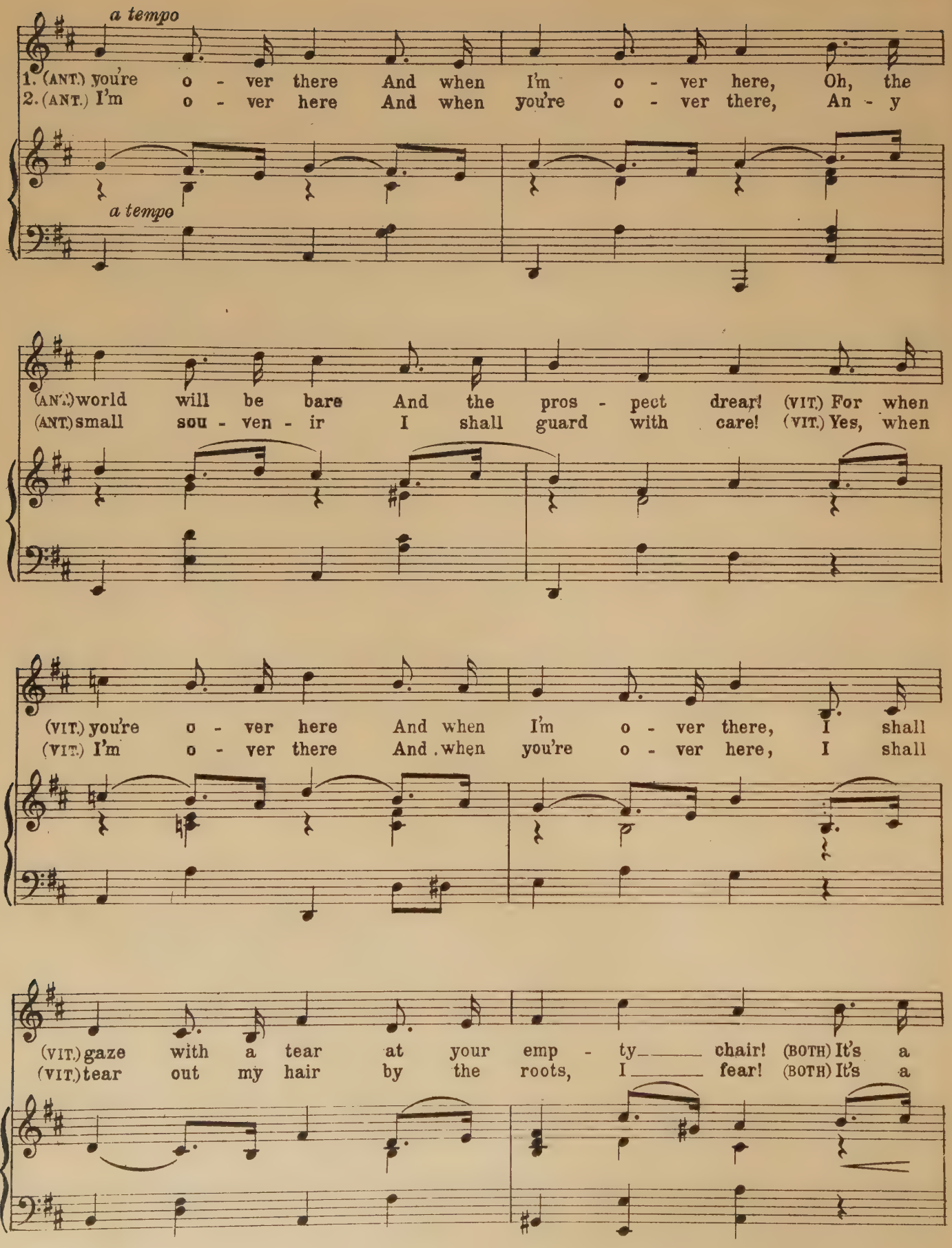
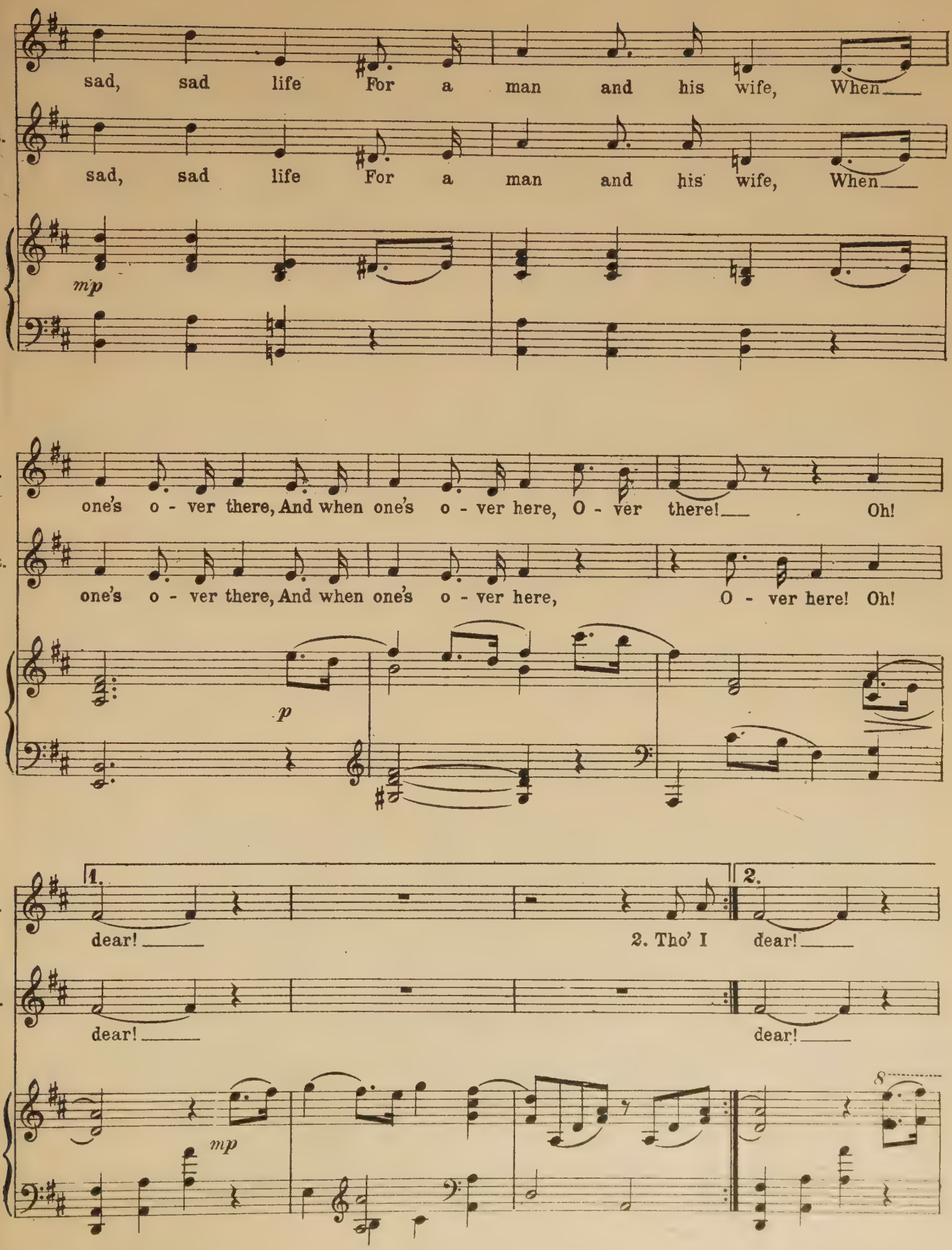
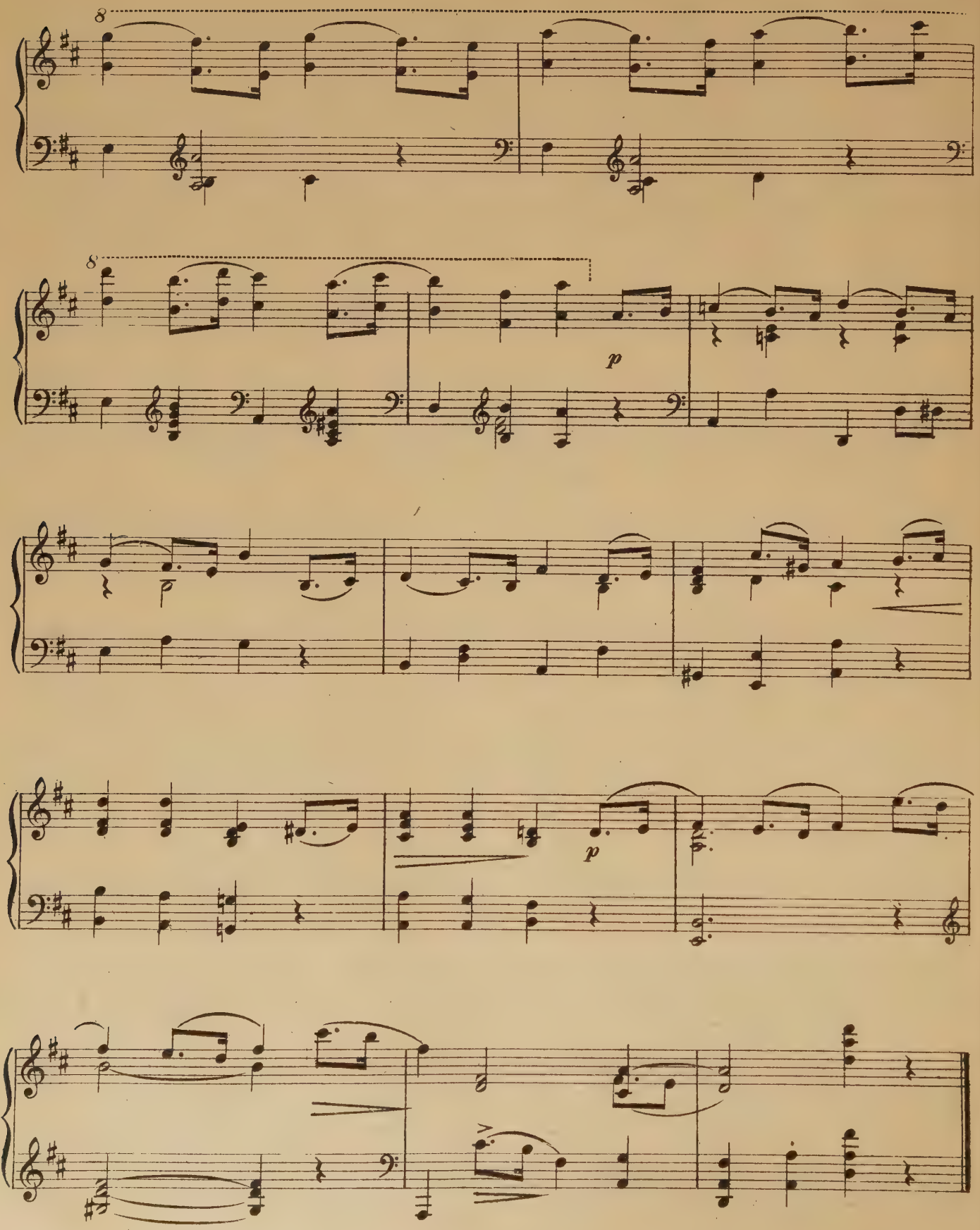

Vit.
path with hard - ships bris - tles, And your life's a bed of this - tles, You must
lunch with Cou - sin Bil - ly At the Pic - ca - dil - ly Gril - ly, I shall
Ant.
poco cresc.
Vit.
write me long ep - is - tles! Think of
or - der bread and skil - ly! When I
Ant.
I shall ca - ble ev - 'ry day!
That will com - fort me a lot!
mf
Vit.
me, all lone - ly, sit - ting In a flat that's meant for two!
pick your fav - 'rite flow - ers, Ev - 'ry week I'll send a few!
Ant.
You must
I shall
p


Vit.
Ant.
start a bit of knit - ting; It's the on - ly thing to do!
spend some anx - ious hours When the mails are o - ver - due!
Work, they
Though your
Vit.
say's a great con - sol - er; I shall buy a pi - an - o - la!
bit - ter tears may soak 'em, In your but - ton - hole pray poke 'em!
Ant.
When I
Ev - 'ry
Vit.
poco rit.
Ant.
push the pri - son rol - ler, I shall al - ways think of you! For when
day when I pick oak - um, I shall pick a piece for you!
poco rit.
mp

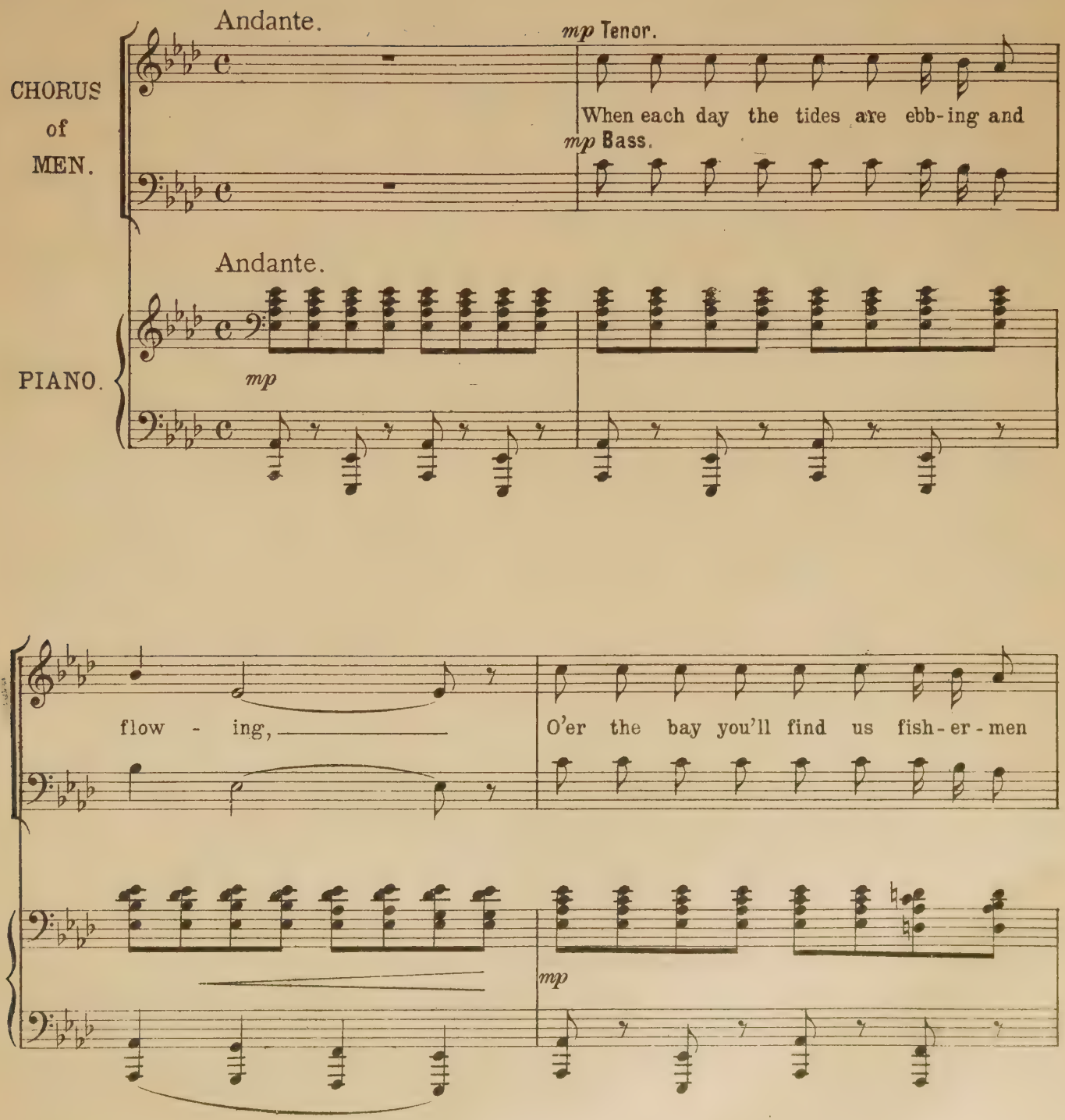

a tempo
1. (ANT.) you're o - ver there And when I'm o - ver here, Oh, the
2. (ANT.) I'm o - ver here And when you're o - ver there, An - y
a tempo
(ANT.) world will be bare And the pros - pect drear! (VIT.) For when
(ANT.) small sou - ven - ir I shall guard with care! (VIT.) Yes, when
(VIT.) you're o - ver here And when I'm o - ver there, I shall
(VIT.) I'm o - ver there And when you're o - ver here, I shall
(VIT.) gaze with a tear at your emp - ty chair! (BOTH) It's a
(VIT.) tear out my hair by the roots, I fear! (BOTH) It's a


Vit.
Ant.
sad, sad life For a man and his wife, When
sad, sad life For a man and his wife, When
mp
Vit.
Ant.
one's o - ver there, And when one's o - ver here, O - ver there! Oh!
one's o - ver there, And when one's o - ver here, O - ver here! Oh!
p
Vit.
Ant.
1.
2.
dear!
2. Tho' I
dear!
dear!
dear!
mp
8


8
8
p
p
p

No. 22. FINALE ACT III.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

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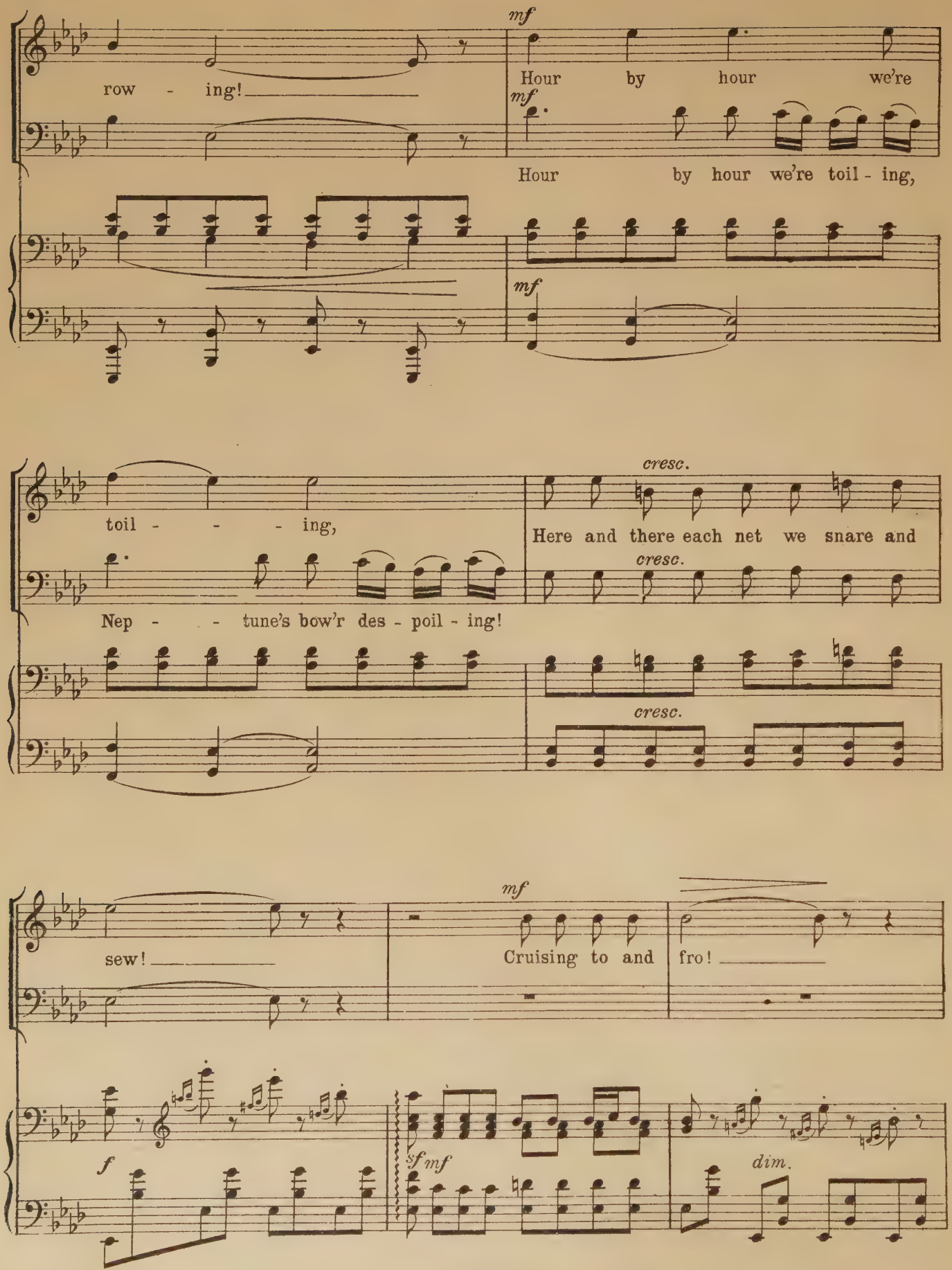

mf
row - ing!
Hour by hour we're
mf
Hour by hour we're toil - ing,
mf
cresc.
toil - - - ing,
Here and there each net we snare and
cresc.
Nep - - tune's bow'r des - poil - ing!
cresc.
mf
sew!
Cruising to and
fro!
f
sf mf
dim.

FULL CHORUS.
Soprano & Alto.

While on shore with

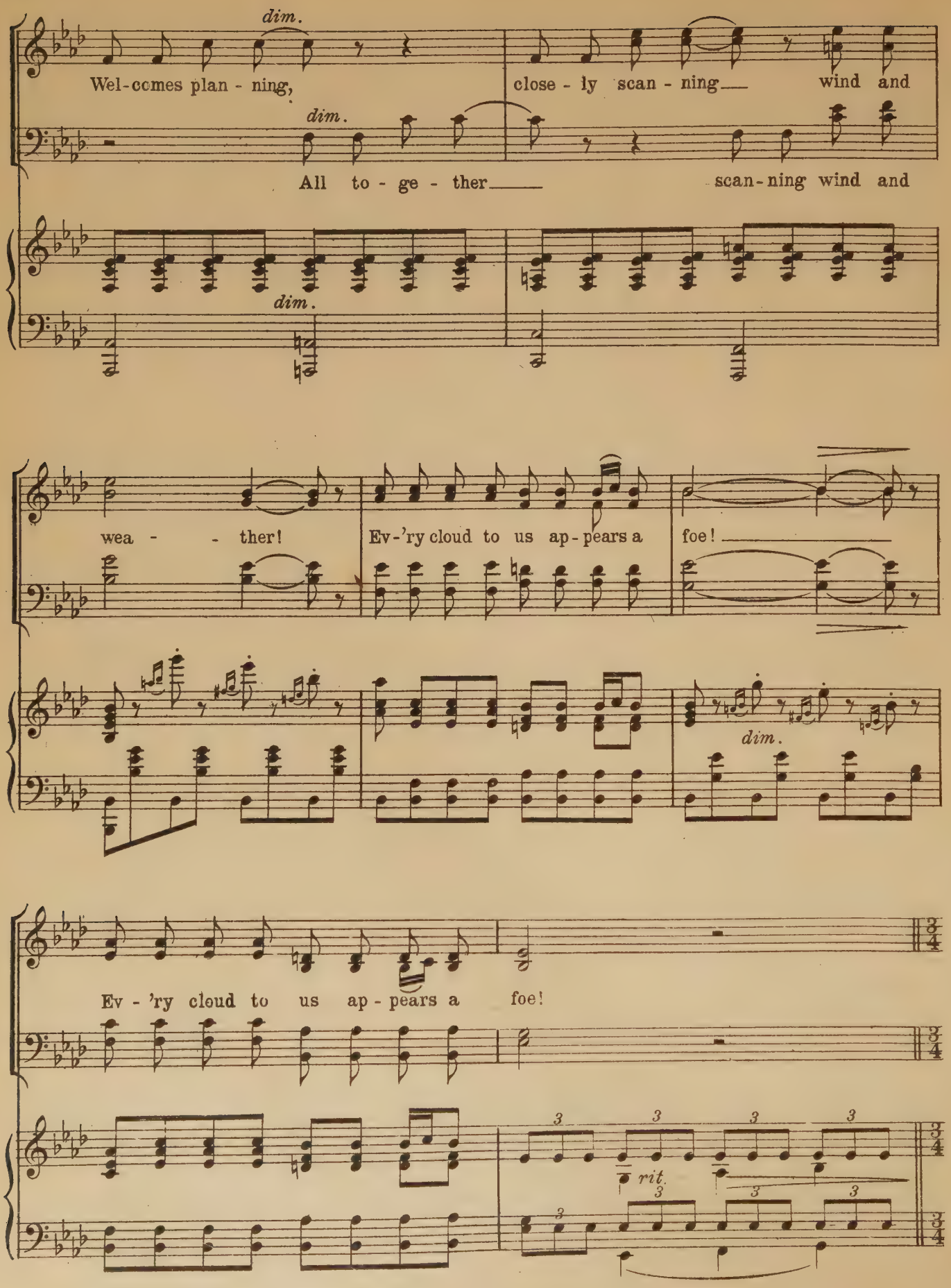
Tenor & Bass.

With our lines in tow!

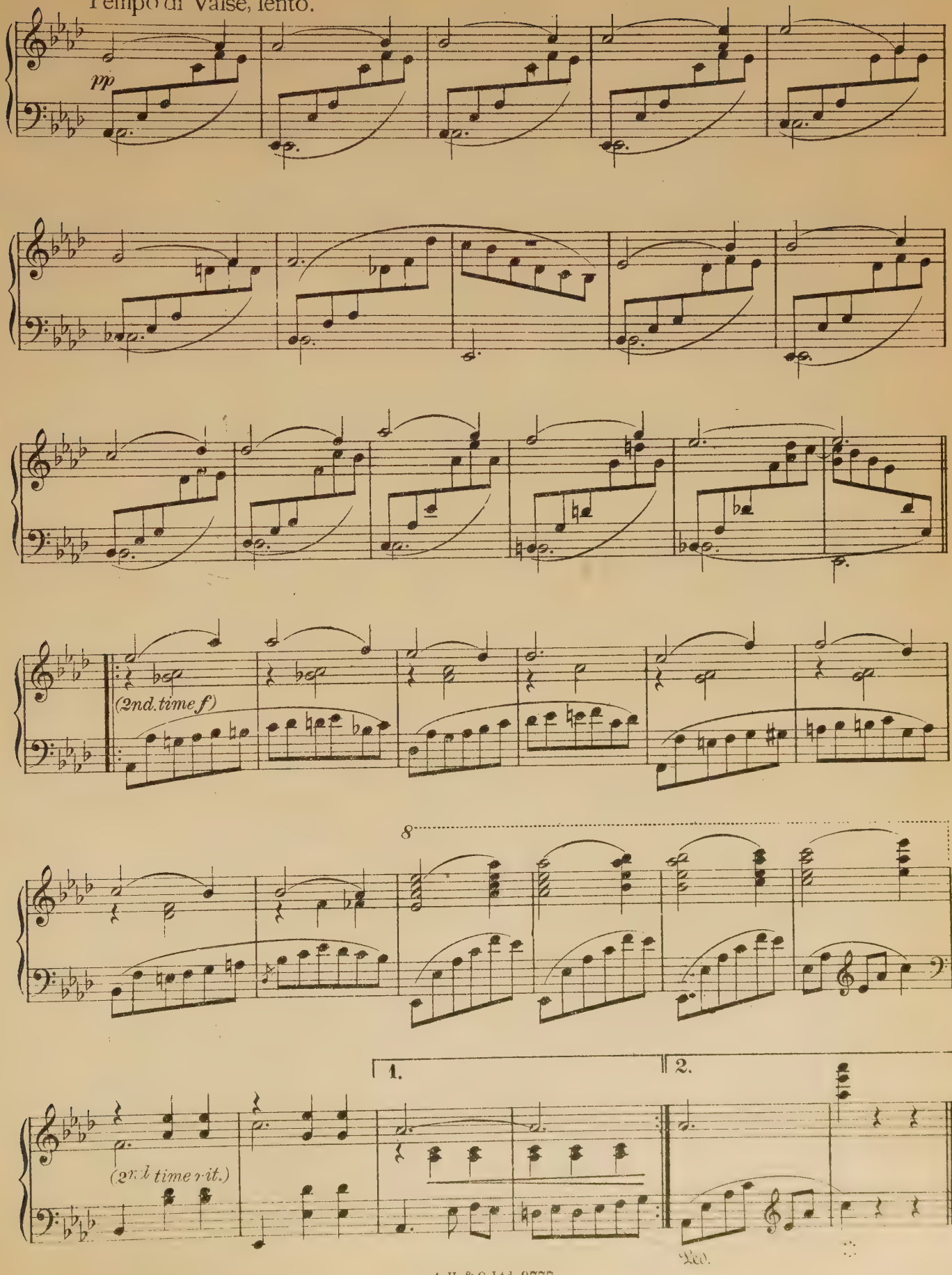
hearts im - pa - - tient - ly yearn - ing,

We im - plore the

fates to speed their re - turn - ing;


dim.
Wel-comes plan - ning,
close - ly scan - ning
wind and
dim.
All to - ge - ther
scan-ning wind and
dim.
wea - - ther!
Ev-'ry cloud to us ap-pears a
foe!
dim.
Ev - 'ry cloud to us ap - pears a
foe!
rit.

(DIALOGUE.)
Tempo di Valse, lento.

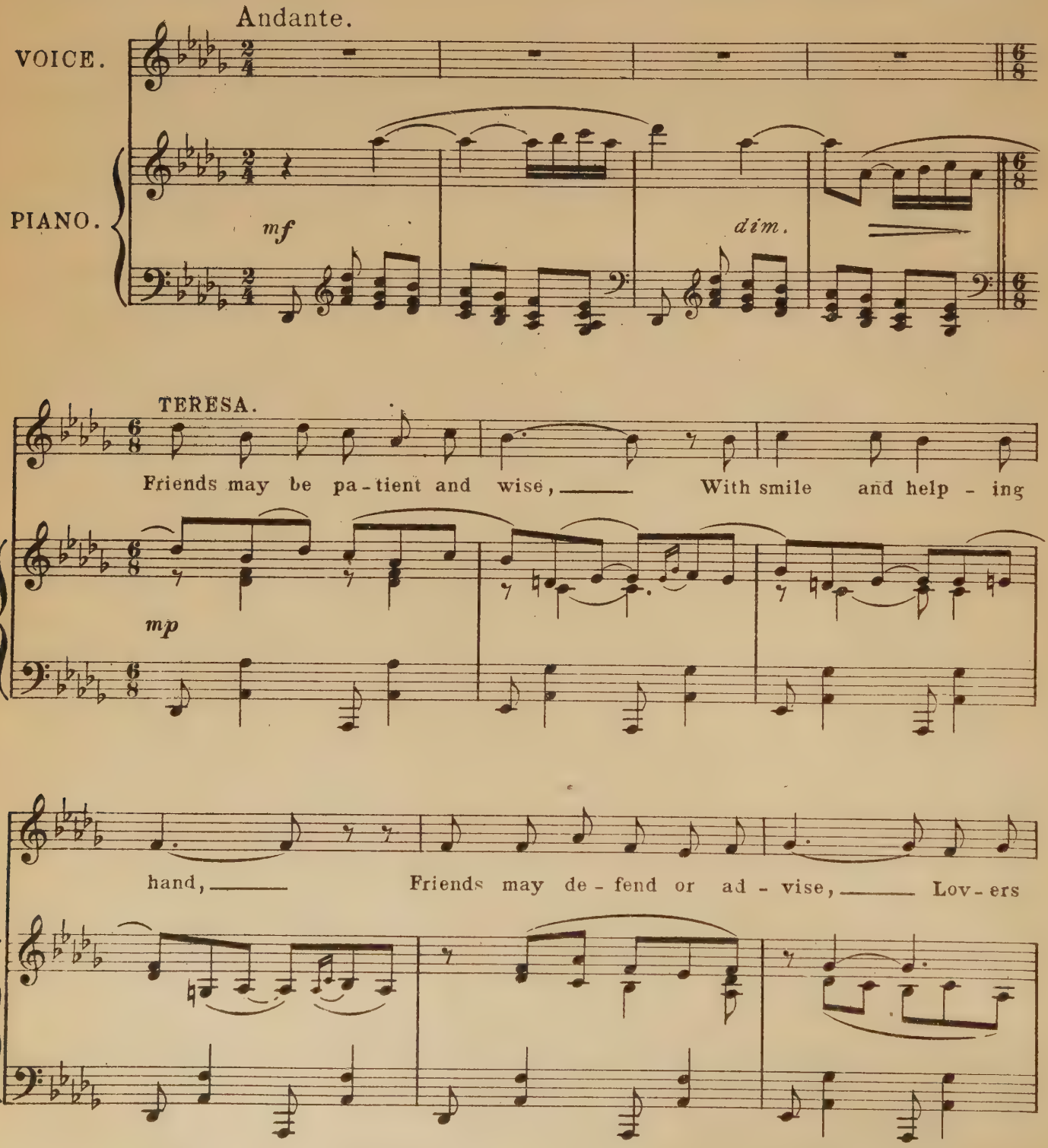


No 23. DUET–"Friendship and Love."

(TERESA & BEPPO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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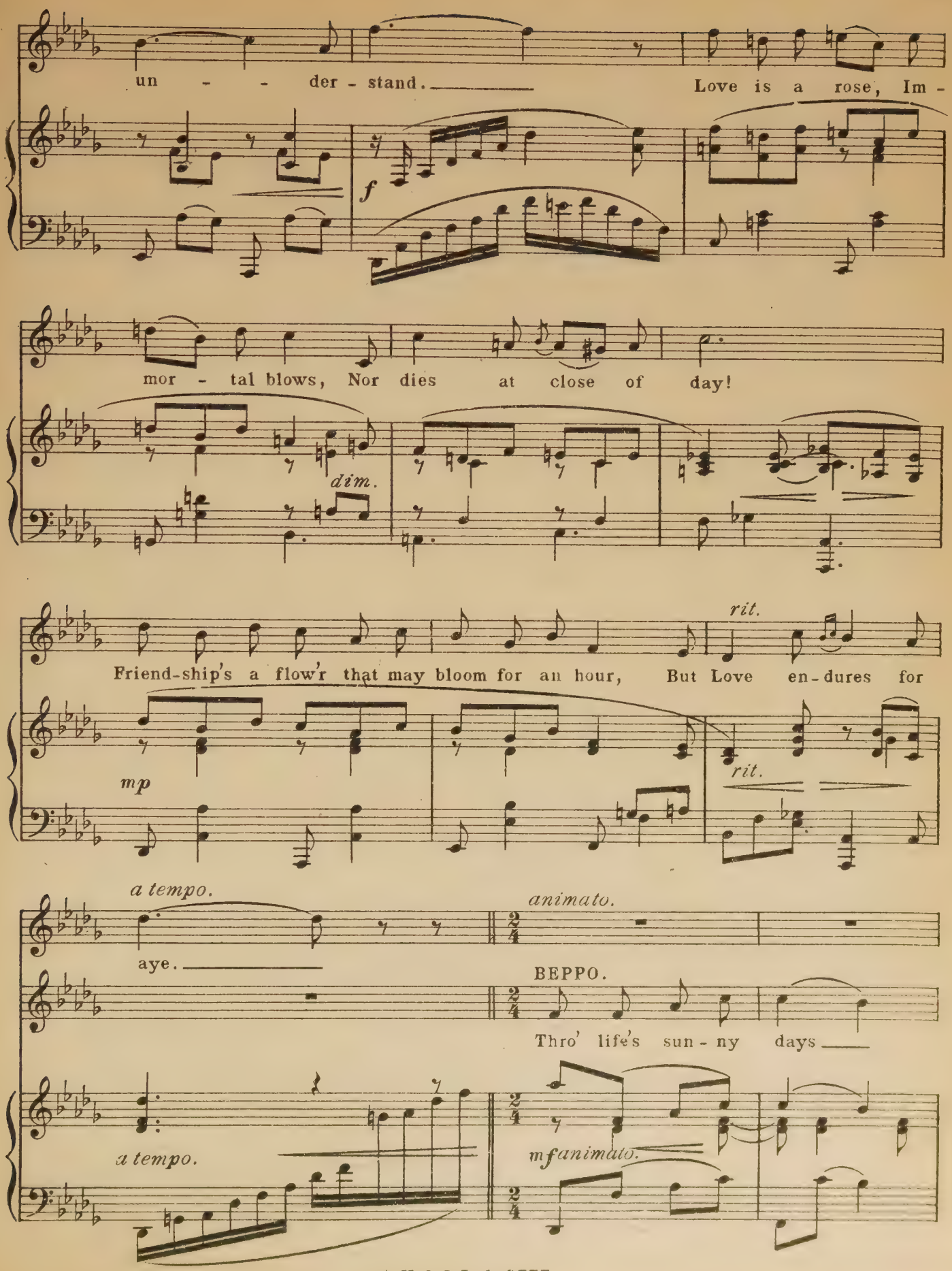
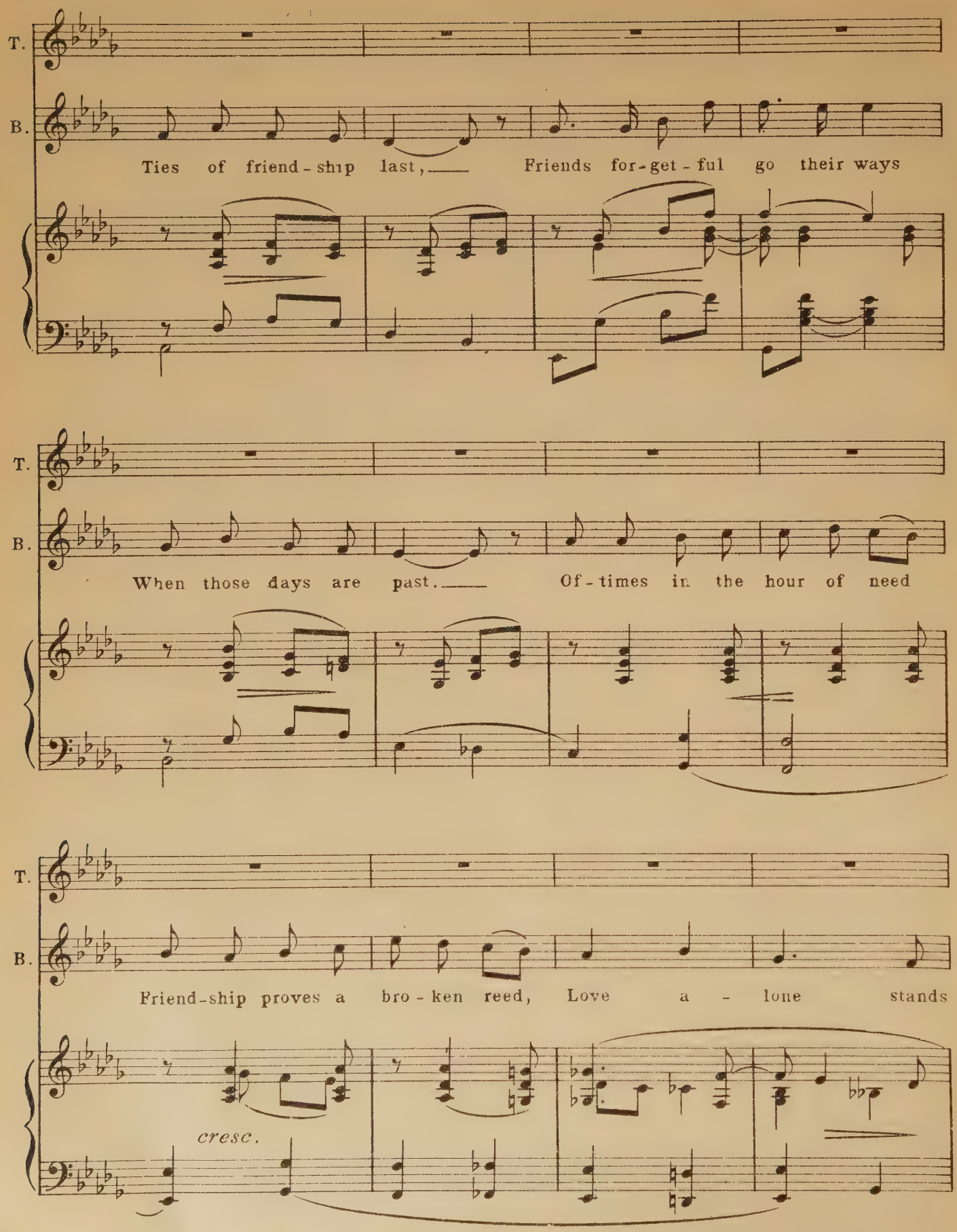
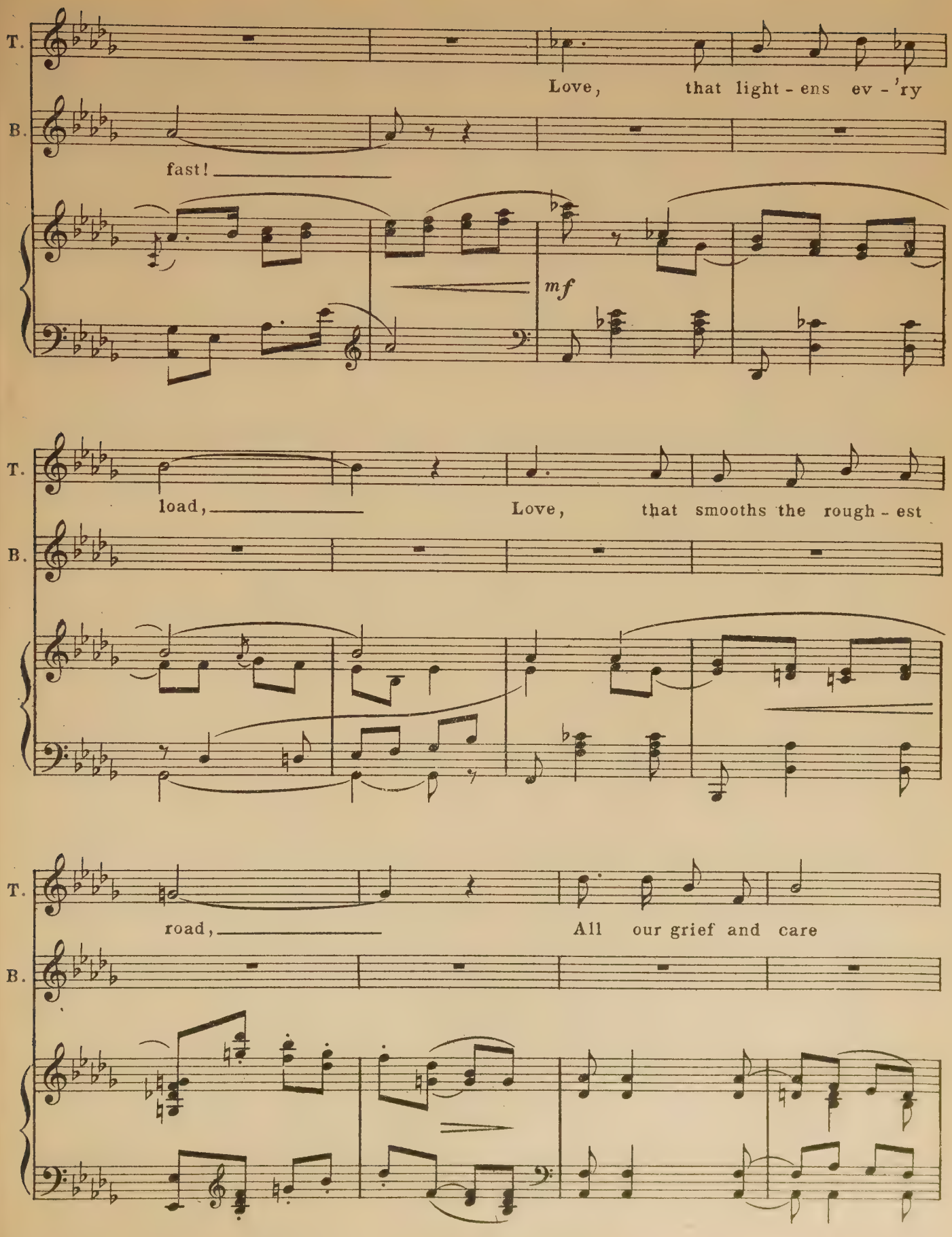
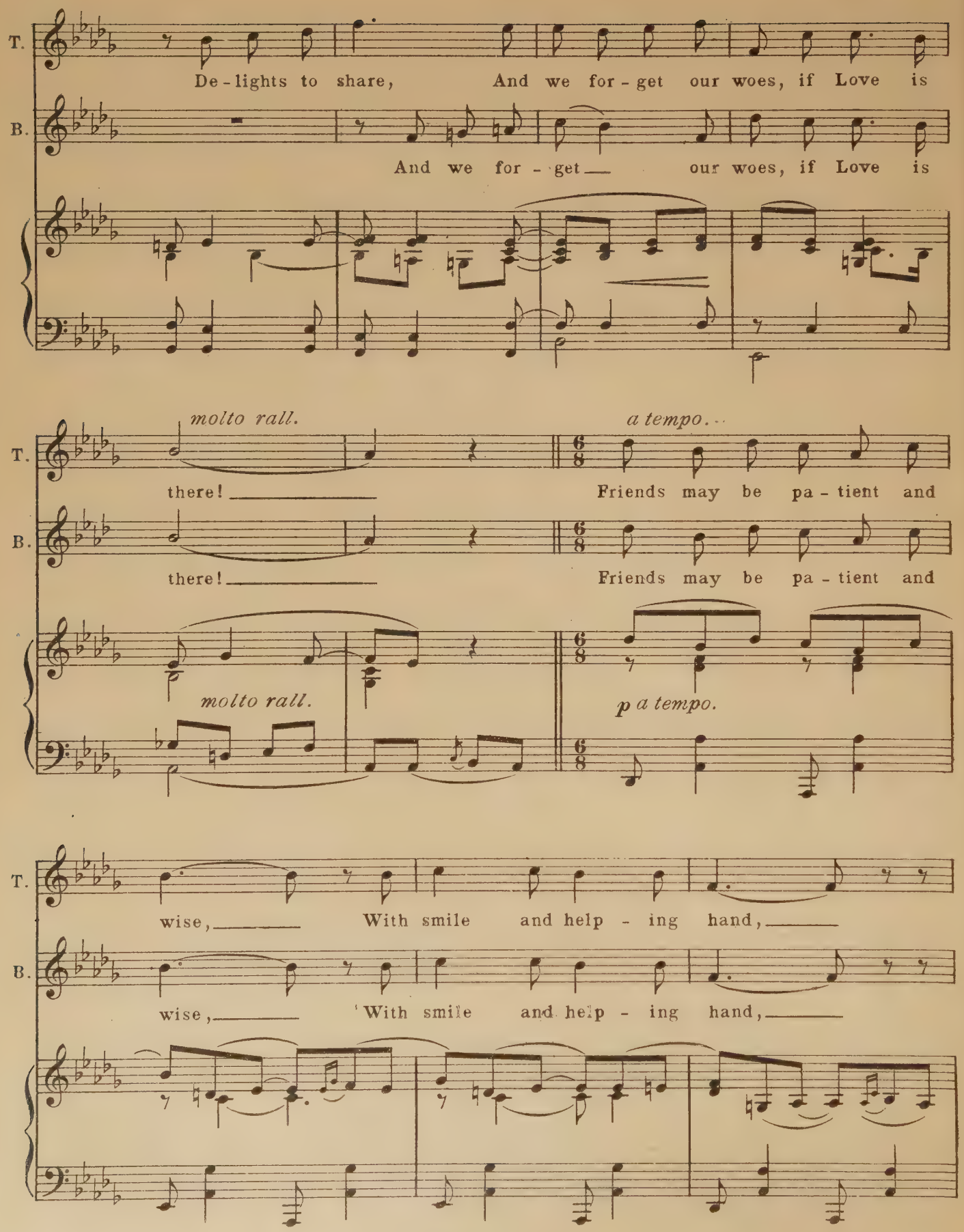
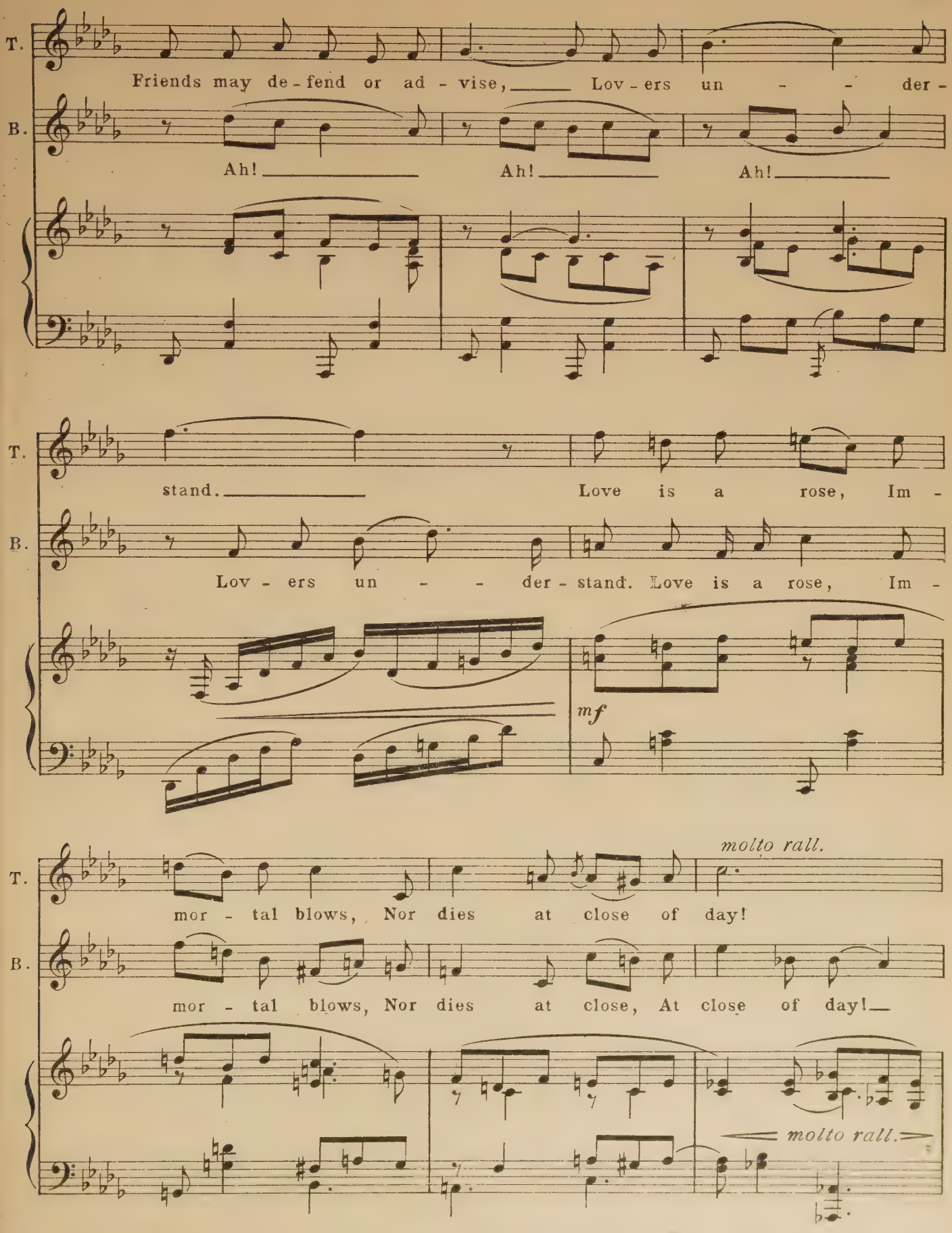
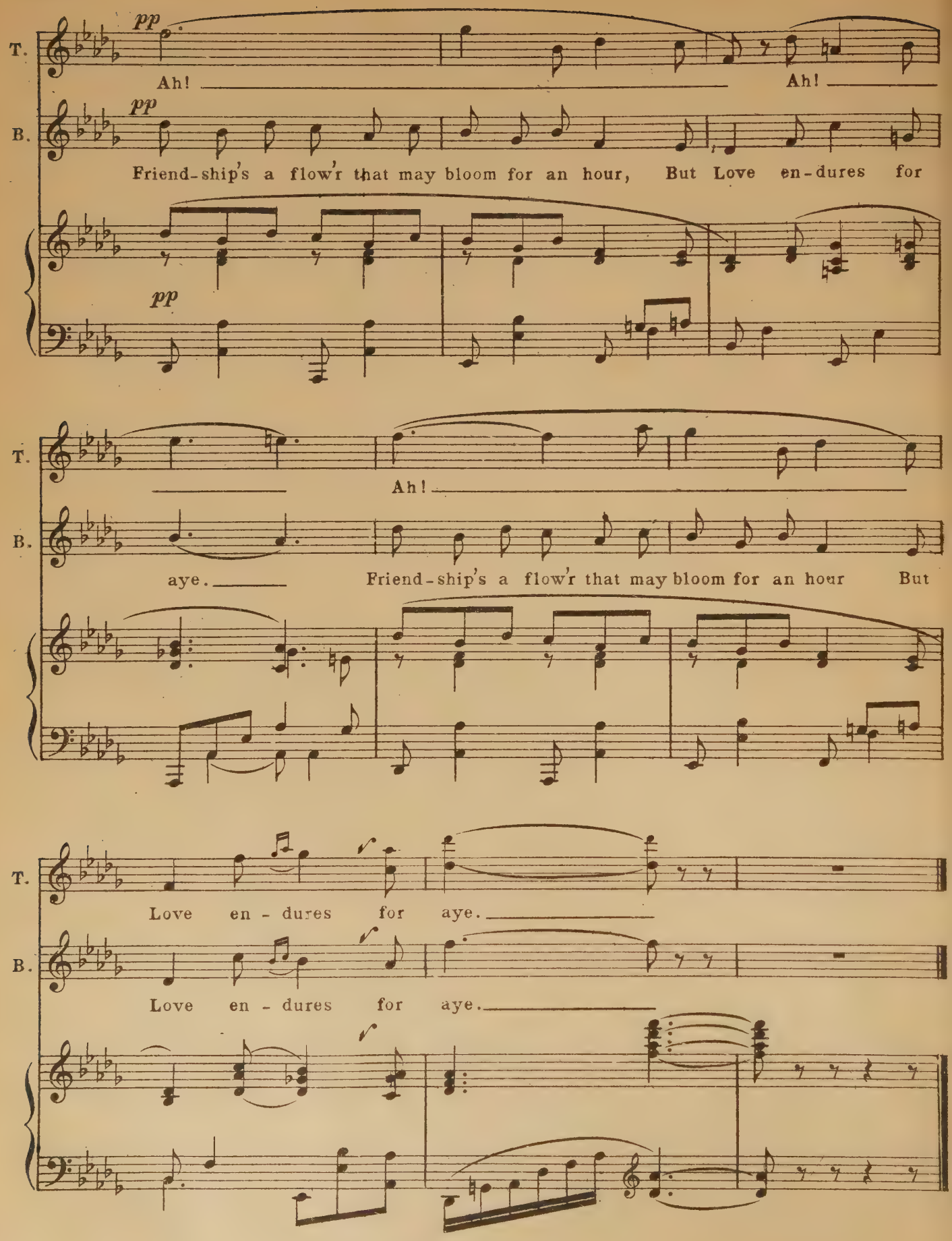

un - - der - stand.
Love is a rose, Im -
f
mor - tal blows, Nor dies at close of day!
dim.
Friend-ship's a flow'r that may bloom for an hour, But Love en-dures for
rit.
mp
rit.
a tempo.
animato.
aye.
BEPPO.
Thro' life's sun - ny days
a tempo.
mf animato.


T.
B.
Ties of friend-ship last, Friends for-get-ful go their ways
When those days are past. Of-times in the hour of need
Friend-ship proves a bro-ken reed, Love a - lone stands
cresc.


T.
B.
Love, that light - ens ev - 'ry
fast!
mf
T.
B.
load,
Love, that smooths the rough - est
T.
B.
road,
All our grief and care


T.
De - lights to share, And we for - get our woes, if Love is
B.
And we for - get our woes, if Love is
molto rall.
there!
a tempo...
Friends may be pa - tient and
molto rall.
p a tempo.
wise, With smile and help - ing hand,


T.
Friends may de - fend or ad - vise, Lov - ers un - - - der -
B.
Ah! Ah! Ah!
T.
stand. Love is a rose, Im -
B.
Lov - ers un - - - der - stand. Love is a rose, Im -
mf
molto rall.
T.
mor - tal blows, Nor dies at close of day!
B.
mor - tal blows, Nor dies at close, At close of day!
molto rall.


T.
pp
Ah!
Ah!
B.
pp
Friend-ship's a flow'r that may bloom for an hour, But Love en-dures for
pp
T.
Ah!
B.
aye.
Friend-ship's a flow'r that may bloom for an hour But
T.
Love en - dures for aye.
B.
Love en - dures for aye.